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TRUE ACCOUNT OF
THE MOST
REMARKABLE...**

Lola Montez



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ANECDOTES OF LOVE:

BEING A TRUE ACCOUNT OF THE

MOST REMARKABLE EVENTS

CONNECTED WITH THE HISTORY OF LOVE,

IN ALL AGES AND AMONG ALL NATIONS.

BY LOLA MONTEZ,

COUNTESS OF LANDSFELD.

"Whom neither beasts nor men could tame,
Nor Jane might subdue—love quelled the same."

NEW YORK:

DICK & FITZGERALD, PUBLISHERS,

18 ANN STREET.

ENTERED according to Act of Congress, in the year 1888, by

DICK & FITZGERALD.

in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

Bayerische
Staatsbibliothek
München

11/19/1912

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PREFACE.

IN writing this volume, I have consulted numerous works of historical credibility, my design being to use only such anecdotes as have the stamp of truth. I have deviated from this rule in but a few instances, such as the story of Aristotle and the fair lover of Alexander, which is sufficiently amusing and characteristic to gain it a place whether true or not. It is however, I believe, as well authenticated as any anecdote can be that is connected with that age of fabulous history. These anecdotes prove that many of the greatest events of all ages, and of all nations, have owed their origin to the tender passion.

The most subtle intrigues of diplomacy, the most sanguinary wars, and the widest and most embittered schisms of the church, have been brought about by Love. So that history justifies the old poet, who says "LOVE CONQUERS ALL."

In bringing these strange and fascinating fragments to light, out of their ancient hiding-places, in the more elaborate pages of History, I have fully adopted the language in which I have found them, whenever I could do so without violating the more scrupulous refinement of modern taste. Many of the events here related are so strange, so startling, almost incredible—that I have ventured to alter as little as possible the language of their authentic records. I have deemed this course necessary, in order to avoid the possibility of being charged with having altered or corrupted the facts of history. Therefore strange and incredible as many of these anecdotes may be deemed, the reader has them as they are recorded in authentic pages.

LOLA MONTEZ.

ANECDOTES OF LOVE.

ALEXANDER AND THAIS.

AFTER the celebrated battle of Arbelles, which decided the fate of Darius and that of his vast empire, Alexander marched towards Persepolis, the capital of Persia, the gates of which he found open. He gave the plundering of the town to his soldiers, and reserved for himself the treasures of a king. The palace of Darius was reckoned a superb edifice. One evening Alexander gave himself up to the company of a beauty, named Thais, who begged of him to have that place set on fire. The prince, whose reason was drowned in wine, and who felt himself incited by the caresses and prayers of a pretty woman, took upon himself the trouble of setting fire to that splendid building; the flames soon reached the town, and all was reduced to ashes. Thais, according to Plutarch, was the favorite of Ptolemy, who was king of Egypt. She solicited the ruin of Persepolis for no other reason but to make up for the conflagration of Athens, and that it might be said that a woman had more contributed to avenge Greece than the greatest

captains had been able to do. The same author adds again, that Thais ascended the throne of Egypt along with Ptolemy. This was Anno Mundi 3620.

ASPASIA AND PERICLES.

PERICLES, one of the greatest men Athens ever possessed; on whom all the historians have bestowed the greatest encomiums, and who in the most intricate affairs displayed a nobleness of soul so rare, still betrayed all the weakness and pusillanimity imaginable when love was at stake. He was descended from one of the first and most illustrious families of Athens. His father's name was Xantippus, and his mother's Agarista. He was united in marriage with one of his relations, by whom he had two sons. But it was not long before Pericles began to commit acts of infidelity towards his wife, whom he left to love Aspasia to distraction. This new passion only heightened the dislike which was already predominant between Pericles and his wife. They, accordingly, separated without much sorrow, and by that means Aspasia became Pericles' wife. This woman was of Milet, and the daughter of Axiochus. Her behavior, before she became acquainted with Pericles, had been more than equivocal, since she used to keep women of doubtful repute among those of her retinue—a circumstance which afforded no little room for the sneers Pericles experienced from the poets, who, as we all know very well, did not spare him much. But his love became only more ardent from the persecution he suffered. Aspasia was once accused of impiety for

having yielded to Pericles, and he went in person to solicit the judges in her behalf, and cried bitterly to obtain her absolution. It was at the solicitation of that woman that he went to war with the Samians; a war which was the occasion of the total ruin of Samos, the walls of which were overturned, and the inhabitants condemned to pay immense sums of money. It was again at the request of Aspasia that he began the Peloponnesian war. Aspasia was irritated against the Megarians, who had kidnapped two girls of her retinue, and this Megarian war was the source whence sprang the Peloponnesian. So Plutarch says. It is, however, said that Aspasia was not quite the only cause which drew on Pericles the sneers and sarcasms of the poets. They also gave vent to their mirth against that great man on account of his passion for the wife of Xantippus, his eldest son; a passion which that son never ceased to upbraid him with to the last day of his life. This was Anno Domini 323.



LOVE IN BABYLON.

THE celebrated suspended gardens or terraces of Babylonia, which the Greeks reckon among the seven wonders of the world, owed their existence to the love of the Syrian king for his wife. Her name was Amyta, daughter of Astyages, king of Media, a country full of hills and forests. As that princess, who had been brought up there, had taken a great liking for woods, she persuaded Nebuchadnezzar, her husband, to try in his plantations to imitate nature. Hence came those celebrated terraces covered with trees, some of which

were even eight cubits in circumference, and fifty feet high. The gardens formed a square, each side of which was four hundred feet. They formed support to several large terraces. The whole bulk was carried by arches, on which they had built, so that no water could penetrate through.

THE LOVES OF CATILINE.

THE conspiracy of Catiline, which came near to overthrowing Rome, in part owed its commencement to love; and it was that little god, also, who caused its discovery. Lucius Sergius Catiline, whose birth was illustrious, seemed only studious to tarnish that glory which had been transmitted to him by his ancestors. Minister of the cruelties of Sylla, he had acquired great riches, which he soon dissipated in licentiousness. Given up from the most tender age to his passions, he ruined a young person of high birth, who afterwards became his mother-in-law. He had also the presumption to offer his vows to the vestal Sabia Terentia, and he did not meet a refusal. It is known how severe the Romans were upon the faults of their vestals; it required all the credit of Calulus to save Terentia and her lover.

Catiline became afterwards desperately in love with Aurelia Orestilla, an illustrious Roman, then a widow, who had a child by her first husband. Catiline ardently desired her to marry him, but the affection Orestilla entertained for her child prevented her yielding to the wishes of her lover. Catiline stopped at no crime when it tended to gratify his passions. He poisoned the child which was the obstacle to his marriage, and

espoused the mother. Soon after this, his licentiousness and prodigality reduced him to misery ; this wretched situation threw him into despair, to escape which, he abandoned himself to the delirium of his imagination. Connected with a number of debauchees as ruined as himself, Catiline thought he must overthrow his country to retrieve his shattered fortunes. His connections with the most illustrious young men of Rome, and likewise with several Roman colonies of Italy, made him hope his projects would be crowned with the greatest success. What still increased the number of the conspirators, was a society of licentious young women, loathers of their husbands, and given up to crime. In this number, Sempronia, the wife of Junius Brutus, was above all distinguished. Never had woman more talents than she to captivate hearts. To an uncommon share of beauty, she joined a charming voice, and all the allurements of wit. It was from her school that Catiline drew several of his associates. Nothing less was attempted, than to assassinate the consuls, and above all Cicero, one of them ; to set fire to the four corners of Rome ; to massacre a great part of the Patricians ; to seize upon their riches and the government of the republic. The conspirators several times fixed the day and hour to execute their projects, but they always observed that precautions were taken against their enterprises. The conspiracy was at length discovered ; Cicero told it to Catiline in the senate. It was then this prince of orators made one of those orations which will be the admiration of all ages. Catiline, although discovered, did not lose all hope ; he left Rome, and put himself at the head of the troops which he had raised in Italy, relying on those friends he left at Rome who were not yet discovered to execute

what they had agreed to, and facilitate his entrance into the city. This hope was vain; Cicero having obtained the most unequivocal proofs of the conspiracy, four of the principal conspirators were put to death. Catiline, pursued by the Roman legions, gave them battle; and feeling his army give way, listened only to his despair, threw himself into the midst of the enemy and was killed. Thus ended, with its chief, this famous conspiracy. Among the number of the conspirators, was one named Quintus Curius, who had been expelled the senate for the number of his crimes. Passionately enamored of a woman named Fulvia, he had dissipated all his property with her, and was reduced to the most extreme indigence; Fulvia had not then the same attention and affection for her lover as before. Curius, enchanted with the project of Catiline, which he hoped would soon put him in a situation to regain the affections of Fulvia, whom he adored, had the weakness to intimate to this woman the greatness of his expectations; but he affected the utmost secrecy upon all the rest. Fulvia was soon informed of all she wished to know. Either through inadvertency, or, what is more probable, from disgust of Curius, she divulged the secret. Cicero, then consul, was apprised of it. He sent privately for Fulvia, to draw from her all the necessary information, and likewise engaged her to obtain from Curius a particular detail and plan of the whole conspiracy. It was by this means that Cicero, who distinguished himself so greatly on that account during his consulship, frustrated the fatal machinations of Catiline, and saved his country. This was in the year of Rome, 691.

C A M M A .

SINORIX TETRACH, of Gallatia, captivated with the beauty of Camma, his father's wife, tried various means to corrupt her. Finding his attempts fruitless, and determined, nevertheless, to gratify his passion at whatever price, he put an end to the life of his father. The virtuous Camma, conjecturing who aimed the blow, retired to the Temple of Diana, there to weep the death of her husband. Being ardently importuned by Sinorix, she opposed a long resistance to his desires, and she knew the place of her retreat was sacred. But she, rightly judging, that as Sinorix had destroyed her husband, he would, in the end, not fear to violate her asylum, she feigned a compliance with his desires, and fixed a day for their nuptials. Being arrived at the temple where the marriage ceremony was to be performed, she presented Sinorix with the nuptial cup, in which she had put a subtle poison. The prince, believing he approached the moment of his happiness, drank half; Camma took the rest, declaring that she should die content, since she had avenged the death of Senatus.

THE FATE OF FAUSTA.

FAUSTA, wife of the Emperor Constantine the Great, was the daughter of Maximin Hercules; having had the misfortune to conceive a criminal passion for Crispus, the son of Constantine by another wife, she had the imprudence to discover her passion to the young prince,

who, like Hippolytus, obstinately resisted her allurements. It is seldom that rage does not usurp the place of love in the heart of a woman who has made unsuccessful advances to a man. Faustina, not being able to corrupt Crispus, resolved to destroy him. She accused him of having made an attempt on her honor. Till now, Crispus had conducted himself in a manner to merit the esteem and friendship of the emperor, his father; but to justify himself on this accusation, he had nothing but his tears and his innocence. On the other side, it was difficult to persuade Constantine that the empress would impose upon him in a matter of such consequence. It is believed that Constantine experienced the most violent conflicts. But his fondness for Fausta prevailed; and Crispus was put to death. A short time after, the truth being discovered, the empress was stifled in a hot-bath, by order of the emperor.

LOVE AND SURGERY.

M. FESTAU, a famous surgeon in Paris, had conceived for Madame Villacerf, the most lively passion. As he had wit enough to perceive the extravagance of it, respect made him silent, and his heart alone was the confidant of these sentiments. Madame de Villacerf one day sent for Festau to bleed her. The delicacy of her skin, the beauty of her arm, all conspired to revive his unhappy passion; he was so agitated that he pierced an artery. A consultation was held; the result of which was, that her arm must be cut off. This operation was performed; but it was then found it would not save her, and that there was scarcely hope of her surviving twenty-

four hours. Madame de Villacerf showed, throughout this unfortunate event, the most heroic courage. She would not admit the least complaint against M. Festau, begged that he might assist at all the consultations, and left him by her will a sufficient sum to repair the injury he might sustain in his profession by this accident.

A CURIOUS STORY OF LOVE.

THE Count de Gleichen (a German by birth) was made prisoner in a battle fought against the Infidels, and carried into Turkey, where he underwent all the hardships of a long and severe captivity. His employment, among other servile occupations, was that of cultivating the earth. As he was one day thus employed, he was accosted, and much interrogated, by the daughter of the king, his master, as she took the air. His good mien and genteel address wrought so powerfully upon the princess, that she promised to break his chains, and at the same time to follow him to his own country, provided he would marry her. "But I have a wife and children," replied the count. "That," answered the princess, "will not be an impediment; it is the custom in Turkey to have several wives." Considering liberty as the most precious of all human possessions, the count did not make any further objections, but expressed his gratitude, and engaged his word to the princess. She employed herself to such advantage, that the count soon after found himself at liberty, and embarked with her. They arrived without interruption at Venice, where the count found one of his gentlemen, who informed him of all that

had happened during his captivity. From this domestic he learned that his wife and children were well; and before he allowed himself the pleasure of embracing them, he went to Rome; and after having related the whole of his singular case to the Pope, the pontiff gave him permission to keep his two wives. If the Court of Rome had shown complaisance upon this occasion, the wife of the count could not do less; she loaded the Turkish princess, to whom she was indebted for the return of her beloved husband, with caresses and marks of friendship. The princess was sensible of, and returned all these civilities; she had no children, but was not the less attached to the children of the other.



LOVE AND VENGEANCE.

GONCALO GUSTOS, Lord of Falas and of Lara, descended from the Counts of Castile, had seven sons by Doña Sancha, sister of Ruy Velasquez, Lord of Bylarau. These were known by the name of the seven children of Lara. Being in the flower of their age, they assisted at the nuptials of Ruy Velasquez, their uncle, who married Doña Lombra. During the nuptial rejoicings, a warm dispute arose between Goncalo Gustos, the youngest of the children, and Alvare Sanchez, cousin of the bride. This quarrel was attended with the most fatal consequences. A few days after, Doña Lombra went to Barbadilla, and took the children with her. Desirous of punishing Goncalo, because perhaps he had not treated her cousin with sufficient respect, she ordered

one of her slaves to daub his face with a cucumber dipped in blood. The slave obeyed, and was put to death by the children at the feet of his mistress. Doña Lombræ vowed to revenge this injury in a signal manner ; and as she had inspired her husband with a lively passion for her, she had not much trouble in making him espouse her cause. Velasquez, the better to execute the cruel vengeance he meditated, pretended a reconciliation with his brother, who had taken part with his children, and requested him to go on his behalf to thank Hissem, king of the Moors, for a favor he designed to grant him. Gustos departed, being charged with a letter to the king, in which Velasquez informed him, "That he had no enemies so great as the seven children of Lara, and their father." Hissem not suspecting the falsehood of this advice, given him by the uncle of the children, himself caused Gustos to be seized and thrown into prison, and dispatched a party of his troops to apprehend his sons. The treacherous Velasquez took care to have them conducted to a place he mentioned, with few attendants, under pretence of their going to meet their father. They presently found themselves surrounded by the Moors, who threatened to take their lives if they did not surrender. They, notwithstanding these menaces, defended themselves with astonishing bravery, but the number of their enemies necessarily prevailed ; one of the brothers was killed in the combat, the six others were taken with their governor, and put to death. Their heads were carried to Hissem, who was so touched with the misfortune of these young lords, that he set their father at liberty. Love had lightened the chains of Gustos, and prepared for him a resource in his misfortunes ; he had the address to please the sister

of the king, and on his departure left her proofs of his affection.

She had a son, whom she called Mudara Goncalis. When Mudara grew toward maturity, and learnt that he was the son of Goncalo Gustos, he asked and obtained permission to go and see his father. The tender reception which he received so entirely attached him to the author of his being, that he received baptism, and would never after leave him. Being informed of the cruel death of his brothers, he thought they ought to be revenged. He killed Velasquez; and having seized Doña Lombra, the author of all the mischief, caused her to be stoned to death and afterward burnt. This terrible vengeance gained him the friendship of Doña Sancha; she adopted him for her son; and by this means he became sole heir to all that appertained to the house of Lara. It is from him that are descended, the Maurequez de Lara in Spain; and among others, Malfa de Maurique, the wife of Alphonso Henriquez I. king of Portugal.



THE AMOROUS LEAGUE.

M. SAINTE FOIX, in his historical essays on Paris, speaking of the manners of the thirteenth century, mentions a very extravagant society of fanatics, which went by the name of La Ligue des Amans, that is to say, the Amorous, or the Lovers' League. Their scheme was to prove the excess of their love, by their invincible obstinacy in withstanding the seasons. The knights, the equerries, the married and single ladies who were initiated into that order, were bound according to their rules of

the institution, to cover themselves very scantily in the most frosty weather, and very warmly in the hottest days of summer. In this last season they lighted great fires, with which they warmed themselves, as if they stood in the greatest want of it. In the winter, it would have been a shame and a sin to find the least spark of fire in their houses. Their chimneys, in that cold season, were trimmed with green foliage. As soon as one of them entered a house, the husband took great care that his guest's horse should want for nothing, and left him master over everything in the house, to which he never returned till he was gone. Then, if he were of the same brotherhood, he met likewise with the same treatment and the same complacency from the husband, whose wife was the object of his cares and his visits. This ridiculous society existed till the greatest part of those chilled lovers starved with cold, or died one after another, with the lie in their mouth, by protesting how ardent were the flames which burned in their hearts.

A HUMOROUS SEQUEL TO A LOVE AFFAIR.

AN English girl, between fifteen and sixteen years of age, being softly solicited, and at last persuaded by her father's apprentice, suffered herself to be run away with. In order to put the scheme in execution, they found themselves under the necessity of dressing in disguise; and out of a thousand among which the fugitive couple might have chosen, their unlucky star made choice of a plan which was sure of miscarrying. They took it into

their heads to disguise themselves in sailor's clothes, and at that very time, there was a very hot press going on in England. Hardly were our lovers looking on themselves as out of danger, when they met the terror of the maritime gentry, a press-gang. They were taken up, and in spite of all their clamors, were carried on board the tender. Both appeared before the Captain, who, having heard their complaints, thus answered the fair captive:

"Say what you will, my dear heart, I must keep you both; and for a very good reason: the king wants your lover, and I want you." They say the young man, furious at this judgment, tore his hair, and that the fair maiden made the best of her circumstance. Girls are so reasonable! This was as late as 1776.



THE LOVES OF CALIGULA.

A CELEBRATED author observes, that we cannot utter the name of Caligula without reviving ideas of the greatest wickedness man is capable of. The criminal love which, in his most early years, he entertained for his sister Drusilla, and which he retained after the death of that wicked woman, caused him to commit the most incredible extravagancies. He had first given her in marriage to Cassius Longinus; but soon after took her away, and lived with her as his lawful wife. After the death of this princess, he caused the Romans to rank her among the immortals. They set up her statue in gold, in the Senate; and raised another in the Forum, to

which they paid the same honors as to Venus. They consecrated a temple particularly to her; the women were bound to swear by her name; and the day of her birth was distinguished by the same games as those of Cybele. During the public mourning, which Caligula had appointed for her, it was a crime to laugh, to enter the baths, or eat in public. A poor man, who had sold some worm-drink, was put to death as guilty of impiety. Caligula no longer swore by the senate or the army, but by the divinity of Drusilla. A senator named Livius Germinus had the baseness to affirm, that he had seen Drusilla ascend to heaven. Behold what the Romans, these masters of the world, would do for a woman, and such a woman, too! After the death of Sejan, who was at last punished for his crimes, Caligula thought seriously of taking the shortest way to attain the empire. Macron, chief of the Roman cohorts, was not easily gained. It was therefore dangerous to make a confidant of him. Caligula having lost Junia, his wife, addressed his attentions to the wife of Macron, whom he promised to make empress. Macron, though dishonored by his wife, was still so imprudent as to give Caligula free access. It was not long before Tiberius was poisoned; others say, that Caligula hastened his death by smothering him with a pillow. Arrived at the highest honors, Caligula employed them only to gratify his passions. Being present at the nuptials of Livia Orestilla, who espoused Caius Pison, after the solemnities were performed, he commanded the bride to be forced to his palace. He became enamored of Lollei Paulin, upon the sole account of its being said that her grandmother had been perfectly handsome; as she accompanied Caius Mummius, her husband, who commanded in the army, Cali-

gula recalled him, and constrained him to give up all pretensions to his wife, whom he espoused himself, but presently after divorced. He frequently invited persons of the highest quality to supper, and whilst the women passed before him, examined them with a curiosity, which the most abandoned licentiousness could only admit, and when shame caused them to drop their heads, he would with his hands, force them to look up.



THE LOVES OF CÆSAR.

JULIUS CÆSAR, whom fortune had elevated to the highest degree man can aspire to, was near perishing, in the beginning of his career, for a woman. After having divorced Ceffucia, aged seventeen years, without consummating his marriage, he espoused Cornelia, the daughter of Cinna, distinguished by four consulships; and by this marriage was born the celebrated Julia. Sylla, who was then dictator and all-powerful at Rome, exerted every effort to engage Cæsar to divorce Cornelia, but could not prevail.

This attachment, so passionate and so constant, in an ambitious young man, cost him the priesthood, the dower of his wife, which was considerable, the wealth which might descend to him; and, in short, Sylla gave orders to arrest him; and, to escape death, Cæsar was obliged to conceal himself, by changing his place of residence every night, although he had an ague; and he had to distribute money with a liberal hand to those who were employed to seize him. He at last obtained favor

through the solicitation of the vestals. It was then that Sylla foresaw the future greatness of this young Roman. It is known that Cæsar afterwards did not retain his former constancy to the fair sex. He espoused, in his third marriage, Pompeia, daughter of Quintus Pompeius Rufus. She had, however, been seduced by the celebrated Clodius; but she was so closely watched by Cæsar and her mother-in-law, that she could not obtain a favorable opportunity of seeing her lover. She thought, however, to accomplish this by a trick. The day on which they celebrated the rights of Venus at her house, Clodius, disguised in woman's clothes, passed for a singer, and was introduced among the rest. Unfortunately he was discovered, and Pompeia divorced. "It is not enough for the wife of Cæsar [said he in dismissing her] that she should be innocent, she must also be exempt from suspicion." But it is certain, says an author, Cæsar was persuaded of his wife's infidelity. Cæsar, not content with divorcing his wife, resolved to pursue Clodius. The prosecution was at first suspended, on account of the triumph of Pompey, who returned from Asia; but afterwards, Cæsar pursued it with great spirit against Clodius. Happy for the latter, all were venal at Rome; money and love saved him.

Of his judges, some were gained by money, others by their mistresses. Cicero himself, the consul, so formidable to Catiline, took the part of Clodius, because he was passionately in love with Clodia, his sister. This connection was so public, that they jested upon it at Rome; but Terentia, the wife of Cicero, who had the ascendancy over her husband, and who feared that his attachment to Clodia might induce him to divorce her, obliged him to depose against Clodius. Nevertheless, this de-

position, and the acknowledged crime of Clodius, did not prevent his being acquitted.

Upon Cæsar's return from Spain, where he had at length subdued all to the republic, he made interest for the consulship. Pompey and Cassius were in those times all-powerful in Rome. Cæsar had the address to unite the interests of these two great men, and joining his own with them, formed that triumvirate which ended in the destruction of the Roman republic.

One of the first advantages Cæsar drew from this union was the consulship ; nevertheless, the power and high reputation of Pompey gave umbrage to Cæsar, who undertook to bring over that great man wholly to his party, and he succeeded. Cæsar had a daughter, whose striking beauty was enhanced by a virtue, the more estimable, as corruption was then general at Rome. Many solicited the hand of Julia, but Pompey was preferred before all his rivals. From this moment he only saw through the eyes of his wife, whom he adored ; and Julia had no other will but that of Cæsar, her father. "Thus, by bonds of the heart, Pompey became the slave of Cæsar, without perceiving it." The union of these two great men continued during the life of Julia, whom Pompey was accused of loving too well ; but this estimable woman died, and it was not long before Pompey and Cæsar were at variance. It is known that Pompey, subdued by Cæsar, took refuge in Egypt, where he was assassinated ; and that his vanquisher was not able to forbear shedding tears on seeing his head, which they brought to him. Soon, however, he just escaped perishing himself, and love in procuring him the greatest favors, conducted him to the brink of a precipice.

The kingdom of Egypt was at that time rent by internal divisions. Ptolemy Aulites, being dead, had ordered, by his will, that Ptolemy Dionysius, his eldest son, should espouse his sister, Cleopatra, the eldest of his daughters, and that they should reign together. The ministers of the young prince refused to fulfill this last clause, and forced Cleopatra to seek protection in Syria. She was there when Cæsar embarked for Alexandria—which she no sooner heard of, than she hastened to him to plead her own cause, certain that her charms would incline the balance on her side. She was not mistaken. Cæsar had a lively penchant for the women, and the sight of Cleopatra alone was calculated to excite the most passionate love. In the flower of her age, there was united in her face all the traits that form the most captivating beauty; and to these charms she joined the most sprightly and fascinating wit. From the moment she appeared before Cæsar, she made all the impression she could. Possession but increased his passion, and this Roman, this hero, who, in the battle of Pharsalia, conquered the universe, and whose presence was absolutely necessary at Rome to destroy the remaining partisans of Pompey, in the arms of Cleopatra appeared to forget that he was Cæsar. So wholly was he lost in voluptuous pleasures. From this moment the dispute between Cleopatra and her brother was determined; love gave a queen to Egypt, and Ptolemy, in spite of the last will of his father, found himself overcome by his sister. This decision, dictated by love, put Cæsar in the greatest danger of his life.

Achillas, minister of the young prince, was at the head of an army of Egyptians, numerous and well-disciplined; he was the declared enemy of Cleopatra, and

judged that, if she ascended the throne, he could only expect death. Thus situated, he resolved that the princess and her lover should perish; and the enterprise appeared to him easy. Cæsar, who had brought with him but few troops, was not in a situation to make head against Achillas. Shut up in the palace of Alexandria, he saw himself besieged by the Egyptian army, having against him all the inhabitants of the city, and no other resources but his good fortune, his valor, and his genius. He could, it is true, easily have escaped by his ships, but to leave his dear Cleopatra to the mercy of a furious populace, was what he could not do. His embarrassment was presently known in the neighboring countries, and they hastened to the assistance of him who was soon to give laws to the universe; but the Egyptian fleet opposed the passage of these liberators. Many battles were fought, in which Cæsar was several times on the point of losing his life. The death of Ptolemy put an end to these troubles. Cæsar had now only to place the diadem on the head of Cleopatra; he declared her sovereign of Egypt, gave her in marriage to her young brother, then an infant, and after having languished nine months in indolence, he at length recollected that affairs of the utmost importance called him to Rome. He quitted Alexandria with regret, leaving with Cleopatra an infant, who bore the name of Cæsarion.

Cæsar, in the height of his glory, and while absolute master of the universe, did not forget his beloved Cleopatra: he boldly invited her to Rome, lodged her in his palace, and seemed to pay little attention to the murmurs which this scandalous conduct excited. The Spanish war once more tore him from the arms of the woman he adored, and he sent her back loaded with honors and

gifts. His passion for this princess was so violent that he drew up an edict, which permitted every man to have as many wives as he pleased; and this was solely to render his marriage with Cleopatra lawful, and to legitimize the young Cæsarion, who was the true portrait of his father. We will not conclude this article without observing a fact, that proves how much the senate was debased in the time of Cæsar; they deliberated whether they should not grant him the privilege of possessing every woman he pleased.

AN ARCHBISHOP UNTITLED BY LOVE.

GEBHAR TRUCHSES, baron of Walbourg, was the son of William, and nephew of Otho, Cardinal of Ausbourg, who died in 1573. He was ordained Archbishop and Elector of Cologne, in 1577, at the age of thirty; and appeared in character of Deputy to the Emperor, at the famous assembly of Cologne, for the purpose of trying to effect a peace between the emperor and the United Provinces. There it was that the prelate became acquainted with Agnes, the daughter of John Georges, Count of Mansfield, and Canoness of Gurisheim, with whom he became passionately in love. This passion, was so publicly talked of, that the brothers of Agnes, irritated by the scandalous assiduities of the Elector toward their sister, threatened to wash away in his blood, and in that of their sister, the injury done to their house. Truches was too much enamored to hesitate an instant; he promised to renounce all ecclesiastic dignities, to marry Agnes. Nevertheless, the Archbishopric

de Cologne was an object of sufficient importance to occasion his regret; the prelate would willingly have retained the one and possessed the other. They persuaded him that this was not difficult, and that by embracing Lutherism, he could marry his mistress and remain Archbishop de Cologne. Love decided it, he espoused Agnes, and carried her to the Episcopal Palace.

This marriage was for some time kept secret, but strong suspicions of it arising, the Chapter of Cologne resolved to bring the prelate to an explanation, and took up arms against him. In this critical situation Truches threw aside the mask, and publicly declared his marriage at Rosenthal, which imprudent step hastened on his ruin. The Emperor Rodolphus declared himself for the Chapter, and the Pope after having for some time debated upon the punishment he should inflict, issued excommunication against Gebhar. The Canons, on their side, proceeded to an election, and the choice fell upon Ernestus, of Bavaria, already Bishop of Thesingue, of Hildesheim, and of Liege—war must of necessity decide the difference. The Protestant princes of Germany took up arms in favor of Gebhar. The electors and princess, being assembled at Frankfort, proposed a means of accommodation to put an end to the miseries inseparable from war. Their proposal was, that Gebhar should resign his dignity of elector and archbishop, in favor of Ernest; reserving to himself a pension sufficient to support him honorably. Gebhar consented to give up the title of archbishop, but insisted upon retaining the dignity of elector with Westphalia; this irritated the princes, and they resolved vigorously to prosecute the war. The siege of Bonn, where Charles Truchses, brother of the prelate was shut up, concluded

the war. Charles was delivered to the enemy by his own troops, who seized upon the city. Gebhar, deprived of every resource, retired with his wife (the only comfort left him) to Delf, in Holland, to the court of the Prince of Orange. It was not long before this prince received a mortification very humiliating. He had always relied upon the protection of Queen Elizabeth; and on his arrival at Holland, wrote to that princess to ask succors and leave to retire into England. The queen sent him two thousand crowns, but refused to grant the permission he requested. Truches thinking that his wife, through her beauty and address, would obtain more than he had by his letters, sent her into England. Madame Truchses thought she could not do better than to solicit the Earl of Essex to speak in her favor to Elizabeth, which he accordingly did. The earl, either from gallantry or compassion, gave Madame Truchses apartments in his house, and loaded her with civilities, waiting for the return of the queen, to speak in her behalf. That princess, informed of all that had passed, conceived the most violent jealousy; she sent a message to this unfortunate lady, to leave England immediately, and forbade the earl to appear before her till Madame Truchses had quitted London. She soon after rejoined her unfortunate husband, who finished his life in poverty and grief, in 1584.

ELEANOR OF CASTILE.

JAMES I., king of Aragon, surnamed the Conqueror, was a prince worthy of the highest eulogium for his abilities in appeasing the troubles of his States, and for restraining those, who would have occasioned disturbance among his neighbors, by his bravery, which sometimes imprudent but always fortunate, gained him considerable conquests over the Moors. He took possession of the isles of Minorca and of Majorca, and the kingdom of Valencia; everything was favorable for the happiness of this prince, had not love and woman troubled his repose. Married to Eleanor of Castile, in the most tender age, James earnestly sought, during several years, the means of a separation from a wife whom he loved not. Having at length accomplished it, he became enamored of a young lady of quality named Theresa Vidaura, of Catalonia. He believed that a king of Aragon, when avowing his passion, was not made to experience a repulse; he found, however, in his mistress a resistance that astonished him, and increased his desires. Theresa, whether from virtue or ambition, would grant nothing without the title of wife. James, passionately in love, consented to the ceremony, in private, the Bishop of Gironne being the only confidant.

In the meantime, the Aragonese, ignorant of this clandestine union, pressed their king to marry. James, already disgusted with Theresa, yielded to the importunities of his subjects and married Zoland, daughter of Andre, king of Hungaria. Theresa, the unfortunate Theresa, in vain opposed this union. Several years were passed, when she carried her complaints, supported by

the testimony of the Bishop of Gironne, to the pope. The pope, who had already made some remonstrances to the king, renewed them with greater force when the testimony of the bishop had cleared him of the mystery. The Aragonese prelate was first sacrificed to the fury of James, who caused his tongue to be cut out. The pope upon this laid aside all indulgence, excommunicated the king, and laid an interdiction upon his kingdom. It is known what impression such arms made in those ages of ignorance. James, in spite of his pride, was obliged to yield, and submitted to a public and very humiliating penance. Upon his knees, and prostrate at the feet of the bishops, he received absolution, and submitted to the penance they judged proper to impose on him. To this mortification was added the temper of the Queen Zoland, who complained grievously, and with reason. After the death of this princess, Theresa Vidaura had again recourse to the pope, to declare her marriage lawful; another subject of mortification for the king, who, in some measure to appease this wife, did not marry at all.

“James, said a celebrated historian, loved women, and this unfortunate penchant made him fall into disorders which tarnished the glory of his actions, troubled the repose of his people, and mingled great chagrin with the prosperity of his life.”

THE LOVES OF A POPE.

POPE JOHN XII. succeeded Agapit II. He was named Octavius, and was son of the patrician Alberic. This was the first pope who changed his name. He was at the age of eighteen or nineteen when he was raised to the pontifical chair. This dignity and his riches induced him to give himself up to his passions, and his conduct became an infamous reproach. Berenger, who then reigned in Italy, had, it is said, greatly contributed towards the election of John, hoping that his tyrannic conduct would not receive any contradiction from so young a pontiff; others pretend that John was elected by the care of Alberic, his father, son of the famous Marofia, and who had the consulship given him. Be it as it might, the Italians, cruelly oppressed by Berenger and Adalbert, his son, sent to offer the crown to the Emperor Otho I. This prince sent to their succor his son Ludolphe; but this young prince dying, Berenger redoubled his oppressions and cruelties. John XII. had then himself recourse to Otho, and engaged him to come into Italy. The emperor profited by this circumstance; victory followed him; he deprived Berenger of his kingdom with the greatest facility, and was himself crowned King of Lombardy, and afterwards emperor at Rome. Scarcely had he left this city, when the pope, from an inconstancy worthy of his age, recalled Adalbert, son of Berenger, to Rome, and exercised the most cruel vengeance towards the Romans. On the arrival of Otho, they escaped to him. The emperor then held a council composed of bishops, in which they solemnly deposed John, and nominated in his stead

Leon VIII., a Roman by birth. These revolutions continued only during the sojourn of Otho at Rome; soon after his departure, the women whom John had kept in this city found means to give him entrance. He signaled his return by all sorts of cruelty; caused the right hand of Cardinal John to be struck off, and also the tongue, two fingers, and nose of his secretary; and Otgar, Bishop of Spire, to be whipped. Leon was so happy as to save himself. John did not enjoy his triumph long; he was killed in his bed, in which was found a Roman lady. The report was then circulated, "that a demon had killed him; but it is more probable that this pretended demon was the husband of the lady, who had resolved to revenge the injury done him by the pope.



POPES CREATED AND DESTROYED BY LOVE.

POPE JOHN X. was solely indebted to love for his elevation to the Sovereign Pontificate. Theodora and Marofia, his daughters, both celebrated on account of their beauty and licentiousness, were absolute mistresses of Rome. Theodora having seen John, who was then only deacon at Ravenna, and very young, became enamored with him, and she caused him to be raised to the dignity of Bishop of Ravenna, and after the death of the reigning pope, nominated her lover to this first dignity of the church. Upon the death of Theodora, Marofia, the wife of Grey, Duke of Tuscany, having caused her husband, whom she hated, to be assassinated, had Pope John arrested and strangled in prison. "Thus," says a historian, "as John had been raised to the papal throne by

one vile woman, he was dethroned by another." This Marofia had the address and presumption to nominate as pope a natural son, whom she had by Sergius III., and who was called John XI. He was dethroned by Alberic, another natural son of Marofia.



LOVE IN A DUNGEON.

JOSEPH II., Emperor of Germany, visiting the hospital of Vienna, in an obscure corner perceived a small door; he desired it to be opened, and after having descended into a sort of dungeon, found there a melancholy victim of love. This was a person still young and of good mien; she was covered with rags, and lay extended upon a little dirty straw, a spectacle which moved the emperor, and excited his curiosity. "I am," said this person, "a woman of family; I was twenty years of age when I had the misfortune to please the Baron B——. He sought only to satisfy a violent passion, which I only consented to by marriage; he espoused me, and I have borne him three sons; since then he has left me, and I have learned that he has fled to Moravia, where he has entered into a new marriage. I made no complaints, as that must have ruined him. His new wife, uneasy and distrustful, has prevailed upon him to sacrifice me; it is several years since I was forced away, in the middle of the night, and conducted to this place, after having been deprived of my children. If your majesty deigns to break my chains, I have three sons; the shame of my husband will reflect upon them if it is publicly known; I conjure you to spare the guilty for their sakes. If to this you

will add a further bounty, deign to insure me an asylum in a monastery, and to bless me with the sight of my children, that I may once more press them to the bosom which has fostered them." The emperor granted the request of this unfortunate woman, supplied her necessities, and caused her children to be found. The second wife of the baron was condemned to perpetual imprisonment; the husband was punished with exile and the deprivation of all his effects, which devolved to his children. This was in 1776.

A KINGDOM LOST BY LOVE.

WHEN Henry VIII., King of England, instigated by Pope Leon X., and in concert with the Emperor Maximilian, made an invasion into France, James IV., king of Scotland, although brother-in-law to Henry, thought proper to declare against him. To divert the attention of the English in favor of the French monarch (his ally), he made a descent upon England with an army of fifty thousand men. A part of Northumberland was ravaged by these troops, and James himself seized upon several castles. In the midst of these successes, this prince reposed voluptuously in the arms of love, giving himself up to a passion which cost him his life. Lady Forres, a woman of great beauty, was made prisoner in her castle, and presented to James, who was so captivated by her charms, that in paying his devotion to her he lost that time he ought to have employed in pushing his conquests in the absence of the enemy. His troops, ill disciplined, after having consumed their provisions, disbanded, with-

out attending to the orders of their king. The Earl of Surry, availing himself of this circumstance, collected an army and approached the Scots. Battle became inevitable; the Earl of Surry bore off the victory, and James lost his life. This engagement was called the battle of Houden. It was in 1513.

THE STORY OF ABAILLARD AND HELOISA.

NATURE had been to extremes, lavish of her favors on Abaillard, who was born in the borough of Palais in Brittany, three leagues from Mantes. To a manly, though agreeable figure, he united a sharp and penetrating genius. He was the disciple of Rosselin, and of William de Champeaux, and far excelled his masters. His reputation extended so far, that it drew the attention of St. Bernard, who, they say, became jealous of it, and made him undergo a great many humiliations, by getting some of his writings condemned. But these sorrows, which he bore as a philosopher, were nothing, if we compare them with those that Love occasioned him. At the time when he had a numerous school at Paris, he became acquainted with Heloisa, a niece of a canon of that metropolis, whose name was Fulbert. She was in possession of every charm—youth, beauty, a lively and delicate mind, and especially one of the most tender souls. She pleased Abaillard, who made the same impression upon her; and that they might have a better opportunity of seeing one another without constraint, the doctor proposed to Fulbert to teach his niece gratis. The uncle was avaricious, and he accepted the proposal.

It was in giving his lessons to the bewitching Heloisa, and very likely receiving some from her lips likewise, that, in the midst of pleasures, Abaillard met the source of those misfortunes which afterwards embittered so much the remainder of his days. It was not long before Heloisa perceived she had too tenderly loved Abaillard, and however careful she had been to hide it, her uncle soon found out the same also. Abaillard withdrew, and Heloisa went to Brittany, where at a sister's of hers she was delivered of the fruit of her love. Abaillard was very much interested in having that story buried in the most profound secrecy, for by its being discovered, he risked nothing less than to lose his place, his credit and his reputation. Fulbert knew that very well, and took advantage of the circumstance to compel him to marry his niece. The doctor had no objection to it, for he loved Heloisa, and, besides, he was very sensible of the obligation he was under to repair her honor; but he insisted upon his marriage not being published, on account of the prejudice then so strongly prevailing, that a married man could not teach youth, nor keep a school; a prejudice still existing in our days, and ruling the university of Paris, where the several professors of that body of learning are under necessity of being bachelors in order to hold their chairs. What must appear very strange, in this affair, is that the greatest opposition to that union, came from Heloisa herself. She made use of all her wit to dissuade Abaillard from it, and the reasons she gave for it, and which we read in her letters, prove the high and refined delicacy of her love. But the uncle was inflexible; he insisted upon the marriage taking place, and promised that he would keep the secret. There is room to think that the canon was in love with his niece, for

otherwise it would be difficult to explain how he came to determine upon a piece of vengeance so cruel, and so deliberately considered, as that which he exercised on Abaillard. He did not keep his word, and soon no one was ignorant of the adventure of the doctor. Heloisa, by the advice of her husband, retired to the nunnery of Argenteuil. Little did she expect that this retirement was going to occasion the most barbarous of treatment, to be exercised against that dear husband. Abaillard could remain no longer in Paris; he retired among the monks of St. Denis, whence he successively went into other houses of that order. While Abaillard thus dragged about from convent to convent his sad and melancholy being, strove in vain against the credit and miracles of St. Bernard, the disconsolate Heloisa, more unfortunate still, saw herself obliged to quit the convent of Argenteuil, and always directed by her husband, who had, however, but the name of husband, she fixed herself in an oratory, of the name of Paraclet, which had been erected by her dear Abaillard, near Nogent-sur-Seine, and there became the first abbess of a monastery of girls, who came to settle in that retreat. She maintained with true dignity and decorum the place she occupied; her behavior inspired piety, but her heart burnt with the most ardent love. In vain Abaillard, in his letters, endeavored to make her forget him; Heloisa had him incessantly present in her mind, and while her mouth vowed to God to renounce her passion, her heart belied her. She buried her dear Abaillard in the Paraclet, and though she survived him twenty years, her passion ended only with her life. There is a legend that when the tomb of Abaillard was opened, to place in it the body of

Heloisa, Abaillard stretched his arms towards her, to receive her, and clasped them very closely again over her; to embrace her.—There is a place at Moulinjoly whence you can discover the Monastery of Argenteuil, and where you read on a stone, the following lines:

Ces toits élevés dans les airs,
Couvrent l'asyle où vécut Héloïse;
Cœurs tendres, soupirez & retenez ces vers:
Elle honora l'amour—
L'amour l'immortalise.

The meaning of which, runs thus,

Those roofs yonder you see surging above
Shade the retreat where dwelt Heloisa.
Sigh, tender hearts, and remember these lines,
She, when living, was an honor to love,
And, now she's dead, love makes her immortal.

Abaillard died in 1143.



THE STRANGE STORY OF ABASSA.

ABASSA was sister to Aaron, or Haroun Raschid, the fifth calif of the race of Abassides. This princess, having had an opportunity to see Giaffar, a favorite of the prince, became in love with him. We may easily conceive how happy the favorite was, when he found he pleased his master's sister. The great point was then to have that mutual passion approved by the calif, and to obtain his consent to their union. Abassa, more interested than any one to succeed in the project—be-

cause the lot of a Turkish princess, always shut up, and deprived of the liberty of seeing a man, is not a very agreeable one—succeeded, through her steady prayers and solicitations, in softening her brother's rigidity into a consent to her wishes. But, in consenting to unite the two lovers, the calif enjoined upon them a very hard condition, which was that they should never occupy the same apartment. This was nearly the same as forbidding them to marry. The princess thought her brother could not resist her prayers. It was a great error. Aaron was inflexible. In this sad situation, Abassa acted the second Eve. Hence sprung a boy, who was secretly sent to Mecca to be brought up. Unluckily the secret was badly kept, and the calif, being informed of it, disgraced his favorite (whom he caused to be put to death), and expelled his sister, the unfortunate Abassa, from the palace. She was afterwards reduced to the greatest distress and misery.



THE CHARMING YOTA.

ABENCHAMOT, an Arabian captain, commanded in a borough of Mauritania, and often came to blows with the Portuguese. One of their chiefs, named Nuguo Fernand D'Atoya, plundered Abenchamot's borough, and took prisoner the woman he loved most tenderly. The Moor, inflamed with the desire of revenging himself and of recovering his dear wife, did not rest long before he set about pursuing his enemies, and harassing them so far as even to carry his lance into their squadrons. He consoled his wife, and promised to relieve

her. She begged of the soldiers who guarded her, permission to speak to her husband.

"Cavaliero, who thinkest thyself so brave," said she to him, "remember what thou promised me so many times, when thou toldst me thy tender tale of love; deliver me, or die for my sake and I will follow thy fate; but there is a great difference between promising and keeping one's word!" At these words, Abenchamot, shaking a lance he held, "Yota," said he, "I never promised anything but what I performed, and I shall never alter. The day is long, still victory is in the hands of the Almighty, and strength is in this arm." The fair Moor, desperate at hearing this, took some dust, which she threw in the air, and replied to him, "All that thou sayest is nothing but wind; there is no longer a Yota for thee." Then Abenchamot, taking off one of his shoes, threw it at her as a pledge, and returned towards his people, to incite and encourage them to fight. He kindled in their hearts the same ardor which blazed in his, and which had just been excited by the reproaches of his dear Yota. They rushed with impetuosity upon the rear of the Portuguese, and obliged them to turn back their faces to them. At that very moment, Nuguo, overpowered by the heat of the weather, had just untied his neck-piece. Abenchamot, who took notice of it, seized that opportunity, and lanced at his throat a large and strong javelin, which killed him on the spot. The Portuguese immediately took up the body of their general, and while they disputed among themselves who should succeed him, the Moorish captain, taking advantage of their division, formed their squadrons, delivered his dear Yota, killed the bravest of his enemies, and took several of them prisoners. Sometime after this event, the brave Aben-

chamot was killed by the Moors themselves; his body was carried to Yota, who starved herself to death, having from that moment refused to take any sort of food till she died; she was deposited with him in the same grave.

THE LOVE OF ACHOMATH.

STEPHENS, the son of Shersek, sovereign of Montivera, in Slavonia, had been for a long time passionately in love with the daughter of the despot of Servia. Everything pleased him in the princess, her age, her birth, and especially her graces, which rendered her one of the most beautiful women of her time. He was fortunate enough to be informed that the lady had no objection to his person, and thereupon he obtained the consent of her friends. The ceremony of being betrothed to each other had already been performed, and there was, therefore, but one step to take in order to obtain the possession of such a treasure of graces and beauty; but that happiness vanished in an instant. Cherseck, in seeing the young princess, had not been able to resist falling in love with her, and he did not scruple to get her away from his son, and marry her. The young prince, even in his despair, respected too much the author of his days to attempt anything rash against him, but he took refuge among the Turks, embraced the rites of their religion, abandoned the name of Stephens, and assumed that of Achomath. This act of despair, prompted by love, proved afterwards to be of great service to the Christians in many respects; for it was through the credit of

Achomath that, after Bajazet had taken Modon in **Morea**, several noble Venetians escaped being put to death. Achomath delivered many other prisoners with his purse, as well as through his credit. He was again the cause of Bajazet making peace with the Venetians. Finally, it was by his recommendation that Lascares, who had been sent by Laurent, of Medicis, obtained a free access to all the libraries of Greece, to find out all the good books which had remained there, but which had been buried in oblivion ever since the Eastern Empire had been under the yoke of the Infidels.



THE LOVE OF AGAMEMNON.

WE all know how great was the division between Agamemnon and Achilles at the siege of Troy, on account of their mistresses. The first was king of Micena, and had been chosen the chief of those Greeks who went to plunder and lay waste the country of the Trojans at the instance of a woman. The second was a hero whom victory always accompanied. Agamemnon, proud of his rank, fell in love with a girl whose name was Bryseis, whom Achilles loved, and without any regard for a prince, whose bravery ought to have been of such value, he had the girl carried off from Achilles. From that instant Achilles refused to come out from his tent and to fight. The effects of which refusal were soon strikingly evident, by the advantages the Trojans obtained. The desire alone of avenging the death of Patrocles was capable of inducing Achilles to take up

his arms again ; it was at this time he killed Hector, son of Priam, king of the Trojans. Achilles himself was the victim of love, for it is said that Paris killed him in a temple, where he had repaired to see Polixena, daughter of Priam, whom he loved. But if love favored Agamemnon before Troy, he prepared for him a fatal lot at home. This prince had married Clytemnestra, the daughter of Leda and Tyndarus.

This princess, in the absence of her husband, gave too favorable and attentive an ear to the seducing speeches of Egistus. Insensibly her heart gave way to his insinuating allurements, and insensibly her passion grew to such a pitch of violence, that she hesitated no longer to sacrifice not only the honor, but even the life of Agamemnon, for at his return from the Trojan war, she caused him to be assassinated by her lover. No one is ignorant that a vengeance still more cruel was taken afterwards, of the tragical death of that prince, for Orestus, his son, incited by his sister Electra, killed Egistus, and even his mother Clytemnestra. Among the many princes who attended at that celebrated siege, was Ajax, the son of Oileus, king of the Locrians. After the town was taken, this young prince stole away from the temple of Minerva, Cassandra, daughter of Priam, and who was a priestess, and had her conducted to his tent. It was not long before Agamemnon was informed of the event, and at the same time, he was assured that this woman was a perfect beauty. The rank he held in the army induced him to think that Ajax would willingly resign Cassandra to him ; but love has no regard for rank, and Ajax, mightily enchanted with his mistress, determined to keep her. Under these circumstances, Agamemnon had recourse to the pretence of

religion. He accused Ajax of being guilty of a horrid sacrilege, by corrupting a woman devoted to Minerva; he persuaded the Greeks that such a crime would draw upon them the wrath of the gods, if it were not expiated by the death of the guilty. Ajax, rightly frightened on account of the power of his accuser, thought the safest way was to set off. Unluckily, the barge into which he threw himself was wrecked, and the prince was buried in the waters.



STORY OF THE GENTLE AGNES.

AGNES SORRELLE, or Sorrel, who, to use the expression of an ancient writer, "among the handsomest was the most handsome," was born lady of the manor of Fromenteaux, a village in the shire of Tours. Charles VII., king of France, having heard mention of her beauty, was desirous to see her, and was so much struck with her charms that he instantly became distractedly in love with her. Two years, however, elapsed between the first interview he had with her at her own castle of Fromenteaux and the second. Isabella of Lorraine, wife to René of Anjou, coming to implore the assistance of Charles VII. to get her husband out of the hands of the Duke of Burgundy, brought the fair Agnes with her. The flames of love were kindled anew in the king's heart, and it is said that the care of pleasing her occupied his mind so strongly, that he actually forgot that the English were in possession of the greatest part of his kingdom. We find it recorded in several writers of those times, that this beautiful girl aroused

the king's courage by threatening to quit him, and to go with the king of England, if he did not attend to the situation of his affairs, and march against his enemies; so that the fear, say they, of losing his adorable mistress was the cause of his driving away the English, and of recovering his kingdom. Even the celebrated and gallant Fontanelle has also adopted that idea, and it is on that occasion he makes the following polite reflection: "See," says he, "how much France is indebted to love, and how courteous that kingdom is to be with the ladies, should it be but out of gratitude!" But a modern writer disapproves that opinion, on the ground that the king of England, Henry VI., was at that time no more than seven years of age, and that it is ridiculous to fancy that Agnes could have threatened Charles to quit him in order to become the mistress of a child. What is certain is, that all the historians agree, that Charles grew torpid in the arms of effeminacy and voluptuousness, while his captains alone sought to preserve him a crown on the point of dropping from his head; and they all agree, likewise, that his mistress concurred not a little in stirring up his courage. "It was a lucky thing for that good prince," says one of them, "that woman had so much empire over his mind, and that those among that sex whom he consulted, happened to have that degree of heroical sentiment which could strengthen his own in those cruel extremities, and assist his tottering resolutions." Marguerite of Anjou, his queen, made use of all the influence she had on his mind to revive his hopes. The representations of that princess were strongly supported by the beautiful Agnes; and "love, more powerful than ambition on the king's mind, reanimated that courage which this last sentiment

was not able of itself to support. No one is ignorant of the following lines, which Francis I. made, in seeing a portrait of Agnes Sorrel :

“ Gentille Agnes, plus d'honneur tu mérites
La cause étant de France recouvrer,
Que ce que peut dans un cloître ouvrir
Close nonain ou bien dévot hermite.”

And the meaning of which is as follows : “ Gentle Agnes, more honors dost thou deserve, having had for an object to recover France, than can work out in a cloister a confined nun, or a religious anchorite.” Now, as Francis I. lived only half a century after Charles VII., it is an evident proof that the general persuasion ever was, that the fair Agnes had much contributed to rouse the courage of the royal lover ; and we must confess, that if she may be reproached with the frailty of having been the mistress of a man, she has well redeemed that fault by those other virtues, which procured her the esteem of the prince whom her beauty had captivated, and which, to this very day, has never ceased to secure her the consideration of the subsequent ages. However, Agnes Sorrel had three daughters by Charles VII. Agnes died in 1449, and was buried in the middle of the collegial church of Loches. Her effigy may still be seen there in white marble, with two angels holding a pillow, on which is resting her head, and two lambs at her feet. She had made considerable gifts to that church, notwithstanding which, the canons, supposing that Louis XI. might preserve against the fair Agnes the same hatred in his heart after her death which he had entertained during her life, asked him leave to take away that tomb from the choir of their church. But they were answered that they

might have his consent, if they would return the great wealth they had received from her. Speaking of the hatred Louis XI. entertained against that beautiful girl, a certain historian says, that Agnes, who did not like that prince, while he was a Dauphin, was incessantly exciting Charles VII. against him, which gave birth to a misunderstanding between the king and queen. The dauphin, who was not naturally patient, flew once into such a passion as to give Agnes a slap on the face, which occasioned his retiring into Dauphiny, whence he never returned till after the death of his father. It is also a general opinion that this prince, although distant from court, found means to make Agnes feel the weight of his vengeance, and that he had her poisoned at the time she came to meet the king at Jumieges to inform him of some conspiracy. The death of that charming girl caused the greatest grief to the king. The place of lady favorite was, however, filled by a cousin of Agnes Sorrel, Lady Villequier, whose maiden name was Antoinette de Maiguelais, and who married in 1450 the Baron de Villequier, who was first gentleman of the king's chamber, and died in 1454.



LOVE A GREAT TEACHER.

AKIBA, a celebrated Rabbi, whose name did not shine till after the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, owed his learning to love only. He was a herdsman to a rich inhabitant of Jerusalem; and in that situation he dared to lift his eyes and his heart as high as the daughter of his master, and declared to her his passion. His boldness met with all the success he could wish for. His mistress,

in listening to his desires, promised to take him as a husband, if he would study and become a great scholar. Love is a great teacher. Akiba, stimulated by the hope of obtaining possession of the darling object of his wishes, soon became one of the greatest doctors in Jerusalem. His reputation grew so extensively, that the number of his pupils was computed at twenty-four thousand. Such a success was crowned by his marriage with his master's daughter, but his happiness was but short. Having, unfortunately for him, been brought over to join the faction of the impostor Baroquebas, Akiba was taken, and put to the most dreadful and excruciating tortures; he had his body torn to pieces with iron combs.



ALEGRE THE MARQUIS.

YVES, Marquis of Alegre-Maillean, was one of the victims of love. He made such an impression on the heart of Francisca Babou, of la Bourdaisiere, wife to Anthony d'Estrees, Marquis of Cœuvres, that this lady forgetting her name, her duty, and her reputation, left her husband, and went to live openly at Issoire, with the Marquis d'Alegre, who was governor of that palace. War, which pays no regard to the sweets of love, came and broke in a very abrupt and fatal manner upon so intimate an union. Alegre was a Protestant; he was besieged in Issoire by the brother of Henry III. He defended himself with much courage and bravery; but he was obliged to yield, and what is worse, the town was taken by storm. Lady d'Estrees was killed by the soldiers, who put to death everybody they met without any distinction, and who,

perhaps, had besides some secret orders to commit this piece of cruelty against a woman whose beauty had, in any other circumstance, sufficient powers to put a stop to their fury. The Marquis d'Alegre, who was wounded, had time enough to escape the general slaughter, and to take refuge in the castle of his name. This retreat was not able to protect him against the vengeance of a man he had so publicly disgraced; the Marquis de Cœuvres had him assassinated there. That very Lady d'Estrees was the mother of the beautiful Gabriella d'Estrees, of whose amours with Henry IV. all the world is well informed, and who, if we are to believe the chronicle of the time, was not over faithful to that good king. It was on this account that the following sarcastic book-title was placed one day in Lady Montpensier's library, viz.: "*Les formidables regrets des amoureux, par Madame d'Estrées, revus et augmentés par le Sr. d'Alègre;*" the meaning of which is this: "*The formidable lamentations of the lovers, by Lady d'Estrees, revised and enlarged by the Sieur d'Alegre.*"



LOVE OF A GREAT GENERAL.

BANIER, a Swedish general, a worthy disciple of the great Gustavus, and who was the glorious supporter of his master's fame, suffered himself to be subdued by love, at an age when that passion should subside, and under circumstances where grief should have had the whole possession of his heart. He had just lost his lady, to whom he was tenderly attached. As he accompanied the remains of so dear a person to the grave, at Erford,

he was seized with a violent passion for a young princess of Bade, which chance put in his way. From that very moment, war, glory, country, everything, in fact, which had hitherto been so dear to him, became totally indifferent. He had no thought but of his mistress, and exposed himself most rashly to visit her in Arolt's castle. He did nothing but to keep open table, that he might have the pleasure of drinking the health of the fair one who had enchanted him. On the day he received the Marquis of Bade, he gave a magnificent entertainment, at which he had two hundred great guns fired, the noise of which was heard as far as Cassel, where the inhabitants were so fully persuaded that there was a battle, that the people and the clergy all repaired to church, and fell on their knees to pray. The marriage took place. Banier, wholly engrossed with his new wife, left with his lieutenants the care and conduct of the military operations. He lived but a few months after that marriage which he had so ardently wished for.



THE FAIR ANNA OF CAUMONT.

GODFREY of Caumont married Margerite of Lustruc, widow of the marshal of St. Andrew. There came from that marriage an only daughter, whose beauty and riches stimulated the ambition of several young noblemen. James of Escars, lord of the manor of la Vauguyon, tutor to the young lady, being more studious of his own interests than of the happiness of his young pupil, obliged her to marry Charles of Escars, his son, known by the name of Clarency. That marriage threw

into the greatest despair many an aspirant, one of whom was Charles of Biron, who afterwards did so many important services to the state. This young man was passionately in love with Miss Caumont; his hope had been that the reputation of Armand Biron, his father, might procure him the preference over his rivals. When he had lost all hope, he thought of the means of taking vengeance on his happy rival, and it was not long before he found the opportunity he wished for. Having had a slight altercation with him, he sent him a challenge to meet him with two more of his friends. The place appointed for the duel was behind the suburb St. Marcel; Clarency took for his seconds Charles Etissac, the only son and heir of the great family of that name, along with one Montpesat. Biron was cunning enough to place himself and his seconds in such a manner, that the snow, which fell abundantly, should fall into his adversaries' eyes, which was the cause of their being all three killed. Through this cruel accident, Anna of Caumont became a widow, and was again under the authority of James of Escars, her tutor. The viscount of Turenne, one of the king of Navarre's chief partisans, desired very much this young and rich widow. But the Duke of Mayenne was skillful enough to have her carried off, in order to marry her to his son. The tutor complained loudly of it, and King Henry III. ordered the widow to be set again at liberty. The Duke of Mayenne delivered her up into the mother-queen's hands, in hopes that this princess would trust her to the Duchess of Nemours, his mother. But in spite of all these precautions, the marriage did not take place; and Anna of Caumont married Francis of Orleans-Langueville, Earl St. Paul.

STORY OF BUSAS.

It was during the war of the Avares against the Romans, that the barbarians, by a singular event, became masters of Asperia, a considerable fortress. A soldier, named Busas, who was in the garrison, and whose valor had distinguished him on several occasions, owing to his own imprudence in following the enemy without the fort had the misfortune to be taken prisoner. As he assured them of a large ransom, if they would spare his life, they conducted him before the walls of Asperia, where they told the inhabitants that, if they did not immediately redeem Busas, he would be put to death. Busas himself, tried to excite the compassion of his countrymen; he recalled to their remembrance the services he had done them; showed them the scars he retained upon his body—scars which he had received in defending their liberties. Unfortunately, Busas had a pretty wife, who had pleased one of the principal citizens of Asperia, with whom she had carried on a dishonorable acquaintance. - This man, thinking he could more easily gain his wishes during the absence of Busas, and persuaded that the enemies would put him to death, prevailed upon the inhabitants to positively refuse to pay the ransom of one of their bravest defenders. They were, however, the victims of their own ingratitude. Busas, irritated by the slight they put upon him, promised the Avares to give them possession of Asperia; and he kept his word, by teaching them to erect machines for taking cities, and by instructing them in the manner of using them, which proved very fatal to the Romans, under the empire of Maurice.

THE COUNTESS DE CHATEAUBRIANT.

THE Countess de Chateaubriant was the daughter of Phœbus de Grailly, of the house of Foix, and sister of the Marechal de Lautrec and de Foix. All who mention her, agree that she was of singular beauty. One historian pretends "that the greatest misfortune of a man, who should become blind, would be having seen her, and afterwards to be deprived of that happiness." This uncommon beauty was celebrated from the age of twelve. It was at that period that the Count de Chateaubriant, of the house of Laval, sought her in marriage. She being without portion, his proposition was readily accepted; and this young beauty was delivered into the arms of a man she did not love. And it must be confessed that his conduct was not such as to gain the heart of his wife. Jealous to excess, he confined her in a castle, where he permitted her to see no one but himself—a certain way to inspire her with the desire of seeing others. Chance at length wrested from this jealous man the treasure he guarded with so much care.

He was obliged to repair to the court of Francis I. to defend a law-suit of the greatest consequence, upon which his whole fortune depended, and the king asked the Count de Chateaubriant why he had not brought his wife with him, adding she was young and handsome, and with these qualities was sure to be an ornament to his court. The count replied, that his wife hated the great world, and only delighted in solitude. But the king pressed him so often, that he at length promised that he would write to his wife to come to him. The count well knew that this letter would not produce the expected effect,

as he had agreed with the countess that she should not leave the castle without a bracelet of hair, which she had presented to him, and this bracelet did not accompany the letter; at least he believed so. But M. de Lautrec, brother of the countess, entertained a passion for one of her ladies, and greatly desired that his sister should come to court, that he might see his mistress; the young lady, who equally desired it, informed by him of all that had passed, sent him a bracelet worked with her mistress's hair, and exactly resembling that which she had given to her husband. The bracelet being sent to the countess, with a letter from the count, she instantly began her journey with her attendants. On her arrival, she easily proved to her jealous husband that she had been deceived.

But the Count de Chateaubriant grew frantic; and, regarding himself as already dishonored, he abandoned his wife and his law-suit, and retired to his castle in Brittany. A young and beautiful woman, yet inexperienced, and admired by a king as amiable and gallant as Francis I., was in great danger of forgetting herself. This was the case in which we find the Countess de Chateaubriant. Her beauty made the most lively impression upon the heart of the king, and it was not long before he acquainted her with it. The countess was proud of her virtue, and relied too much upon it. The resistance she at first opposed, made the king fear that his cause was hopeless. But the match was unequal. The little god conquered, and the Count de Chateaubriant, in his retirement, was soon informed that his wife had become the mistress of the king, and that she was the distributress of favors and rewards. The brothers of the countess thought they ought to profit by this circum-

stance; but the incensed husband refused all their entreaties, and inwardly swore that he would in a signal manner avenge his honor. Francis I., being called to Italy, left the countess at court. The battle of Pavia, where he was made prisoner, retarded his return. During his absence, the Duchess d'Angoulême, mother to the king, inflicted so many mortifications upon the countess, that she preferred to return to her husband. In vain this faulty but charming woman wrote a letter, in the most submissive terms, to her husband. He was inflexible; and if he did not take her life upon the spot, it was because he had some remains of affection, which, in spite of her conduct, he still felt for her. When the king had regained his liberty, the Count de Chateaubriant, fearing that he would exert his authority to take his wife from him, entered the apartment of the countess, accompanied by several masked ruffians, and told her that she must die. She made little resistance; they opened her veins, and her barbarous husband had the cruelty to stay till she breathed her last sigh. After this severe vengeance, he escaped to England, and never returned to France, till after having given the house that bore his name to the High Constable de Montmorency, to shelter himself from the pursuit of the parents of his wife.

THE VIRTUOUS CHIOMARE.

AFTER the defeat of Antiochus, King of Persia, by Scipio Asiaticus, the Romans resolved to punish the Gaulish Greeks, who had given succors to Antiochus, and who besides, made frightful ravages in Asia. The

consul, Manlius, successor to Scipio, marched his army against this people, a party of whom they found had taken refuge on Mount Olympus. The bravery and perseverance of the Romans vanquished the Gauls, the greater part of whom were made prisoners. Of their number was Chiomare, the wife of Ortiagon, King of the Tolistoboges, a princess of exquisite beauty; whom the consul, in the heat of the carnage, had consigned to a centurion. It was difficult to behold Chiomare and not be captivated by her charms. Her situation made the Roman believe that he might dare everything. Mortified at meeting an obstinate resistance, he had recourse to violence to satisfy his brutality. Interest, at length, however, took the place of love, and he proposed, for a certain sum, to restore the beautiful captive to her liberty. Ortiagon, to whom this fact was communicated, delayed not to send the ransom for his wife. It was night when the centurion went to receive it, and to deliver his captive into the hands of her parents. Chiomare, anxious for an opportunity to revenge the loss of her honor, told her parents in the language of her country, to *kill the Roman*, which they instantly did, and Chiomare carried to her husband the bloody head of the centurion.

On seeing this spectacle, Ortiagon demanded whether she had preserved her conjugal fidelity. "I call the gods to witness (replied the virtuous queen) that if my person has suffered the indignities of servitude, I am revenged; here is the head of the *infamous* ravisher of *my* honor and of *yours*." The historian adds that the king was enchanted with the virtue and courage of his queen, and that he loved and esteemed her more than ever.

THE LOVE OF A POET.

DURAND, the ancient French poet, who lived about the year 1300, became enamored of a lady of the house of the Counts de Balbi. Following the custom of these times, Durand drew the horoscope of his mistress. They say it showed some wonderful tokens of her death, which nevertheless was not to happen till at the end of a very long life. Some time after the lady was attacked with a disorder, so violent that she was thought dead, and they were preparing for her interment, when Durand received the melancholy intelligence. Whether it was that he forgot the horoscope of his mistress, or that he placed little dependence on all such predictions, is not certain, but he abandoned himself to a grief which was so violent that he died. In the meantime his mistress showed signs of life, as they were going to put her into the ground. She was brought back to her house, and when her health was perfectly established, they no longer concealed from her the death of Durand, and the cause of it. Touched with a passion so lively, and which had terminated so fatally, she took the veil, and died a nun at the age of sixty.

CARDINAL DE RICHELIEU AND MARION DE LORMES.

THE Cardinal de Richelieu first saw Marion de Lormes without being seen himself, and found her a thousand times more beautiful than he imagined. He wished to know whether Saint Mars was beloved, and commis-

sioned Boisrobert to ascertain it. This abbe soon gave his Eminence the information he wished for, and informed him that in the attachment of Marion de Lormes for the favorite of the king, vanity had a greater part than love, and that all the tenderness of this girl rested with Desbarreau, counsellor of the parliament, a young man of good figure, of a lively wit, and pleasant conversation, but withal debauched and impious. The cardinal made a proposal to Desbarreau by Boisrobert, that if he would give up Marion de Lormes, and engage her to comply with his wishes, he would acknowledge the sacrifice by doing everything he could wish towards the advancement of his fortune. Boisrobert acquitted himself of his commission with great address; but Desbarreau replied to this overture, only in pleasantry, feigning always to believe the cardinal incapable of such a weakness. This minister was so irritated that he persecuted Desbarreau while he lived, and obliged him to give up his post and to leave the kingdom.

LOVE BETWEEN ARMIES.

OTHALRIC, Duke of Bohemia, had just added Moravia to his dukedom, after having taken it away from Misicon, the king of Poland, when love was very near making him lose his estates. This prince, having obeyed the inclination of his heart, had married Domaroda, the daughter of a husbandman. From that marriage, he had a son named Brztislas. This young prince, having heard of the extreme beauty of one Judith, or Jutha, the daughter of Count Albert Othon, surnamed the sincere, had con-

ceived a violent passion for her. But the low extraction of Domaroda, his mother, made him apprehensive of receiving a refusal from Othon; his passion however blinded him, and he resolved to get by force what he feared he could not obtain by good will.

Judith was educated in a convent at Ratisbon. Brztislas, with thirty young Bohemians in his company, repaired to that town. By dint of presents, he obtained at last the permission to speak with Judith. He had the good luck to please her, and inspire her with the desire of becoming his wife. Enchanted with this success, Brztislas hastened to take advantage of the circumstance; and "having spied the moment when the young boarders went to the evening prayers, he laid hold of Judith, who made no great resistance, and set off with all speed, escorted by the thirty young noblemen, his friends. No sooner had they arrived at Prague, than the bishop Ison performed the ceremony of the nuptials, to which the princess assented. So far Brztislas could not but applaud himself for his happy success. But it was not long before he was made sensible that his passion had blinded him, and prevented his foreseeing the dangers which were the necessary and unavoidable consequence of his bold undertaking. Othon, the father of Judith, furious at the loss of his daughter, complained most bitterly of it to the Emperor Conrad II. who promised even upon oath to expel from Bohemia, Otharic and his son, and to make it the seat of the empire. The two armies soon took the field. They were already in presence of each other. A battle was about to decide the fate of the Duke of Bohemia, when Judith, who was the cause of that war, advanced between the two armies, and employed all the eloquence which her

attachment for her husband, inspired, to exhort them to peace. "The contending princes could not resist either her charms or the eloquence of her reasonings. They put down their arms. Brztislas repaired to the tent of the emperor, who received him with great marks of joy and friendship, and promised him to forget all that was past. In the midst of the merriment, occasioned by so unexpected an event, Conrad remembered an oath he had made of fixing the seat of the empire in the heart of Bohemia, and this remembrance caused him the greatest trouble. Judith, this incomparable woman, found again the means of easing the scruples of the emperor on that account. She conducted him to Prague with all his court, received him there with the greatest pomp and magnificence; thence she took him to Buntzlau which is the centre of Bohemia, made him ascend the throne which had been prepared for him, and then Conrad gave to Brztislas the investiture of the dukedom of Bohemia, with a flag, on which was painted a black eagle, which many imagine to have been the old coat-of-arms of that dukedom."



THE COUNTESS OF SALISBURY.

It is known that the Order of the Garter in England, owed its origin and establishment to the love of Edward III., king of England, for the Countess of Salisbury. Mr. Hume appears inclined to give this origin to the order, on account of the manners of that age, which were entirely given to gallantry. It is said that Edward, at a ball, having picked up the blue garter of

the Countess of Salisbury, occasioned a laugh among his courtiers, and much confused the lady. The king, who observed it, exclaimed—"Honni soit qui mal y pense!" adding, with an oath, that those who had scoffed at this garter should esteem themselves happy to carry one like it. In short, having assembled his court, he instituted the Order of the Garter, under the auspices of Saint George, the protector of England. The knights, limited to the number of forty, received from the hand of the king, a cloak of violet-colored velvet, lined with white damask, upon which there was a red cross on a silver medal, and with it a blue enamelled garter, to be worn on the left leg, and for device, "Honni soit qui mal y pense." Mr. Hume says that the knights were only to the number of twenty-four, without counting the king.

Edward's passion for the Countess of Salisbury commenced during the war against David Bruce, king of Scotland, whom the English monarch had dethroned. Bruce, by the help of succors from France, had reëntered Scotland, and made the most rapid progress there, and besieged the castle which contained the beautiful countess, when Edward obliged him to retire. The king of England, charmed with the gallant resistance made by the countess, went to express his acknowledgments, and was so enchanted with her beauty, that he made this declaration: "Never did I behold so noble, so gallant, or so beautiful a lady; the sweetness, good sense, grace, and high birth, which I find united in you, strikes me with such wonder, that I find myself vanquished by a passion nothing can remove." Her answer was noble, but threw the king into despair. He made new overtures, but obtained nothing

like encouragement. It was on account of this passion that Edward gave a grand ball, at which the countess was present, and where she dropped her garter, as we have before mentioned. They pretend, however, that she was at length weary of being so virtuous. It is added that Lord Salisbury, to revenge this injury, discovered to the king of France the secrets of the English, and named the French noblemen who had entered into secret treaties with Edward; upon which they say several Britons and Normans were executed at Paris. To prove the beauty of the Countess of Salisbury, it is pretended that John II., king of France, returned to England, captivated by her charms.



OLIVER LE DAIN.

OLIVER LE DAIN, or le Daim, had discovered the secret of pleasing Louis XI. king of France, which was not an easy task, and he attained to so high a degree of that prince's favor, that he was loaded with honors. It is very difficult not to abuse power, and to forbear giving ourselves up to our passions, when we are almost sure of impunity. Thus it happened to Le Dain. A gentleman, arrested by the order of the king, was in great danger of his life. His wife, who was tenderly attached to him, ardently solicited his pardon; and thought she could not apply to a more powerful protector than Oliver le Dain. She was young and handsome, and her tears and griefs increased and embellished her charms. She made an impression upon the favorite, who was not ashamed to promise this unhappy woman, the

pardon of her husband, on condition that she would make him a sacrifice of her honor. The alternative was cruel, but honor carried it. This virtuous woman had the liberty of seeing her husband, and she imparted to him the propositions of Le Dain. The unfortunate prisoner conjured his wife to save him, and such was his control over her that he succeeded in persuading her to accept the terrible terms. And when this unfortunate victim of conjugal love sought to dry her tears in the arms of her husband, she had the horror to learn that he had been put to death. The barbarous Oliver, to have longer possession of a woman he loved, ordered her husband to be put into a sack and thrown into the river. The corpse was discovered by some fishermen who acquainted the wife with her misfortune. She remained lisent during the reign of Louis XI. Her tears and groans would not have reached his throne. But after the death of that prince, and under the reign of Charles VIII. she became the accuser of Le Dain, who was hanged together with the accomplice in his guilt.



DUKE DE LONGUEVILLE.

HENRY OF ORLEANS, Duke of Longueville, father of the Duke of Longueville, had no reason to complain of the favors of love; but the results were very fatal. It is well known that the fair Gabrielle d'Estrees was the most beautiful woman of her time. The Duke de Longueville, captivated by her charms, endeavored to render himself agreeable, and he succeeded. In the midst of his good fortune, he perceived that Henry IV.

was his rival; and not being willing to hazard the favors of his king to preserve those of his mistress, he requested her to restore all his letters, promising, on his side, to do the same, and always to retain for her the most tender friendship. The fair Gabrielle, suffered herself to be deluded by the promises of the duke, and made a faithful return of all his letters. But her lover, not equally honorable, retained some of her most passionate epistles. This breach of faith, which probably had no other motive than vanity, was the cause of his death. After experiencing every kind of chagrin on the part of the king, which his mistress also aggravated, he travelled abroad, and, making his entry at Dourlens, was killed by a discharge of artillery, which was made in his honor by the troops. This blow is attributed to the vengeance of the fair Gabrielle. This same Duke of Longueville was the cause of two deaths still more tragic than his own. He had been publicly spoken of as the lover of the Countess de Chaulnes and the Marchioness d'Humeries, and had even sacrificed the latter for Mademoiselle d'Estrees. The husbands of these two ladies cruelly avenged their honor; the one was strangled with her own hair by masked men, and the other, while walking in a park with her husband, was pushed into the water, where she was drowned. This was in 1595.

The Duke de Longueville, son of the one above named, played a great part during the minority of Louis XIII., but the duchess, his wife, sister of the great Condé, played a still greater one at the expense of her husband's honor. The letters of gallantry, which she had written to the Duke of Beaufort, and which were shown to Madame Montbason, were much talked of. The attach-

ment of this princess to the Prince Marsillur, and the Marshal de Surenne, is well known. The chronicle of scandal has even left suspicions rather strong upon a connection too tender between the duchess and the Prince of Condé, her brother.

DEATH OF THE INNOCENT.

LOUIS, Count Palatine, and Lord of High Bavaria, had married the Princess of Brabant, of whom he was extremely fond. Chance caused a letter to fall into his hands, which that princess had written to a certain nobleman. Some equivocal expressions which it contained, made Louis believe that his wife was unfaithful. Giving himself wholly up to jealousy, and without taking the trouble to ascertain the facts, he mounted his horse, went to Donavent, where the princess resided, and after having the captain of the castle killed, and also the steward, and the women of the chamber, he caused the head of his wife to be struck off by the hand of the executioner. Scarcely was this tragedy finished when Louis was convinced of the innocence of his wife whom he had put to death. The grief which he felt was so great, that his hair became white in one night, although he was only twenty-seven years of age. To expiate his crime he founded the beautiful monastery of Fursenfeld, in Bavaria, and caused the following lines to be engraven on the wall :

Conjugis innocæ susi monumenta cruoris,
Pro culpa pretium, claustra sacrata vides.

This was in 1246.

THE STORY OF LUCRETIA.

TARQUIN THE PROUD having ascended the throne of the Romans by dint of crimes, sought to support himself on it by the fear with which he inspired his subjects. His victories did not a little contribute to obliterate the memory of his injustice and cruelty. He had attained to an advanced age when the people of Rutuli obliged him to turn his arms against them ; his first efforts were carried against Ardea, the capital of the enemy, an opulent city, the riches of which excited the avarice of Tarquin. He found more resistance than he expected, being obliged to besiege it in form. During this siege love caused a singular revolution at Rome. The young nobility sought to forget their fatigues in the pleasures of the table, at a repast given by Sextus Tarquinius ; the king's son being a little elevated, and the conversation turning upon the merit of their wives, every guest made the eulogium upon his own, but none with so much ardor and tenderness as Collatinus, cousin of Sextus. He was descended from Æginus, nephew of the ancient Tarquin, and enjoyed, as his own inheritance, the city of Collatia, which had been given him by his grandfather.

It was there he passed the most happy days with Lucretia his wife. Her beauty, her birth, her virtue and the gentleness of her disposition, all united to render her extremely amiable. Collatinus loved her to adoration, and was sensible of no greater pleasure than an opportunity to boast of his good fortune. The portrait which he drew of Lucretia at the entertainment of Sextus, excited the curiosity of the guests, who proposed to go and surprise their wives, and immediately every

young noble mounted his horse, and when they had arrived at Rome they found the three wives of Tarquin's sons engaged in their pleasures; and from them they proceeded to Collatia, where the scene was very different, for Lucretia was tranquilly seated in the midst of her women at work. This interview made the deepest impression on the heart of Sextus Tarquin; he conceived for Lucretia the most violent passion, and thought only of the means to accomplish his wishes. A few days after, he introduced himself, towards night, into the house of Collatinus, under pretence of giving some orders concerning the siege. Lucretia received him with all the civility due to the son of a king, and to her husband's relation. Scarcely had this young prince retired to his apartment, and when thinking every one in the house to be asleep, he repaired to the chamber of Lucretia. His first words were a threat to kill her if she attempted to make the least noise; he then declared his passion in the most ardent expressions. Finding the virtue of Lucretia immovable, he again renewed his threats to kill her, adding that he would convey a slave into her bed, whom he would also kill, and publish that he had by these murders avenged the honor of Collatinus. Death appeared but trifling in the eyes of the chaste Lucretia, but to die dishonored in the opinion of her husband, his family, and the public! she could not support the idea, and yielded. The following day Lucretia desired her husband to meet her at the house of her father-in-law at Rome, where she repaired attired in deep mourning. This appearance surprised her father and her husband, but she refused to satisfy their curiosity till they had assembled her family. It was then she informed Collatinus of the crime of Sextus Tarquinus.

This recital excited the indignation of all present, but the sight of Lucretia, who plunged a dagger into her own bosom, inspired the whole assembly with the greatest horror and fury.

Junius Brutus, the relation of Tarquin, son of a respectable senator, whom this prince had put to death on account of his virtue and riches, and who had himself only escaped the same fate, from having the address to counterfeit idiotism—Brutus being present at this affecting scene, drew near the expiring Lucretia, and tearing out the dagger stained with her blood, held it up, and said, “By this blood once so pure, and which had never been contaminated but for the detestable Tarquin, I swear that I will pursue with sword and fire, the king, the queen, and their children, and will exterminate from these places a guilty race, which infects the throne of the Romans; Gods, I call you to witness my oath!” These words, pronounced with firmness by a man, who till this moment had been considered an idiot, made the deepest impression, and all present took the same oath. Without losing a moment, Lucretius, who was governor of Rome in the king’s absence, caused the gates of the city to be shut, to hinder any from going out.

Brutus then assembled the people, and after exposing the bloody corpse of Lucretia, he painted in the most energetic terms the unjust tyrannic and violent conduct of Tarquin, and what they had to expect on the part of his sons, and concluded with offering liberty to the Romans if they would join with and support him. Repeated acclamations convinced Brutus, that they applauded his views. The senate issued an edict, which perpetually condemned the Tarquins and their posterity to banishment and deprived them of the rights and

honors of royalty. They then confided the authority to Spurius Lucretius, and the resolution was taken to destroy the monarchy, and to create two consuls. Brutus and Collatinus were immediately chosen to fill their places. Without suffering the ardor of the Romans to cool, they departed for the army which lay before Ardea; the chiefs who had been informed of the revolution, had gained the troops, who declared in favor of the new government. Tarquin, attempted to enter Rome, but having found the gates shut against him, was obliged to retire with his family to Ceri, the city of the Etrurians. Sextus, author of the king's misfortune, retired to the Gabiens whom he had once deceived in the most unworthy manner; and as he was in a situation no longer to be feared, they deprived him of his life to punish his perfidy. This was in the year of Rome 243.

THE LOVES OF MAHOMET.

LOVE and woman may be regarded as the original foundation of the religion of Mahomet. This man, so celebrated from the establishment and the progress of his laws, was born of poor parents; and to complete his misfortune, lost them during his infancy. An uncle was his only protector, and not being himself very rich, to make some provision for Mahomet, bound him to a woman named Chadigha, who sold goods in Syria. The youth and talents of Mahomet made an impression on this woman, and she married him. He endeavored to hide from Chadigha an infirmity which was sufficient to disgust the most enamored, and his courage and his

cunning furnished him not only with the means of extricating himself from this difficulty, but still further enabled him to establish that reputation which superstition so greatly increased. He informed Chadigha, as a great secret, that the Angel Gabriel made him frequent visits by the order of God, to instruct him in the true religion. We may suppose that the secret was ill kept, for the self love of Chadigha was too much flattered by the idea of being united to a man who had intercourse with angels, not to impart it to her neighbors; she advised them however, to keep it secret. But it was known to every one, and it was not long before Mahomet was considered a prophet. Thus we may conceive that the love of Chadigha for her husband, did not a little contribute to inspire him with the idea, of becoming chief of a new sect. But most assuredly it was love that caused him to insert in the Alcoran, the article which permits husbands to court their servants. Mahomet, had but two wives when he became enamored with one of his slaves, named Maria, of singular beauty, and but fifteen years of age. His wives having surprised him, reproached him publicly; and he promised never to repeat the offence, but afterwards, being tempted to break his word, he was obliged to make Heaven speak. There appeared a new revelation, which may be found in the sixty-sixth chapter of the Alcoran; God there permits Mahomet and all the mussulmans to court their slaves in spite of their wives. "O prophet," it is there said, "why from the fear of thy wife's displeasure, dost thou deprive thyself of those pleasures which God has granted thee." This pretty slave was an Egyptian by birth, and by education a Christian; it is said, that the governor of Egypt had presented her to

Mahomet. The commands of God were revealed, only as the wants of the prophet made them necessary. Having become enamored of Zainab the wife of one of his freed-men, named Gaib, he carried her off and married her. The husband, complained loudly, and Mahomet then made an addition, to the thirty-third chapter of the Alcoran. God there positively declares that he has married Zainab to his prophet. However, as this article might justly awaken the apprehensions of those husbands who had pretty wives, Mahomet, to balance this difficulty, published that should he ever in future become enamored of married women, they should be sacred. In the meantime, Zainab, proud of this revelation relating to her, insulted the other wives of the prophet; she pretended to the preference, as she had been, she said, married by the command of Heaven, while the union of her rivals was only the work of men. Mahomet, independent of his character as a prophet, which caused him to be greatly respected, had, it is said, the art of making himself beloved by his wives; nevertheless he still feared the inconstancy of the sex, and his jealousy was so great, "that he threatened his wives with a punishment infinitely more severe than that of other women, both in this world, and in the next, providing they proved unfaithful to him." To prevent the men from conversing with his wives, "he caused those verses to appear as coming from God, in the Alcoran, where he announces, "that they should not enter the prophet's house without permission, and that if they were invited to dine with him, they should depart immediately after the repast, without entering into conversation with his women;" and in the same chapter he forbids his women to speak to any man unless their faces

were covered with a veil. But in spite of all his talents, all his precautions, Mahomet could not preserve himself from the misfortune he had foreseen and so greatly feared, and this too from a quarter where he was the most in love. He then composed the twenty-fourth chapter of the Alcoran to prove his wife innocent and to exculpate himself for having kept her. He then declared to his Musselmans, on the part of God, that all the reports which had been circulated to the disadvantage of Agetha were only the blackest calumnies, and forbid them to be spoken of again. Agetha mortally hated Ali, because he discovered to Mahomet her incontinence. A man who was so impolitic as to boast of favors from the beautiful Agetha, received by the order of Heaven fourscore lashes.

MADAME DE MAINTENON.

THE elevation of Madame de Maintenon is undoubtedly the most surprising event that was ever effected by love. It is known that she was descended from Constant d'Aubigné, son of Theodore Agrippa, gentleman in ordinary of Henry IV., and whose satirical works are well known. With this birth Mademoiselle d'Aubigné had no inherited fortune. At the age of seventeen, she was obliged to embrace a state of dependence in the house of Madame de Mullaret, mother of the Duchess de Navailles, her relation, where she was treated very unkindly. Her friends, to draw her from so humiliating a situation, persuaded her to marry the famous Scaron—a marriage which was solely projected

with the view of making some provision for Mademoiselle d'Aubigné, as the infirmities of Scaron were well known. The death of this singular husband, a short time after, plunged his widow nearly into her former misery, although the queen-mother was very willing to continue the pension she had allowed Scaron. Some years after, the king added a pension of two thousand livres, saying, "Madame, I have made you wait a long time, but you have had so many friends that I wished to have the sole merit of obliging you myself."

At length the friends of the widow Scaron introduced her to the acquaintance of Madame de Montespan, who confided to her the education of the Duke du Maine, and the other children she had by Louis XIV. She acquitted herself of this charge in such a manner as to merit the approbation of the king. Her endeavors to appease the fury of Madame de Montespan, who at that time was jealous of every woman the king saw, entirely gained her his favor. Love lost no time in the conversations between the king and Madame Scaron. He insinuated himself into the heart of the monarch, and when this was perceived by the favorite, it was in vain she broke forth into reproaches, threatened to kill herself, and showed all the revenge of a desperate mistress; but she was at last forced to resign her place to the widow Scaron. Louis XIV. was at an age when the passions are less violent, and that which the governess of his children had inspired, was mostly founded upon esteem. To become the mistress of a great king was not sufficient for the widow Scaron—she aspired to something higher, and obtained it. She was possessed of sufficient address to give birth to scruples in the mind of a prince, who, till then, had only thought of sat-

isfying his desires; and she made use of these means to make him consent to a marriage, that he might have the power of lawfully enjoying the pleasures he sought.

The ceremony was performed in private, in a little chapel of the palace of Versailles. Monsieur de Harlay, Archbishop of Paris, gave the nuptial benediction; Montchevreuil and Bontems were the witnesses. If the wife of Louis XIV. did not enjoy the honors attached to the title of queen, she had all the power. She absolutely governed the kingdom; and the deference of the king for her opinion was so great, that he held the council in her apartments; and she worked at her frame, and, with a motion of her head, decided everything. In this high and elevated position, Madame de Maintenon preserved a modesty and moderation worthy the highest elogium.



LOVE AND RELIGION.

THE sect of the Mammillaries, which is a branch of the Anabaptists, owes its origin to love. A young Anabaptist was deeply enamored of a lady, whom he proposed to marry. In a tête-à-tête with her, infatuated by the violence of his love, he believed he might take any liberties, and he ventured too far. This action came to the knowledge of the doctors of the sect, and they soon convened an assembly to deliberate upon the punishment they should inflict upon the young lover. Some declared for excommunication, others, more indulgent for the impulses of nature, maintained

that the fault was pardonable. This raised a dispute among the two parties. As is general in such cases, neither would yield, and it occasioned a schism. Those who were for the pardon were called *Mammillaries*. This laughable event occurred at Harlem.

MARCELLUS AND JULIA.

MARCELLUS, son of Marcus Claudius Marcellus, and of Octavia, sister of Augustus, was, by his birth, the person who had the strongest right to the empire. To these titles he united the most pleasing figure, and all the amiable qualities of heart and understanding. He was also extremely beloved by Augustus and the Romans. To show him more particular marks of his affection, Augustus gave him Julia, his daughter, whom he had by Scribonia, his third wife. They were united at the happy age when the soul begins to expand with pleasure, and everything seemed to conduce to the happiness of these two young lovers. The ambition of the Empress Livia inspired her with the resolution of taking the life of Marcellus, which she accordingly did. But previous to this sad event, this amiable prince had the misfortune to perceive that he did not possess the heart of Julia, for already her inclination towards intrigue had shown itself, and, says a historian, "Marcellus, who so greatly merited to be beloved, was the one whom she loved the least." There are some authors who pretend that Tiberius, successor of Augustus, and who finally married Julia, received from this

princess, during her marriage with Marcellus, certain testimonies of her affection. If this be true, Tiberius was in his turn exposed to the mortification of feeling how disagreeable it was to be dishonored by his wife. The death of Marcellus was sung by Virgil, and it is known that Octavia very liberally recompensed this poet for his verses.

THE FIRST LOVE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

WHEN the Princess Mary, daughter of Henry VIII. of England, ascended the throne upon the death of her brother, Edward VI., she resolved to establish in her kingdom the Catholic religion, which had, as we have seen, been abolished by the passions of Henry. But to effect a similar revolution, the queen required the assistance of a husband. Several aspired to this honor, but the nobleman whose hopes were of all best founded was Edward Courtney, Earl of Devonshire, Mary's cousin by her grandmother, who was daughter of Edward IV. and sister to Henry VIII.'s mother. To this royal descent the Earl of Devonshire joined the graces of youth and the allurements of his person. He had another title still better—he was pleasing to Mary. This princess, notwithstanding the austerity of her devotion, could not forbear reviewing the earl with a secret pleasure. It was in vain that the queen's ministers, won by the gold of Spain, spoke openly for Philip of Austria; it was in vain that the English Catholics were desirous of raising to the throne Cardinal Poole, then only a deacon, for the presence of

Courtney prevailed over the arguments of the ministers, and the views of the English. It was now in the power of this nobleman to ascend the throne, but he could not sufficiently conceal the disgust with which Mary inspired him. He was utterly ruined with this princess by his passion for Elizabeth, daughter also of Henry VIII., but detested by the queen, her sister. The Earl of Devonshire had, however, great reason to be attached to the queen, to whom he was under many obligations. He had been a prisoner in the Tower during the reign of Edward, but as soon as Mary received the crown, she liberated him, and restored to him all the honors which the Earl of Handley, his father, had possessed. The two following letters will give the reader the best information upon this subject; the first is from Elizabeth to the earl, her lover :

“MY LORD—

“I do not doubt your love, but I fear this passion will be to your prejudice. It is this which obliges me to conceal my preference for you, having so little hope; but I am sensible that your generous heart can love even to suspicion, which gives new charms to this passion. I am certain, when you reflect upon the danger to which you expose yourself of losing a crown, or at least a very great authority in the kingdom, by not acceding to the love the queen bears you, you will give up a fond passion which you have conceived for her, who could wish that her power and her fortune were equal to her gratitude and inclination to render you happy. I am, I say, assured that when you reflect upon your own interest, you will absent yourself as far from me as I could wish to be near you. Con-

sider, my dear earl, that love often blinds reason, and usually precipitates those who follow him into a gulf of misfortunes, then, taking flight, leaves them to extricate themselves as they are able. Reflect calmly upon advice coming only from a heart that seeks your interests. Do me the justice to believe that my love exceeds your own, and that I wait with impatience to tell you by word of mouth what prudence will not permit me to write.

“ELIZABETH.”

The earl's reply was written in these words:

“MADAM—

“I wish that I had two hearts, that I might sacrifice one to your good advice; but having only one destined to render me happy, by the passion I entertain for you, it would be death to live for any other. Be persuaded, my dear princess, that it is not in the power of fortune, nor the crown, to shake my passion, nor force, nor violence in this world, to tear from my heart a resolution I have formed of consecrating it to you. I know that it is great presumption in me to dare, without merit, aspire to the greatest happiness upon earth—that of loving the most beautiful and worthy princess in the universe. I rejoice, madam, however, to learn that you know love is blind, because that makes me hope you will not wonder at the temerity of a heart which can love but one object that merits crowns and kingdoms. I agreeably flatter my passion, by incessantly dwelling upon your merit, and support my hopes by convincing myself more and more that I am incapable of loving any but yourself, having resolved to wish for no other happiness in this world but that I shall owe to

you. Vouchsafe to pardon the too great liberty taken by him who cannot live without loving you, nor die but your faithful servant,

“COURTNEY.”

These letters were unfortunately intercepted, and the queen was so enraged to find that Courtney refused to yield to her desires, that she not only revenged herself upon him, but extended her rage to the Princess Elizabeth, and this was one of the principal causes of the persecutions she suffered. The queen at first commanded her to retire to the Castle of Alfriedge, to prevent the earl's seeing her, as his office obliged him to be always at court.

Love, who admits no difficulty, furnished Courtney with frequent opportunities of seeing his beloved princess, and he failed not to write her. The jealousy of the queen rendered her clear-sighted, and she soon learned that the lovers often met. She then set no bounds to her vengeance, and a conspiracy formed against her, and discovered in the interval, furnished the means she wished for. The Earl of Devonshire, and the Princess Elizabeth, were accused of being accomplices in this conspiracy, and were arrested. Several authors maintain that they were innocent, and that the jealousy of the queen was the sole cause of their misfortune. However the earl was accused “of being concerned in the conspiracy, and of attempting to drive Mary from the throne, and to place Elizabeth in her stead, who had given him a promise of marriage,” and without any regard being paid to his defence, he was conducted to the Castle of Fotheringay, where he was strictly guarded. The Princess Elizabeth, after being carried to Whitehall,

as a criminal, and after having undergone an examination, was conducted to the Tower and treated with great severity. This was, however, but the beginning of her troubles; soon after she was removed to Woodstock, where the treatment she received made her believe that she was soon to die. The marriage of Mary with Philip, should have ended these persecutions which jealousy had caused; nevertheless it was not till some months after, that Elizabeth was restored to liberty. She came to thank the queen, and was conducted to the apartment of the king, who was much interested in her fate. This prince gave her the most gracious reception; he even showed her so much civility that the queen became jealous, and fancied that Philip, preferring her sister on account of her beauty, would poison her to marry Elizabeth. This jealousy became so violent, that the prince dared not speak favorably of Elizabeth, and still less to see her. Princess Elizabeth, perceiving this, prudently asked permission to retire to the Castle of Hertford, which was readily granted. The liberty of Elizabeth was followed by that of Courtney, but it was only granted on condition that he should neither directly or indirectly hold any correspondence with the princess, which greatly affected them both, as they tenderly loved each other, and it was even suspected there existed a promise of marriage between them. Elizabeth, to avoid danger, advised the earl to leave England for some time, which he prudently did. He withdrew into Flanders, but absence did not prevent their corresponding. King Philip, hearing of this, became jealous, and this passion produced upon him the most violent effects. Convinced that he would never have children by his present wife, he hoped after her

death to marry the Princess Elizabeth. Her love for Courtney was an obstacle to this project. Full of these ideas, and informed of the correspondence of these lovers, he resolved to prevent their union by the death of the earl. This nobleman died so suddenly at Ghent, that it was suspected he was poisoned. Elizabeth was inconsolable; it is also believed that she then made a vow never to marry. Sometimes she would say to her confidants, "that never did any one deserve to be more loved than the Earl of Devonshire, because no one knew better how to love." Several years after she still said, "the Earl of Devonshire was an angel in love." In conclusion, we add the copy of the letter, which Courtney wrote to Elizabeth in his last illness; she presented the domestic who brought it a gold medal.

"MY DEAR PRINCESS:

"Finding myself attacked with an ague and fever, so violent as to threaten me with death, I am desirous of availing myself of the few moments' cessation from delirium which my disease occasions, to do myself the honor to write you, not knowing one moment from another what may be the result of this illness. I conjure you to consider how deep must be the love that I bear for you, since I cease not to remember you, and to write to you, in the last moments of my life, which ought to be solely dedicated to the preservation of my soul. I intreat you to believe that the extreme love I have ever entertained for you has been pure and sincere, and that I have never conceived any other thought than that of becoming one day your husband, by just and lawful vows. But providence, who has not thought me worthy of such happiness, is pleased to chastise my temerity, for

which, my dear princess, I solicit your pardon, and in any way else that I may have unguardedly offended you. From the first day that you honored me with marks of your favor, I resolved to be faithful to you till death; it is very just therefore in the state I find myself, to fulfill that promise, by consecrating to you my last sighs. I die an exile, for no other crime than that of having supported the interests of her who honors me with her love and permits me to return her affection, and in the extremity of my disease, I find no consolation, but in writing this letter to you. I hope you will have the goodness to receive it with the same royal generosity, with which you have deigned to love me, and that you will also approve of my restoring two rings here inclosed, and which I return to the hands from which I received them. I could not deprive myself of them, did I think I should long survive, and it is for that reason I have given orders for this letter not to be forwarded to you till after my death. The fever, which again seizes me, will not suffer me to say more, and I conclude with much reluctance. Adieu my dear princess."

After the death of Queen Mary, Philip asked Queen Elizabeth in marriage; she refused, it is said, because she believed he had poisoned Courtney.



THE STORY OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTLAND.

It is very certain that Love caused the principal misfortunes of Mary Stuart, widow of Francis the Second, King of France, Queen of Scotland, and daughter of

James V. King of Scotland, and of Margaret of Lorraine, daughter of the Duke of Guise, and widow of the Duke of Longueville. But it is not equally certain that she has merited the reproaches cast upon her by some historians. Educated at the court of France, which was the most polished in all ages, and left to her own guidance by the death of Francis II. at an age when the passions have the greatest empire, and endowed with all the graces of nature, she found herself obliged, on her return to Scotland, to reside among infatuated barbarians. Without the least consideration they commented upon every action of this princess, because she attended mass. The recital of her misfortunes is that of her weakness, or, at least, has the appearance of such. When Mary was obliged to leave France to reign in Scotland, she was only nineteen years of age. Possessed of uncommon personal beauty, she saw herself surrounded by a set of furious zealots and fanatics. Her marriage with Lord Darnley, son of the Duke of Lennox, seemed to open a fair prospect, and she gave herself up to this flattering delusion. But the bad qualities of the king soon changed her ardent love into the most marked indifference. This prince who had used every means to estrange the heart of the queen, now thought proper to become jealous of her. David Rizzio, a musician born at Piedmont, was the object of his jealousy.

It is true that this man possessed the entire confidence of Mary, and that he abused the power which his address had gained over the mind of the princess. His insolence and haughtiness made him several powerful enemies, who persuaded the king that this stranger had dishonored him, and he resigned himself to all the fury of jealousy. The queen was supping with Rizzio when he was assas-

sinated in her presence. Mary resolved to avenge this action in a most signal manner, and from that time, to satisfy her hatred to the king, abandoned herself to all the fascinations of love. The Earl of Bothwell, one of the greatest lords of Scotland, but involved in debt and given up to intrigue, soon after succeeded Rizzio in the favor of the queen. The king, who had no qualities that could inspire either respect or fear, was treated by Mary with the most sovereign contempt. It was even debated whether a divorce should not take place. This project was perhaps attended with too many difficulties, and they made choice of one which was shorter, but far more criminal. The prince had been ill for some time, and under pretence of having him removed from the noise and tumult, they conveyed him to a house separated from the castle. During the night this house was blown up, and the king was found the next morning dead in a neighboring field. In spite of the popularity of Bothwell, and the respect the queen still inspired, they were both openly accused of being the authors of this murder. What confirmed these suspicions was, that the queen and Bothwell contented themselves without making the slightest researches for the guilty, and punished with the utmost severity those who circulated libels against them. The queen had conducted herself in such a manner as to leave no doubt that she had, at least, consented to a crime which disgraced her. Bothwell, while accused of this murder, did not for a moment cease to be the favorite of the queen, and even after all this, she married him. The first passion of Mary for Rizzio had caused her the deepest mortification; and this last weakness, which made her approve so many crimes, caused her ruin. But, in justice to Mary, we may still suppose that

Bothwell, presuming too much upon her favor, had himself consummated the crime without informing her of his intent. From the people, the fermentation passed into the minds of the nobility, and there was soon a general revolt. The queen, not daring to trust her own troops, was obliged to deliver herself into the hands of her enemies, who conducted her to Edinburgh, where she suffered from the populace the severest reproaches. Her love, which blinded her, hastened her fate. The Scottish lords intercepted a letter which she wrote to Bothwell, in which she assured him "that she would suffer all the woes imaginable, that she would even sacrifice her rank and power, sooner than renounce her love. This letter greatly irritated the malcontents. They rejected the mediation of the queen, and appeared determined to use the most violent measures. They obliged her to resign the throne, and established, as regent of the kingdom, the Earl of Murray. In this critical situation, George Douglas, captivated by the charms of Mary, and enchanted by the flattering hopes she gave him, soon liberated her. Soon after this, she found herself at the head of a very numerous army. But a battle soon decided her fate. The Earl of Murray was victorious, and Mary threw herself into the hands of the Queen of England, in the hope of finding protection, or, at least, compassion and humanity. But she was deceived. After having repeatedly asked an interview with the queen, she found herself a prisoner, having been accused by the Regent of Scotland of having caused the death of the king, her husband; and these accusations were supported by her own letters to Bothwell, which breathed the most passionate love. In short, after being a prisoner for nineteen years,

during which time she made several useless attempts to regain her liberty, she perished on the scaffold, at the age of forty-six, under the charge of having authorized and excited conspiracies against the life of Elizabeth. Before her death, the unfortunate Mary, incensed at the severity of Elizabeth's proceedings, revenged herself in a manner of which Elizabeth was, no doubt, deeply sensible. The Earl of Shrewsbury was, for some time, intrusted with the care of Mary, and the liberty he enjoyed of seeing the beauty and graces of his prisoner, rendered him extremely enamored. The countess did not for some time discover this passion; but after perceiving it, her jealousy converted all feelings of friendship into the most revengeful hatred.

Mary, wishing to punish the countess, and mortify the queen, wrote to the latter a detail of all the malignant and scandalous stories that she said had been told her by the Countess of Shrewsbury. For example, that Elizabeth had made a promise of marriage to a certain person, whom she frequently received in her chamber, and that she had granted some favors to Sinclair, Agent of France, and to the Duke of Anjou. That Halton had also been among the number of her lovers, but that he was disgusted with the excess of her tenderness. That, on every occasion, she was to the last degree avaricious, and spared nothing to satisfy her amorous caprices, and that she was so sensible of her own beauty, that she became intoxicated with the extravagant flatteries of her courtiers, who did not hesitate to laugh at her expense as soon as they left her. That, in short, the countess had represented her as a woman odious in her character, and corrupt in her morals. It is not surprising that Elizabeth was enraged at such

a letter, and perhaps her jealousy and personal hatred contributed more to the death of Mary than reasons of state. Bothwell, the true cause of the misfortunes of this beautiful queen, escaped at the time she was obliged to surrender herself to her revolted subjects. After having joined a company of pirates, he was taken by the Danish corsairs, and thrown into prison, where he became insane, and died ten years after—in 1568.

RAVAGES OCCASIONED BY LOVE.

MARY, sister of Charles V., was married to Lewis, King of Hungaria. After the death of this prince, the emperor, her brother, established the government of the Low Countries. Amongst the number of lords who composed his court, was Monsieur de Barbancon, "the handsomest nobleman of his time." It was suspected that the queen well knew this fact, and the French soldiers amused themselves by making songs upon that subject. Mary heard of it with the greatest anger, believing that King Henry II. authorized the pleasantries of his troops. She resolved to revenge herself, and did so in a very severe manner. She caused Noyon, Nasle, Chauny, Roye, and particularly Tolembay, the royal house built by Francis I., to be burned. Henry felt authorized to make reprisals, and reduced to ashes Marienbourg, Bains and Bavets, places which Mary dearly prized, especially Marienbourg, and also the castle of Bains, which she had built and ornamented with peculiar care. It was love, however, that occasioned all these ravages. This occurred in the year 1540.

MAXIMUS AND EUDOXIA.

MAXIMUS, a senator of Rome, was son of Maximus who had been put to death under the empire of Theodosius, for having usurped the sovereign authority. He enjoyed a great reputation under the Emperor Valentine III., and what added to this was, that the prince was enamored of his wife. But this beautiful woman, who was virtuous and little sensible to the allurements of honors and fortune, courageously refused all the proposals of the emperor. But being one day at a play with Maximus, he won so much that Maximus was not able to pay, and he exacted his ring as a pledge for the sum he owed him. Artfully profiting by this circumstance, Valentine sent this ring to the wife of Maximus, as from her husband, desiring her to come to the palace, which she accordingly did without hesitation, and soon found herself in the presence of the emperor, who seized by violence what he had not been able to procure by love. Maximus, like a skillful courtier, apparently overlooked this affront; but only to render his vengeance the more sure. The emperor, abandoned to his pleasures, and living in effeminacy, bestowed the care of the empire upon Ætius, who was worthy of the trust. Maximus by calumnies and artifices rendered the virtues of Ætius suspected, and this great man was condemned to death. It was followed by that of Valentine, whom Maximus caused to be privately assassinated. These crimes gained for him the empire, and to establish himself on the throne he married Eudoxia, widow of the emperor. In a moment of passion, Maximus, thinking to gain the affection of Eudoxia, who had shown much repugnance to giving

him her hand, declared that he was the author of Valentine's death, and that he was hurried to that extremity by the violence of his passion for her. Such a declaration naturally increased the hatred of Eudoxia for Maximus. She secretly called to her assistance Genseric, king of the Vandals. This barbarian, enchanted with so favorable an opportunity, hastened to her with a numerous army, seized upon Rome, abandoned everything to pillage, put Maximus to death, and, little grateful for the service of Eudoxia, carried her into captivity with her two daughters, Eudocia Honoria and Placida.



BATTLE OF LOVE IN A SACK.

THE desire of marrying a beautiful woman gave rise to a singular combat, perhaps the only one of its kind. Two gentlemen, one a Spaniard, and the other a German, both notable for their birth and the services they had rendered the emperor, Maximilian II., asked the hand of the beautiful Helena Scharsequint, his natural daughter, in marriage. The prince, after much delay, said one day, that he esteemed them both equally, and feeling much embarrassed, he had resolved that their own prowess and address should decide the matter; but not being willing to risk the loss of either, by permitting them to use offensive weapons, he had ordered a large sack to be brought, and the one who should succeed in putting his rival into it, should obtain his daughter. This whimsical combat between the two gentlemen was performed in the presence of an imperial court, and con-

tinued for nearly an hour. At last the Spaniard was overcome, and the German, Andrew Eberhard, Baron Talbert, having enveloped him in the sack, took him on his back and laid him at the feet of the emperor, and the next day married the beautiful Helena Scharsequint.

MOLIÈRE'S LOVE.

JEAN BAPTISTE PIQUELIN, better known by name of Molière, had been destined in his youth for the bar, and had for some time studied law. It is probable that he never would have abandoned that profession, but for the love of a comedian, whom he could not give up. If this be true, it is to love, that we are indebted for all the master-pieces of Molière, and it is to this passion that he owes the reputation he enjoyed, and which will never be effaced. Love, it is true, was not always so favorable to him. His wife was named Bijard, and was the daughter of a comedienne of that name, with whom Molière, had been so intimate that slanderous tongues said he was the father of his wife. The wife of Molière was very pretty, and made a lively impression upon him, the first time she appeared upon the stage. The Counts de Guiche and de Lauzan, were the first who hinted to Molière suspicions of the virtue of his better half. He had on this subject a tender and amicable explanation with her, and his discourse appeared then to affect her sensibly. But soon after, some officious friends showed to Molière things that he was ignorant of. He had the weakness to show his anger, and his wife, availing her-

self of the opportunity, showed resentment also, and, under pretence of the infidelities of her husband with a comedienne named Brie, whom he loved, and who lived in the same house with her, she insisted upon a separation. From that time, although the separation did not take place, she constantly with contempt refused the endearments and attentions of her husband. What was truly unfortunate for Molière was that he still loved his wife, and he was, alas! the only one to whom she refused her love.



MÆCENAS.

CAIUS CELEUS MÆCENAS, so well known, was of Etrurian origin; and he attained to the highest degree of favor, under the reign of Augustus. It was to the protection of Mæcenas that Horace was indebted for his pardon, after the defeat of Brutus. Mæcenas, in a word, was a friend to the whole world, and all historians award him this well deserved and flattering title. His name is still the most flattering title that can be given to him, who protects and supports the learned. But unfortunately for Mæcenas, he had a handsome wife, named Terentia, or Terentilla. Augustus took a fancy to her, and his passion became intense, and his rank secured him from repulse. Mæcenas was much displeased at this, and had the ill-address to show his anger. His services were then forgotten and he was disgraced. To complete his troubles, Augustus carried Terentilla with him into Gaul, and it is even said that he took this voyage, merely to enjoy her society with less restraint and to secure himself

against the reproaches of Livia, and the complaints of Mæcenæ. This favorite, at length, pursued the wisest course, and forgot his chagrin in pleasures, and became again the friend of the emperor. He died in the year of Rome, 745.

HEROISM AND LOVE.

THE great Condé was preparing to raise the siege of Cambrai, when he learned, that the Marshal de la Ferté besieged Montmedy. The prince thought the governor had resisted so long that he would be able to take Calais. This governor was named Montlandrin, and had resolved to defend himself to the last extremity, when he was killed through a mistake of his garrison, who mistook him for an enemy. This brave officer was to have been married on the same day that he was intrusted with command. Although he tenderly loved his intended bride, he postponed his nuptials, thinking that if fortune did not second his courage, it should not be said he had consecrated to love the moments he owed to glory. As soon as he was told that his wound was mortal, he resolved to die upon the breach. His betrothed received his last sighs, and instead of resigning herself to tears and groans, held in her own, the arms of her lover. Burning with the desire to revenge his death, she earnestly entreated the soldiers to fight and die for their king. But this noble enthusiasm, excited by love and despair, did not infuse itself through the garrison. Struck with dismay at the death of their governor, they demanded a capitulation.

THE LOVES OF NERO.

LOVE began the discord between Nero and his mother. This prince, who attained the throne through the crimes of Agrippa, began his reign with great moderation, and even made the senate and people esteem and love him. He became deeply in love with a girl named Acta, but the fear which he still felt for his mother, made him take all possible precautions to conceal this intrigue; but Agrippina, who employed vigilant spies, was soon informed of all. Desirous of reigning under the name of her son, she feared that Acta might prove a dangerous rival. She broke out into the most violent reproaches against her son, and those who assisted him in his amours. Afterwards, she endeavored to overcome him by her caresses and prayers, but she clearly perceived that Nero had more respect than affection for her. Nero had married Octavia, who, by her birth, her graces, and her virtues, merited all his attachment. But becoming enamored of Poppia Sabina, the wife of Otho, he evinced even disgust for the virtuous Octavia. Poppia, who had made herself sole mistress of his heart, soon succeeded, by her caresses and tears, in making him divorce his wife. But he still feared Agrippina. Already familiar with crime, and vanquished by the endearments of the woman he adored, he at last resolved upon the ruin of his mother. Having reflected upon the means he should use, he determined that she should perish in a storm. This plot did not succeed, and Agrippina being only slightly wounded, Nero resolved to throw off the mask. Without giving his mother time to recover herself, he sent sol

diers, who put her to death. What appears almost incredible, is that Barrhus and Seneca were accomplices in this most horrid crime; and that the Romans offered up thanks to the gods for Agrippina's death, on pretence that she would have attempted the life of her son. Nevertheless Nero did not dare to divorce Octavia; but some two years after he exiled her, after having put her slaves to the torture to prove that she had been untrue. The people, who were extremely attached to the princess, made their displeasure known to the emperor, and he was obliged to recall her. Poppia then fearing for her life, threw herself with tears at the feet of the emperor, and made him resolve upon the death of Octavia. To justify this new crime, they had recourse to a vile freed-man, who publicly declared that he had received the last favors from the princess. No one believed it; but still this unfortunate lady—the daughter, the sister, and the wife of an emperor—was exiled to the Isle of Pandatoria, where she soon after received the barbarous order of renouncing her life. It was hard to die at the age of twenty; but they opened her veins in spite of her cries and tears, and, as the blood did not flow quickly enough, they stifled her in a hot bath. The senate ordained that thanks should be offered to the gods for this event. Poppia, after the many crimes she had caused him to commit, at last married Nero. Her happiness was not of long duration. Having made some remonstrance to the emperor, he gave her a kick with his foot, of which she died. Nero then became enamored of Antonia, daughter of Claudius, and because she refused to marry him, he had her put to death, under pretence of a crime against the state.

THE LOVE OF NICOCRATES.

NICOCRATES, who was sovereign of Cyrene, in Lybia, conceived an ardent passion for Aretaphila, the wife of Phædimus, one of the nobles of his court. Neither the greatness of his rank, nor his promises and his threats, being able to make any impression on her virtuous heart, he resolved to possess her at whatever price. After putting Phædimus to death, he forced his widow to give him her hand. This princess, seeing herself in the arms of a man she had so much reason to detest, resolved to poison him; but she was unfortunately surprised while preparing the mixture, and Nicocrates caused her to be put to the torture, to force from her an avowal of her crime. In this dreadful situation she remained collected, and declared that her sole object had been to compose a philter, that she might be still more beloved by her husband. Nicocrates, enchanted with her avowal, asked pardon of his wife for his unjust suspicions, and became more fond than ever. The danger from which Aretaphila had, by her address, extricated herself, only increased her rage and hate against Nicocrates. Determined upon revenge, she exerted her efforts to please Leander the king's brother, and having gained her point, promised to marry him, if he would remove the only obstacle to their happiness. Leander did not hesitate; he assassinated Nicocrates, and married the queen. But this princess, not more partial to him than to his brother, implored the assistance of Anabus, to rid herself of him; who, after having vanquished Leander, caused him to be tied up in a sack, and thrown into the sea. Aretaphila, then content with

her vengeance, and always engrossed with thoughts of her beloved Phædimus, lived in seclusion, constantly refusing the Principality of Cyrene, which the inhabitants entreated her to accept.



THE FATE OF OBIZZI.

A GENTLEMAN of Padua, being greatly enamored with the Marchioness d'Obizzi, who was young and handsome, found means, in the absence of the marquis, to enter her room while she was asleep. We may infer that he at first employed all the eloquence of his love to touch the heart of the marchioness. But not succeeding in his wishes, his love degenerated into rage, and in the fury of his excitement, he thrust a poignard at this virtuous lady. She had an infant son with her, but the murderer carried him into an adjoining room, so that he could not witness the scene. This gentleman, however, was arrested upon the suspicions entertained against him, as it was well known that he was enamored with the marchioness. The child also told the little he knew, and some neighbors deposed that they had seen him in that quarter a short time after. A sleeve-button was found on the bed, the same as those the culprit wore; but all this gave only strong suspicions, and not positive proofs. He underwent the torture several times, but he supported it with courage, and constantly declared his innocence. After fifteen years' imprisonment his friends obtained his liberty. But he did not enjoy it long. The young Marquis d'Obizzi could not spare his mother's assassin, and shot him in the head.

THE MISFORTUNE OF RACINE.

AMONG the number of considerations that influenced the celebrated Racine, to cease writing for the stage, love is said to be one. This poet was tenderly attached to La Champelée a famous actress, by whom he had a son. She deserted him however for M. de Clermont Tonnerre, which gave rise to the saying "qu'un Tonnerre Pavait déracine." Although Racine might have believed the inconstancy of women in general and especially of an actress, he was very tender on the subject of her infidelity, because he devotedly loved her. This affair tended greatly to his detaching himself from the theatre.

THE BEAUTIFUL PANTHEA.

AFTER the first victory, which Cyrus, son of Cambyzes, King of Persia, obtained over the Assyrians and several other nations, the prince was told that among his prisoners was a woman of singular beauty. The temptation was great to this young and victorious prince, yet Cyrus knew how to resist it, fearing that he might be overcome. He refused to see the beautiful captive who was no less a person than Panthea, the wife of Abratus, king of the Suzziana. She was confided to the care of Araspas, a young Median lord, to whom Cyrus represented the danger of the temptation, and made him promise to keep strict guard upon his affections. In the meanwhile, as civility obliged him to see often the beautiful Panthea,

in order to console and comfort her, Araspes soon found himself in love, when it was too late to combat with his feelings. He declared his love to Panthea; but experiencing the most obstinate repulse, was on the point of using violence, to a woman whom he had promised to guard and honor. Panthea soon found means to inform Cyrus of her danger, and was at once freed from it. Araspes was deeply mortified by the kind reproaches of Cyrus, and passing over to the Assyrians, as a deserter, under pretence of some discontent, rendered Cyrus considerable aid. Abratus charmed at the generous conduct of Cyrus, toward his wife, became one of his most faithful allies, of which he gave noble proofs at the battle of Tymbria, where he died fighting for Cyrus. Panthea was filled with the deepest sorrow, at the death of her husband, and not being able to survive the only man she ever loved, killed herself with his sword, and was buried in the same tomb.

A SINGULAR HISTORY.

NYPHÆUS, or Nimphie, a young lord of the Isle of Melos, in the Ægean Sea, conducted a colony of Melians into Cario, a province of Asia Minor, where they were received into the city of Cyrassa. At first the inhabitants were delighted with the new citizens, and great harmony appeared to reign between them; but jealousy insensibly crept in, and they were desirous of ridding themselves of Nymphæus and his companions. It was not easy to do this openly on account of their number and bravery. It was therefore necessary to

have recourse to treason, and they resolved to assassinate the principal of the Melians at a feast to which they invited them. They were persuaded that when the chiefs should be no more, they might easily destroy the rest. But love came to the assistance of the Melians. Nymphæus, their chief, was fortunate enough to please a lady named Caphina, who, solely occupied with the danger of her lover, discovered to him the secret of the conspiracy. Nymphæus, concealing his knowledge, invited the women to attend the feast, to render the meeting more cheerful. He then ordered the Melians to go to the feast unarmed, but to conceal a dagger in the bosoms of their wives, taking care to place each at the side of her husband. At a signal agreed upon, the Melians drew the weapons which their wives carried, and fell upon the Carians and destroyed them, and seized upon the city.

THE MOTHER OF ALEXANDER.

OLYMPIA, the mother of Alexander the Great, was divorced by Philip, King of Macedonia, in consequence of her bad conduct. It is in fact believed that this prince was not the father of Alexander, and Olympia did not strongly affirm that he was. After the divorce, Philip married Cleopatra, daughter of Attalus. Olympia conceived a jealousy so violent that she was determined to revenge herself. It was she who engaged Pausanius to assassinate the king. After this murder she took no measures to conceal her guilt, and caused the greatest honors to be paid to the memory of Pausanius, who had been pun-

ished with death. Cleopatra, the principal cause, was not forgotten. Olympia first murdered, upon her bosom, Philip's child, and then hung the mother. To conclude, this wicked woman consecrated to Apollo the poignard that had deprived her husband of his life. At the feast of the nuptials of the prince with Cleopatra, Attalus having imbibed too much wine, exhorted the Macedonians to request the gods to grant that Cleopatra might give Philip a legitimate heir to his kingdom. Alexander, who was present, exclaimed with rage, "How, rascal, dost thou take me for a bastard!" and at the same time threw his cup at his head. The king, who was at another table, rose in fury, and advanced, sword in hand, towards his son. Happily, his anger and the fumes of the wine, caused him to fall, which gave the spectators time to prevent any serious consequences.



THE LOVE OF TITUS.

It is known that the Emperor Titus was the delight of mankind, and that his example is worthy of the emulation of every king that would merit the affections of his people, and render them happy. When Vespasian ascended the throne, Titus was married to Marcia Fanilla, who gave birth to a daughter at the time of the taking of Jerusalem by her husband. This prince, covered with laurels in Judea, was not able to resist the charms of Berenice, sister of King Agrippa, and he resolved to marry her. On his return from Judea he brought Berenice to Rome, where her great beauty gained her many admirers. Although it was dangerous

to become the rival of the emperor's son, Cecinna, a consul, was bold enough to declare his love for Berenice. Titus, perceiving that his rival was not hated by the princess, caused Cecinna to be massacred on leaving a supper. He endeavored to make it appear that this senator had attempted to excite a revolt among the soldiers; but all knew that the jealousy of Titus was the true cause of his death. The prince also added the crime of divorcing Marcia Fanilla. But when he ascended the throne after the death of Vespasian, virtue gained her empire over the mind of Titus. He was inflexible to the tears and reproaches of a woman he adored, and sent her back into Judea.



DESPERATION OF LOVE.

THE women greatly distinguished themselves when Solomon II. besieged Rhodes. One of them, of Greek descent and of singular beauty, who was the mistress of the governor of the forts of the city, having learned that her lover had been killed, advanced towards the wall, holding in her arms two infants who were sons of the chevalier. Hurried on by despair, she embraced them tenderly, and after making the sign of the cross upon these innocents, she cut their throats and threw them into the flames. Soon after, she ran to the place where her lover had lost his life, and seizing his coat and sword, yet stained with his blood, she darted like a meteor into the midst of the Turks, where she perished, after fighting bravely, killing and wounding several of the enemy.

THE BEAUTIFUL ROXANA.

DARIUS NOTHUS, king of Persia, had two sons, one named Arsaces, who succeeded him under the name of Artaxerxes Mnemon, the other called Cyrus the younger, who is known by his revolt against his brother, and by the retreat of the ten thousand Greeks under Xenophon. Arsaces, before the death of his father, married Statira, the daughter of Hidarna, one of the greatest nobles in the realm. Darius, to reflect still more honor on the family of Statira, married the princess Hamestris, his daughter, to Territenchines, the brother of Statira. Territenchines, had still another sister named Roxana, whose beauty and address inspired all who knew her with admiration. These charms made the most lively impression on the heart of her brother, who forgetting that he had married the daughter of his king, resigned himself entirely to his passion for Roxana. He was sensible that Hamestris was an invincible obstacle to his designs, but he conceived the cruel design of destroying his wife. This black project, which he imprudently confided to some favorite, came to the ears of Darius. As Territenchines was the powerful governor of a large province, the king dared not punish him openly, but employed Udiatus, his friend, to assassinate him. This murder was followed by the most tragic scenes; for the sons of Udiatus, horrified at the crime of their father, took the sons of Territenchines under their protection, and revolted. Darius found no trouble in seizing the conspirators, and delivered them, with all the family of Hidarna, into the hands of Queen Parysatis, the mother of Hamestris. That princess set no bounds to her ven-

geance; the beautiful Roxana was sawed in two, and the others perished by different punishments, and it was with much difficulty that Arsaces saved Statira his wife, whom he adored, from the carnage. The death of Darius was followed by new murders. Statira, to revenge the death of her family, put an end to Udiatus, the assassin of her brother, by the most cruel tortures. Parysatis poisoned this princess.



A HAPPY RESULT.

ADHAD EDDOULAT, the second prince or sultan of the race of the Bovides, became the most powerful and illustrious prince of his age. He united with his estate the kingdom of Persia, which was left him by his uncle, Adhad Eddoulat, at his death. He took possession of the califship of Bagdad, and by an unusual stroke of good fortune, found out a treasure of immense value, in a strange manner, as we shall relate. Among the numerous ladies of the prince, there was one that a soldier of his guard had fallen deeply in love with, and soon found means to inform her of it without being detected. One day, while hunting, he pursued a fox to his den, and, in digging around it, he discovered some steps that led to a grotto, where he found gold and precious stones. He only took a small quantity with him, and marked the place that he might return and take more whenever he wished. His sweetheart soon found that by the presents he made her he must have had some good luck. Her curiosity induced her to question him, and he foolishly intrusted her with his secret.

This girl forgot how much she owed to her lover, and revealed the whole to the sultan, in hopes to make her fortune, and obtain pardon for allowing a man to enter the seraglio. The prince told her that she must go with the soldier to the spot where the treasure was concealed, and throw on her way bits of paper, to enable her to find the place again. The whole was punctually executed, and the prince, with several of his favorites, repaired to the grotto, where the loving couple had already arrived. The soldier was much surprised and frightened at this sudden intrusion, and expected nothing short of the loss of his life. But the sultan, with much kindness, gave him a portion of the treasure, together with the woman he loved.



THE LOVE OF SAPPHO.

SAPPHO, who has been so distinguished in all ages for her charming poetry, became the victim of that passion, which she had so often celebrated in verse. While a widow she fell deeply in love with a young man named Phaon, and even laid aside all modesty to make the first advances; but she met only with repulse and coldness. The young man, to free himself from the importunity of this lady, retired into Sicily. Sappho followed him, and after having used every means possible to render the heart of Phaon sensible, or at least grateful, found no other remedy for her grief and hopeless love than that of throwing herself from a high rock into the sea. She was born in Mytilena, in the Isle of Lesbos, in the year 140, before Christ.

S C I P I O .

UNDER the empire of Claudius lived Scipio, who had married a beautiful woman, named Poppia. Among her numerous lovers was reckoned one Pantomine Mnester. Unfortunately for Poppia, he had equally the good fortune to please the Empress Messaline, who not chosing to divide the favors of her lover with any one, forced Poppia to kill herself. Claudius being entirely ignorant of what had been done in his name, while at the table some days after, asked Scipio why he had not brought his wife. This Poppia, who was the handsomest woman of her time, was the mother of the famous Poppia, of whom we have spoken in the article on Nero.

THE STORY OF ADELAIDE.

IF beauty is to be considered as a precious gift to woman, there are also many instances when it has been the cause of the most wicked crimes being committed, and there are but few examples when true happiness has been procured by it. Adelaide, the daughter of Raoul II., king of Burgundy, experienced most keenly the truth of this assertion. Hughes, who from a mere king of Arles, had ascended to the crown of Italy, demanded and obtained Adelaide for Lothaire, his son. She was conducted to the court of Hughes, although Lothaire was still too young to consummate this marriage. Hughes could not withstand the charms of the wife of his son, and he

found no great difficulty in corrupting one whose innocence was so entirely in his power. History does not inform us whether that prince, inured to crime at so early an age, reformed in after years. We only know that, after the death of Lothaire, who left no heirs, Berenger II., who made himself proclaimed King of Italy, asked Adelaide in marriage, for his son Adelbert, who shared with him all the honors of royalty. This proposal was rejected with much haughtiness, and the princess was besieged in Pavia. The town was taken, and she fell into the hands of Berenger, who cruelly avenged her refusal by extorting from her unlawful favors. She was confined in the castle of Garda, with no attendants but a maid and a priest. The love of liberty enabled Adelaide to invent the means of escaping from her prison, with her two companions. While finding her way through serpentine roads, and in the absence of the chaplain, she was met by another priest. Thinking that he might take advantage of her helpless condition, he attempted violence, but she resisted bravely, and escaped from her perilous situation by abandoning her maid to the priest. At last the travellers arrived at the Castle of Canoffe.

Berenger, fearing the princess might escape and claim the kingdom of Italy, which he had usurped, immediately besieged Canoffe. The danger was great and urgent, and Adelaide dreaded nothing more than to fall into the hands of a man who had so little respect for her virtue. She therefore called to her assistance Othon, king of Germania, and offered him her hand and the kingdom of Italy. Ambition, and the beauty of the princess, decided Othon. He marched against Berenger, and obliged him to raise the seige. Othon imagined that

through gratitude, Adelaide would not have the courage to refuse him any favors. But she opposed so many obstacles to his wishes, that he found that to possess her he must first marry her. That marriage procured Otho the kingdom of Italy. Some time after, this prince being called by the pope, John XII., and the grandson of the celebrated Marozia, took possession of the empire.

VICE DISCLOSED BY LOVE.

LOVE was the cause of the discovery made at Rome of the infamous society of the Bacchanals. Thus we find it related in history: A young man, the son of a Roman knight, and whose name was *Æbutius*, lost his father at a very tender age, and also lost too soon the tutors who had been given him. By these means Titus Sempronius Rutilus, his step-father, had the whole control of his large estate. He misused the trust, and when the time came to render his accounts, he in concert with the mother of *Æbutius*, took the resolution of destroying the son-in-law. Durania, his mother, reminded her husband that during her last illness she promised to initiate him into the mysteries of Bacchus, and that in the course of two days she would take him to the Bacchanals. *Æbutius* was in love with a beautiful woman, called *Hispala Siscennia*, who having acquired much wealth by her crimes, had entirely renounced her wicked life. As she was sincerely attached to the young *Æbutius*, it afforded her much pleasure to contribute to his wants, which were often pressing. *Æbutius* soon imparted to his mistress the

project of his mother. What was his surprise when he saw Hispala employ all her prayers and tears to dissuade him from being initiated into the mysteries of Bacchus. However, as he seemed averse to yield to her prayers, she confessed to him, that during her servitude she had accompanied her mistress to the assembly of Bacchanalians, and that it was the sanctuary of the most scandalous crimes, that almost all the young men who were admitted, died before the age of twenty, in a most strange manner. This recital, accompanied with many tears, made a deep impression upon the mind of Æbutius. On his return to his home, he informed his mother that he would not go to the Bacchanalian assembly; but did not disclose his reason. Durania then threw aside the mask, and turned her son from the paternal home. He took refuge with an aunt, and related to her the cause of his disgrace. She advised her nephew to inform the consul what he had heard of the murders and infamies committed in the nocturnal assembly, which were held in the forest of Stimula. The consul, whose name was Spurius Posthumius Albinus, was seized with horror at this disclosure, and being desirous of finding out all the particulars, he sent for Hispala, at the house of Sulpicia, his mother-in-law. There it was that he learned all the minutiae of those infamous meetings, where all modesty was thrown aside, and where the most decent were sure to lose their lives. Hispala concluded her account by naming several men and women of the highest distinction, who were members. After taking proper measures to prevent harm to Hispala and Æbutius, the consul reported to the senate all that he had heard of those criminal meetings. Pudicity had always been a cherished virtue by the Romans, and those venerable

"patres conscripti" heard with horror the news of the disorders which reigned in the republic. By order of the senate and people, the most exact inquiry was made to find out the guilty. Most of them were put to death, and this abominable set were entirely destroyed both in Rome and its environs. Hispala and Æbutius both received one hundred thousand brass asses as a reward. Hispala received all the privileges of a free woman, with the permission of choosing a husband from any rank she pleased. History does not inform us whether Æbutius married his mistress.



AN UNHAPPY LOVE.

JOHN VALDES, a young Spaniard, who came to Rome under the pontificate of Jules II., had the art of procuring the esteem and friendship of the great, and by this means obtained rich benefices; but Love destroyed his good fortune. He saw and loved the daughter of a senator, who was both virtuous and beautiful, and after several useless attempts to corrupt her, Valdes consented to marriage. Blinded by the violence of his passion, he spoke publicly of his marriage, and even signed the contract. The appointed time was at hand, when his future father-in-law being informed that Valdes had entered into holy orders, caused him to be confined at the Castle Saint Arge. Valdes was so frightened at this affair that he promised to resign all benefices if the pope would permit him to marry his mistress, even without any portion. He was bailed out on this promise. While they were obtaining for him the dispensation, his regret

at resigning so much for a woman unsettled his brain, and he threw himself from the top of a house. His mistress, who was truly attached to him, resolved not to survive. After the excess of despair was a little quieted she retired from the world and became a nun.

A COMIC AFFAIR.

A JEALOUS wife, residing in the environs of Marjevols, learning, one Sunday in the carnival, that her husband was to dance at the house of several girls, awaited his return at his own house, greatly agitated by the violence of her feelings. On seeing him, she pretended to swoon, and her son thinking her dead, uttered such cries of grief as soon brought all the neighbors to their assistance. The fainting fit did not last long, and, on recovering, she exclaimed that her husband had poisoned her. The husband proposed to call in a surgeon, to prove the fact. At this suggestion every one burst into laughter, the wife regained her good humor, and was, at least for the time, reconciled to her husband.

A TERRIBLE JUSTICE.

IN the time of the crusade, which was determined upon after the fourth council of Latran, in 1215, Andrew, king of Hungary, was one of the first who went over to the Holy Land, in order to carry assistance to the Christians of that country. As he left his kingdom,

he trusted the administration of it to the palatine of Hungary, whose name was Banchanus, and recommended him, above all things, to do strict justice to every one, without any regard to either rank or fortune. Banchanus's wife, a woman of the greatest beauty, anxious to soothe the melancholy of the queen, bestowed upon her the greatest attention. The Count of Moravia, who was the queen's own brother, coming to Hungary under these circumstances, was received with all possible marks of distinction, and it was the endeavor of every one to amuse him with balls and assemblies. It was amidst those entertainments that this prince fell in love with the regent's wife. It was not long before he made a confession of his passion, and employed all the means which the most ardent love can inspire to win the heart of that lady. All his attempts were vain, and Banchanus's wife, followed with so close a pursuit, pretended indisposition for some time, that she might keep away from court. This obstinate repulse only increased and irritated the prince's desires. A gloomy melancholy, the usual effect of a great passion, took possession of his mind, and, to ease his soul, he was obliged to intrust it to the queen, his sister. This princess took rather too much interest in her brother's distress of heart, and was weak enough to favor his criminal intentions. In order to succeed better, the count affected a more respectful behavior towards his mistress; and her fears being removed by the alteration of his conduct, she took less precaution; and one day, having accompanied the queen to a remote place of her apartment, she was abandoned to the count, who was there, and who cruelly abused the opportunity. Although the regent's wife was enraged in her soul, she

kept the secret of this adventure for some time. But one day, seeing her husband disposed to caress her with his usual tenderness, she exclaimed, "Approach me not," at the same time pouring out a flood of tears, "and leave a woman who is no longer worthy of your pure embraces! A villain, full of boldness, has been rash enough to abuse me; and the queen, his sister, herself delivered me into his power. I should have punished myself for this crime, did not my religion forbid my attempting to take my life. I am but too guilty since I have lost my honor, and I beg of you my death, that I may no longer survive my shame and disgrace."

Banchanus, after having consoled his wife, considered how it was best to revenge this affront. The first victim should have been the Count of Moravia, but he had prudently left the kingdom. Banchanus, therefore, repaired to the palace of the queen, and asked her to retire to a closet with him, in order to read some letters he had just received. When alone with her, he reproached her with great bitterness of her crime, and stabbed her. He himself informed the court of what he had done. Then, taking the road to Constantinople, he met there the king, Andrew, and said to him—

"Mighty Lord, in giving me your last commands, as you were starting for Hungary, you charged me to administer justice with the strictest rigors to your subjects, without any regard to rank or fortune. That I have done. I have killed the queen, your wife, who had ruined mine; and far from seeking my own safety by a shameful flight, I bring you my head. Dispose as you like of my life; but remember, that by my life or my death, your people will judge of your equity, and whether I am innocent or guilty."

This example of bravery was without parallel. The king thus replied: "If you have spoken truly, go back to Hungary, continue to administer justice to my subjects with the same severity as you did to yourself. My stay in the Holy Land will not be long, and on my return, I shall judge for myself whether your action is worthy of praise or punishment." The prince did not remain long in Palestine, much to the detriment of the Christians, to whose aid he had come. The action of Banchanus had made on him a terrible impression, and immediately on his return home, he examined for himself all the circumstances, and was equitable enough to acquit Banchanus.

AN ARMENIAN.

A YOUNG Turkish nobleman had conceived a violent passion for an Armenian woman of great beauty. Not succeeding in his attempts to dishonor her husband, he threatened to destroy both if she did not yield. This woman, terrified at this vengeance, agreed to meet the Turk at her house on a day when her husband would be absent. The Turk was promptly at the appointed place, not forgetting, however, to carry with him a pair of pistols and a cutlass for his safety. The Armenian shed many tears to dissuade him from his purpose, but her grief only increased her charms, and inflamed still more the wicked Turk. Fortunately the husband of the woman returned, and with the assistance of his wife overcame the Turk, and killed him. An Armenian priest was the only person who was privy to this affair; and as he was of a most avaricious disposition, he threatened

his penitents to reveal their crimes if they did not lend him a certain sum of money. They complied, and he renewed his demands so frequently that they were at last reduced to beggary, and could lend no more. He completed his infamy by informing the father of the young Turk of the murder of his son. The father, who held a high seat under government, carried his complaints to the grand vizier, and declared to him at the same time that his knowledge came from the priest to whom the murderers of his son had gone to confession. After a thorough investigation of the matter, the priest was found guilty, for having disclosed the secret revealed to him; and the true motive which induced this murder being apparent, the culprits were discharged. The priest was condemned to be burnt alive in the public place.

BLANCHE.

BLANCHE, Queen of France, was the queen of Louis VIII. and mother to Saint Louis. We read in history that this beautiful princess, made a deep impression upon the heart of Thibault V., Count of Champagne. The songs which he wrote to her are still to be read on the walls of several of his castles; indeed, everything proves that Thibault was passionately in love with this queen, but was not successful in his devotions. It is said that this love was kindled in the heart of Thibault before the death of Louis VIII., and that he showed symptoms of jealousy and insulted Thibault. The king was poisoned, but we are unable to say whether Thibault committed the deed, although he was accused of it.

But that death did not procure him much more happiness, for Blanche never listened to his loving tale, except when the interest of the state required it. Her enemies, however, circulated one report detrimental to her reputation, but it is admitted to have been without foundation. The queen, they say, had a great regard for the Roman cardinal, and the students of the University published songs tending to blacken the queen's reputation, as well as that of the cardinal who advised her. Thibault, enraged to see himself despised, and still more for having a rival, threw himself on the side of the party who were trying to deprive Blanche of the regency. It became, therefore, highly important for the queen to detach the Count of Champagne from this powerful league. A flattering word from her mouth was sufficient to bring him in perfect submission at her feet. The confederates whom Thibault had forsaken used every means to make him return. The Duke of Brittany sent him word that he would give him in marriage his daughter Isabella, if he would but resume the interests of the league. The offer was a brilliant one, and the day was appointed for the nuptials, the ceremony to be performed at the monastery of Valsecru, near Château Thierry. The regent-queen, who was informed of all this, and was sensible how disastrous such a union would be to her kingdom, laid aside her dignity, and repaired to Thibault. By a slight hope which she gave to his passion she changed his resolution, for an obliging word or loving glance would put poor Thibault completely at her command. This man constantly hoped that he should attain the happiness he so eagerly coveted, until at last his expectations were suddenly brought to an end. The young Count of Artois, son of Blanche, angry at the

boldness of the Count of Champaign, ordered one of his officers to throw in his face a soft cheese. Thibault of course could not remain at court after such an affront. To increase his misfortunes, the confederate princes, who were still more enraged against the count, since his last recantation, entered the territories of Champaign, and put everything there to fire and sword. The cause of this object was, they say, to revenge the death of Louis VIII., whom they accused Thibault of having poisoned. The accusation was groundless, as the king marched against the rebels, and obliged them to retire. A short time after, the count having become King of Navarre, took up arms against the king. He was soon obliged to yield and accept the conditions they imposed upon him. Queen Blanche, with whom he had an interview after that treaty, reproached him most strongly with his ingratitude, to which he replied with a deep sigh, "Madam, my heart, my body and all that I have are at your command, and there is nothing too great for me to do for you, never, if it please God, will I go against you or yours." This protestation from his mouth animated him so much that he grew rather too presumptuous, and was ordered to withdraw from court.

THE STORY OF ANNE BOLEYN.

It is well known that the schism which separated England from the Roman church, was owing to the love of Henry VIII. for Anne Boleyn. The several historians vary greatly in their account of the life of this girl, whose rise and misfortunes have made her of such celebrity.

She was the daughter of Sir Thomas Bullen, and of Joanna Clinston, daughter of Sir — Clinston, Baronet. Some writers affirm that king Henry VIII., being deeply enamored with the wife of Sir Thomas Bullen, sent that nobleman on an embassy to France, that he might be less constrained in his passion, and that it was during the absence of the husband that the celebrated Anne Boleyn was born. Those writers also maintain that Henry had also the same sentiments of love for Anne's eldest sister. This Anne, while things were thus going on, was forming herself so well, that even at the age of fifteen, following the examples of her family, gave herself up to both the steward and chaplain of her father. Her behavior in France was such that she received the most vulgar nicknames. But when she returned to England, she behaved with so much prudence, as to induce Henry to make her his wife. This story of the early irregularities of Anne, which seems dictated by hatred, is contradicted by most historians, except that part which relates to her living in France, where she did go in company with Mary, queen of Louis XII., and where she served as maid of honor to Queen Claudia, and afterwards to the Duchess of Alençon. They, however, all agree that Anne Boleyn united with her personal graces the highest qualities of mind. As she was by her birth entitled to appear at court, she was soon admitted among the queen's maids of honor. She had a conversation with the king, and inspired him with the most violent love. She succeeded in having her father made a lord. But it soon became evident that her true character had escaped the penetration of the most subtle of her courtiers. She was found to be deep and ambitious. She encouraged the love of the king by her gay and fawning

manners, and when he attempted to declare his passion for her, she affected sentiments of such elevated purity as was capable of awing a man much less in love than Henry. When she had excited him to the utmost extent, she would tell him that as she could never be his wife, she would not be his mistress. The king, however, was determined upon sharing his throne with her. But it was a difficult matter to obtain a divorce from the virtuous Catherine, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, and for eighteen years his faithful wife. This princess was the widow of Prince Arthur, and with a dispensation of Pope Julius II. she afterwards married his brother Henry. Some say that Henry VII. compelled his son to this union; but supposing that to have been the case, it could no longer be alleged as an excuse for Henry VIII., as he had upon his accession to the throne taken the advice of his council, who upon mature deliberation decided upon Catherine remaining his wife, and he lived contentedly with her for many years without feeling the least remorse. It is true that he did not then love Anne Boleyn; and it was after his passion for her that he began to reproach himself for having married his brother's widow. He solicited Pope Clement VII. to declare his marriage contrary to both divine and human laws; and to assist in turning the opinion and judgment of the pontiff, he presented him the decisions of some divines, who had been bribed for the purpose. Cardinal Wolsey, the great favorite of the king and who ruled the kingdom, entered at first into the wishes of Henry. But he only meant to procure him a divorce, as he found an opportunity thus of avenging himself upon the emperor, because he had not made him pope as he had promised. As soon as Wolsey was informed that Anne Boleyn was

the object of that divorce, he sent word to the pope to refute the sentence which was solicited from him, as Anne Boleyn was suspected of being favorable to the errors of Luther. It was upon this information that the Cardinal Campeggi, intrusted with the commission of publishing the so much wished for bull, committed it to the flames by order of the pope, and the affair was removed to Rome, which was the cause of Wolsey's disgrace. This haughty minister, who had seen himself treated with almost the respect due a king, and had received the most flattering marks of honor from both the Emperor Charles V. and Francis I., who absolutely governed the kingdom of Great Britain, and saw the greatest noblemen crawling at his feet—this prelate, in fine, who was possessed of immense wealth, was stripped in a moment as it were by a woman, of all his offices, estates, riches and power. We are induced to believe there can be no doubt that Anne Boleyn contributed greatly to his disgrace, as the following letter written to him in the place of his exile will show.

“MY LORD—

“However sensible a man you are thought to be, you are, nevertheless, much blamed by all for having merited the hatred of a king who had raised you to the highest position possible. I cannot conceive, and the king still less than I, that having assured us with so many promises of divorce, you should repent your design, and try to prevent a conclusion of it. What is the cause of such behavior? You forsook the queen to favor my views, and after having given me the greatest marks of your affection, you forsake my interest to reassume those of the queen. I must confess that I have

placed too much confidence in you, and find myself deceived. But in future I will trust only to Heaven, and the love of my dear king, who alone can rectify the wrongs you have done me, and place me in that happy position that God will protect, and that the king wishes me to occupy. The injury you have done me has caused me the deepest sorrow ; but I feel indignant at the thought that I have been betrayed by a man who was interested in me for no other purpose than to find out the secrets of my heart. I confess, that believing you to be sincere, I was too hasty in disclosing them to you. The remembrance of this will moderate my revengeful feelings towards you, as I cannot forget I was once your servant.

“ ANNE BOLEYN.”

Henry, however, did not abandon his project ; and it is probable he might have succeeded in his solicitations for a divorce, had not Queen Catherine been the aunt of the Emperor Charles V. That powerful prince prevented the pope from yielding to the wishes of the king. Henry conferred upon Anne Boleyn the title of Marchioness of Pembroke, which gave her precedence over the countess. To this honor he added a magnificent palace, richly furnished, and a more brilliant household than that of the royal princess.

Meanwhile, the unfortunate, but virtuous Catherine was exiled from court, forsaken by every one, because she was deprived of authority, and reduced to seek consolations in her tears and her virtue. Rebuked and fatigued with the constant delays and evasions of the court of Rome, Henry had the important question decided by Thomas Cranmer, whom he had just invested with the

archbishopric of Canterbury, and married Anne Boleyn. This act irritated the pope beyond measure, and, after many delays, the sovereign pontiff issued a bull of excommunication against Henry. Henry, however, resolved to show the pope how little he cared for this act, and so declared himself absolute chief of the church and clergy in his kingdom, and seized upon all their estates and revenues. The Bishop Fisher and the celebrated Chancellor Morris, who refused to acquiesce in such an innovation, were decapitated.

Things were in this situation, when Anne Boleyn presented herself in tears before Henry, and told him that it was a source of much affliction to her to foresee that the Princess Mary, daughter of Catherine, should succeed to the throne in preference of Elizabeth, her daughter. Henry, softened by the tears of his adored wife, promised not only to disinherit Mary, but even to put her to death. Fortunately, however, this prince spared the life of Mary, but proclaimed throughout his kingdom an act that declared Mary incapable of succeeding to the crown, and with great pomp, Elizabeth was proclaimed his lawful heiress. Love, which had done so much for Anne Boleyn, seemed to have made her ascend the throne only to render her fall more wonderful. There was at that time, among the ladies of honor of the queen, a young person of rare merit and beauty, named Jane Seymour. Her charms made a deep impression on the heart of Henry, who was too weak to resist it, and who, perhaps, was already tired of Queen Anne. Engrossed with this new passion, he gave a favorable ear to all the speeches that tended to injure the character of that princess. Anne Boleyn gave some occasion for these suspicions, for she was sus-

pected of being too familiar with several lords. The king entertained no doubt of her guilt, and accused her in the House of Peers; and she was then confined a close prisoner. It was in that melancholy situation that the following letter was penned:

“SIR—

“The displeasure of your grace, and my imprisonment, are things so strange to me that I know not how to write or excuse myself. But let not your grace even imagine that your poor wife will ever consent to acknowledge a fault that I am innocent of. Never had a prince a more loyal wife, in all true affection and duty, than you have had in Anne Boleyn. Never have I in my exaltation forgotten that I might find such a change as this, knowing that my preferment was only founded on your grace’s fancy. You have chosen me from a low estate to be your queen and companion—far beyond my desert or desire. If, then, you have found me worthy of such honor, let not any high fancy or bad counsel of mine enemies withdraw your princely favor from me. Neither let that unworthy stain of a disloyal heart towards your grace ever cast so foul a blot on your most dutiful wife, and the infant princess, your daughter. Try me, good king, and let not my sworn enemies sit as my judges and accusers. Yea, let me receive an open trial, for my truth fears no shame; then shall you see either my innocence cleared, the ignominy and slander of the world dropped, or my guilt openly declared. But if you have already determined that not only my death, but an infamous slander, will bring you the enjoyment of your desired happiness, then I desire of God that he will pardon your great sin,

and also those of my enemies, and that he will not call you to a strict account of your cruel conduct towards me, at his judgment seat, where both you and myself must shortly appear. My last and only request shall be that I alone may suffer your displeasure, and that it may not extend to those innocent men who are imprisoned for my sake. If ever I have found favor in your sight—if ever the name of Anne Boleyn has been pleasing to your ears—then grant me this request, and I will not trouble your grace any further. With my earnest prayers to the Trinity, to have your grace in His good keeping, and to direct you in all your actions. From my doleful prison in the Tower, this 6th of May, 1536.

“Your most loyal,

“And ever faithful wife,

“ANNE BOLEYN.”

This letter made no impression upon the heart of Henry, his resolution was irrevocably taken, and knowing that he could not marry Jane Seymour, while Anne was living, he resolved upon the death of the latter. On the depositions of some witnesses, the parliament condemned the queen to lose her head. Mr. Hume seems to entertain no doubt of the innocence of Anne Boleyn. Some historians affirm that she confessed that she had contracted some engagements with Percy, but they add that having been condemned to be burnt alive, she was given to understand that this confession would only change her sentence to that of being beheaded. When the judgment was read to her she evinced a remarkable degree of courage and composure. Before she ascended the scaffold she sent her last message to the king, to thank him for the care he still took to contribute to her

further elevation; for said she, "From being a mere gentlewoman, you made me a marchioness, from a marchioness a queen, and from a queen you wish now to make me a saint." This unfortunate queen had the grief to learn before she died, that all those who had been imprisoned as her accomplices were put to death.



LOVE IN THE BREAST OF AN OLD MAN.

FERDINAND, surnamed the Catholic, and Isabella, his queen, had been favored by fortune in all their undertakings. They reigned over the several kingdoms of Aragon, Castile and Leon. But the conquest of the kingdom of Granada, which the Moors were still in possession of, flattered still their ambition. Love, which had placed them on the throne of Castile, to the detriment of the lawful heiress, made again the way easy for them to take the kingdom so much wished for. Albohacen reigned over Granada. A numerous posterity gave him reason to hope that the succession would quietly descend to his heirs; but he did not see the misfortunes which his own passions were bringing upon him. When quite advanced in years he became passionately in love with a young Christian girl, whose beauty had given her the name of Zorača, which in the Arabic language means "Morning Star." This girl, sacrificing to her ambition the God she adored, consented to the wishes of the king on condition that he would marry her. Albohacen was too much in love to refuse anything. He divorced his lawful queen, who was a near relative, and married Zorača. This woman, taking advantage of the

empire which youth and beauty generally give over an enamored old man, soon demanded greater sacrifices. She insisted upon the children of the first wife being put to death, that the crown might descend to her own. Love so blinded Albohacen that it made him smother in his breast all paternal tenderness, and to satisfy the insatiable ambition of the imperious Zoraëa, he ordered his children to be massacred. Two, however, escaped from the slaughter through the skill of their mother, and took refuge at Cadiz. Such barbarous conduct stirred up fury and anger among the subjects of Granada. They took the eldest and placed him upon the throne. In vain did Albohacen attempt to enter the city—he saw himself dethroned, and obliged to retire to some little town. All those divisions which increased till after the death of Albohacen, were a blessing to Ferdinand and Isabella, who were not idle in making the most of them.



RICHELIEU AND BUCKINGHAM.

QUEEN ANN of Austria, the wife of Louis XIII., was very unhappy during the life of the king, and she experienced the most cruel persecutions. The visit which the chancellor paid her at the Val-de-Grace is, perhaps, unexampled in history, on account of the circumstances that attended it; for her strong box and her presses were all forced open and searched; and they even went as far as to search her pockets and look under her neck-kerchief. Her most faithful servants were taken away from her—some cast into jail and others ill-used. The king scarcely dared to speak with her, and it was to

a mere chance that Louis XIV. owed his birth. If we are to believe the annals of the times, those persecutions against a queen, the beauty, graces, and sweetness of whose temper were worthy a happier fate, were instigated by love. The Cardinal Richelieu, that great minister, had been audacious enough to cast a wishful eye on the queen, from whom his passion met no return but contempt. It was therefore to avenge himself of that rebuke that he thus persecuted her. To such a cause are we to attribute the divisions which arose at that period between France and England, and which occasioned so much bloodshed. The Duke of Buckingham, who ruled over Great Britain, while Richelieu did the same in France, came into the latter kingdom on the occasion of his master's marriage. He was no less daring than the cardinal, and he fell in love with the queen, and had the boldness to tell her so in a long interview which he had with her. The Marchioness de Lencey, lady of honor, tired of the long conversation, said to him in a severe tone, "Hold your tongue, sir, the Queen of France is not to be spoken to in that strain." It is said that when taking leave of the queen he kissed her gown and shed some tears. It is further said that the king was informed of all that had transpired during his absence, and discharged some of the queen's attendants from her service. The cardinal, who was also informed of all this, conceived the greatest jealousy, and soon made his rival feel the effects of it. The duke having caused himself to be sent on a second embassy to France, merely to see the queen, was forbidden to set his foot into the kingdom. Such is the version given us by an Italian author. Richelieu and Buckingham were pitted one against another for reasons which were kept a secret, because they were disgraceful

in themselves, and afterwards the people had to pay out of their pockets for the follies and quarrels of these two rivals. Mr. Hume ascribes the rupture between England and France to the rivalry of these two ministers. The cardinal's jealousy was all the stronger as he knew the duke had been received with some favor, for that historian maintains that the apparent merit of the duke had made some impression on the queen, and that she permitted herself at least, "that attachment of the soul, which conceals so many dangers under a delicious surface." However, the duke having sworn he would see the queen in spite of all the power in France, he excited a war, the consequences of which were not of much credit, and he returned to England dishonored and more hated than ever. Another author asserts that while the Cardinal Richelieu was besieging La Rochelle, the Rochellese sent to England for new assistance, and that the Duke of Buckingham, animated with all the stimulus of love and jealousy, armed quickly a considerable fleet, which might have occasioned the ruin of the cardinal. They say that in this crisis they compelled the queen to write to the duke, and beg him to suspend his armament, and to this letter was owed the taking of La Rochelle.

TIDIUS LABEO.

TIDIUS LABEO was dishonored by Vestlia his wife, and had still the greater misfortune of being publicly reprimanded on that account. It was the duty of the married men of Rome, either to give up their guilty wives to the judges, or to punish them themselves. Tidius had done

neither, but the vileness of this woman was so great that to avoid condemnation, she went to the *Ædile*, and there inscribed her name amongst the abandoned women. This did not, however, save her, and she was condemned to banishment in the Isle of Seriphus. Tidius was reprimanded by the judges, for having neglected to complain against his wife. It was on this occasion that the senate made a decree "forbidding women whose fathers, grandfathers, or husbands, might have been Roman knights, to go to the *Ædiles*, to devote themselves to public libertinism."

URRAQUE.

URRAQUE, or Urraca, daughter of Alphonso VI., King of Leon, of Castile, and of Toledo, inherited all these kingdoms at the death of her father. She espoused, for her second husband, Don Alphonso, king of Aragon and of Navarre. She was little scrupulous of her conduct, and knew no other laws than those of her pleasure, and she gave herself up to them without the least control. Alphonso was aware of this before marrying her, but she brought him in dower several valuable kingdoms. Soon after this marriage, the conduct of Urraque obliged Alphonso to confine her. She succeeded, by many promises of amendment, in regaining her liberty, but her behavior was even worse than before, and she was imprisoned a second time. The prelates then declared the marriage of Urraque null, and proclaimed her son Alphonso, king. She was ignominiously divorced by King Alphonso, who restored her liberty. At length,

arms were taken, and the army of the queen was routed by her husband near Candespina, and Don Gomez, one of her favorites, was killed. After this victory, Alphonso marched against the young king, and vanquished him. To resist the conqueror they reconciled Urraque with her son, but their union was not of long duration; the princess passionately loved Don Pedro de Lara, who governed the people with great tyranny; the Castillians compelled this favorite to fly the kingdom and Urraque then found herself obliged to resign her kingdoms in favor of her son, and to lead a private life. This princess rendered herself so odious, that when the ambassadors of France went to demand in marriage for their master one of the daughters of Alphonso IX., they chose Blanche, who had the least beauty, because her sister was named Urraque. The princess who has been the subject of this article died in 1125.



A KING DEFIED.

It is known, that on the revolt of the Corsicans, there came to their isle, a man named Theodore Baron de Neuhoff. He was an adventurer who had frequented the different courts of Europe, and who had art enough to induce the rebels to elect him their king. While enjoying this high degree of elevation, he became enamored of a woman who was the sister of one of his guards. This girl listened with pleasure to the vows of her sovereign, but the brother, considering it no honor to have his sister the mistress of a king, expostulated rather severely with her upon it, even in the house of

the prince. Theodore, piqued and incensed at what he considered a want of respect, ordered him to be seized and hung, but no one obeying the command, he resolved to punish this subject himself. The young man, however, armed with a chair, and assisted by his comrades, obliged Theodore to conceal himself till the storm was passed.

THE ABBOT DE RANCÉ.

DON ARMAND, John le Bouthilier de Rancé, regular abbot, reformer of the Maison Dieu Notre Dame de la Trappe, was born in Paris in 1626. His family was originally of Brittany and bore the name of Bouthilier, from several ancestors of the abbot having held the office of cup-bearer to the dukes of Brittany. The abbot had for his godfather the Cardinal de Richelieu, who, if we believe some very authentic memoirs, was, perhaps, a nearer relation. Possessed of vast wealth by the death of one of his brothers, he became enamored of the Duchess de Montbason. This ardent passion drew him from all his former pleasures, to which he was so much given up. Some circumstances preventing his seeing the duchess for a few days, he hastened to her house, and found she had just expired with the small pox. Desirous of seeing the adored object of his heart, he had the melancholy curiosity to look at her, and what a frightful object did he behold! Those features, once so beautiful, were now completely disfigured by her disease, and presented the most revolting appearance. This disfigured corpse effected such a revolution in the mind of the

Abbot de Rancé, that he determined from that moment to renounce the world. Having bequeathed his fortune to the Hôtel-Dieu and Hôpital, he resigned three abbeys and two priories, and only preserved that of La Trappe, where he established the severe reform which still exists. He died in 1700.

A SLAVE'S SON MADE KING BY LOVE.

PHRAATUS, the fourth of that name, king of the Parthians, reigned when Augustus, after the defeat and death of Mark Antony, was sole master of the universe. He feared that this prince, who was all powerful, would attack him, to repair the shattered glory of the Roman name. In short, Orodes, father of Phraatus, had massacred several Roman legions, conducted by Crassus, and that general had lost his life. Phraatus himself had ruined the victorious Mark Antony, seized upon several Roman ensigns, and carried off a large number of prisoners. Either because he feared the Roman prisoners, or in respect to Augustus, Phraatus sent them all back to him. He did even more, he confided to the emperor four of his legitimate children to be educated and serve at court as a pledge for his fidelity. Augustus, in return, sent Phraatus a present, which proved very fatal to him. This was a young female slave, a Greek by birth, and endowed with the most exquisite beauty. The king of the Parthians, who became desperately in love with her, forgot all the other women, with which his palace was filled. The influence

of this beauty became still greater when she brought him a son, whom they called Phrahates.

Phraatus, had then no other will, but that of the woman he adored. Thermusa, which was the name of the young Greek, profiting by her influence over the king, persuaded him to nominate her son for successor to the throne, instead of the legitimate princes. It was not long before the ancient Phraatus became a victim to the injustice which love had caused him to commit. He lived too long to please his successor, and this unnatural son stained his hands in his father's blood, and ascended the throne under the name of Arsaces, common to all the Parthian kings. He did not, however, long enjoy the fruits of his crimes. His last crime of parricide incensed his subjects so much, that they drove Phrahates and his guilty mother from the throne and capital, and they perished in their flight, a punishment too mild for the heinous nature of their crimes. This was in the year of Rome 760.



THE VIRTUOUS TANCHE.

SAINT TANCHE, who was honored in the diocese of Troyes, the tenth of October, is indebted only to love for the martyr's crown. She was born in the village of Saint Ouen, in Champagne, toward the year 620, and had attained the age of seventeen, when her godfather, who resided at Arcis, invited her with her parents to make him a visit. The father and mother went, but Tanche remained at home in charge of the house. The

godfather, however, being desirous of seeing her, sent a domestic for her with a horse, and Tanche was soon in readiness to depart. Her young attendant was much struck with the beauty of Tanche, and made the most ardent declarations of his sentiments. This young and virtuous girl did not heed either his solicitations or threats. The young man, transported with rage, then threw her from the horse, and struck off her head in the meadow of Huitre, where she is honored, as she is also in the environs.



RAYMOND LULLY.

RAYMOND LULLY was, it is said, in his youth, governor of the Isle of Majorca. He there became enamored of a lady remarkable for her wit and beauty. She appeared flattered by her conquest, but although she was possessed of a soul of sensibility, and a tender heart, she refused to grant her lover what he termed the price of his love. Lully was not to be repulsed, and he played the part of a desperate lover, until the lady at length appeared vanquished, and appointed a rendezvous. There, after protesting to Lully that she loved him with all the tenderness he could desire, and that her refusals had cost her as much as himself, she uncovered her breast, and disclosed the deadly wounds of a cancer, which was consuming her. This sight affected Lully to tears, but his heart was not healed. Engrossed by the object of his love, and despairing ever to possess her, he resigned his place, turned hermit, and made a voyage to the Holy

Land. On his return he went to Paris and studied philosophy under Rainaldus. It is known that he made astonishing progress, and that he merited the reputation he achieved.

AN AMOROUS KING BEATEN.

PHILIP IX. King of Spain, was passionately in love with the Duchess of Albuquerque, but he was unable to obtain a favorable opportunity for disclosing to her the ardor of his passion. The husband, who was aware of the danger, kept the strictest guard upon his wife. These obstacles did but inflame the desires of Philip. One night when the prince was playing a very close game of cards, he feigned to recollect that he had a letter to write of the utmost importance, and requested the Duke of Albuquerque to take his cards. Soon after the prince went into his closet, put on a cloak, and accompanied by his favorite the Count of Olivarcy, left the palace by a private stair-case and repaired to the duchess. The Duke of Albuquerque, thinking more of his domestic interests than a game of cards, concluded that he had some particular design in giving him this charge. He began to complain of sudden and violent illness, and throwing his cards to another ran in haste to his house. The king who had just arrived, seeing the duke, hid himself; but Albuquerque, perceiving the king, would not suffer a torch to be brought that he might not be obliged to acknowledge him, and advanced toward Philip with a large cane, which he usually carried, exclaiming, "So, so, rascal, you are come to rob my

stables," and beat him with all his might. The count, who was not better treated, fearing the worst, cried out several times that it was the king; but the duke only redoubled his blows upon the prince and minister, assuring him that this was a great stroke of insolence, to make use of his majesty's name, upon that occasion, and that he had a great mind to have him carried to the palace, and that the king would surely have him hung. The king was silent during this uproar; he at length escaped, much mortified at receiving so many blows, without being consoled with any of the favors that he had anticipated. This adventure did not terminate to the prejudice of the Duke of Albuquerque; on the contrary, the passion of the king for the duchess having subsided, he laughed at it himself.

HOW LOVE RUINED THE REPUBLIC OF ROME.

It frequently happens that when a husband is dishonored by his wife, that the world is amusing itself at his expense, while he himself is ignorant of his disgrace; for it is an unwelcome kind of truth that we fear to acquaint the husband with. Saint Jerome, as an example, cites the great Pompey. Mucia, his wife, daughter of Quintus Mutius Scævola, and sister of Quintus Metellus Celeus, abandoned herself to the most unbridled sensuality; but no one informed Pompey of it, because they supposed he could not be ignorant of such public disgrace. He was first informed of his dishonor by a soldier in his army. This information did not at first impress him very deeply, but upon reflection he

sent a letter of divorce to Mucia. Cæsar had been one of her lovers, and it was even this intrigue, it is said, that excited Pompeia, the wife of Cæsar, to revenge herself with Clodius. It is, however, true that this connection between Cæsar and Mucia, had become the talk of Rome. Metellus Celeus, seeing his sister divorced, declared himself the enemy of Pompey, which forced that great man to unite with Cæsar against his inclination, and it was this union which caused the ruin of the republic. In all this, love had caused Pompey only a passing chagrin; but this same passion afterward affected more deeply this great man, and contributed greatly to his ruin. To Mucia succeeded Julia, daughter of Cæsar. Pompey loved her so tenderly that he devoted himself entirely to pleasing her, and conducted her to some of the finest countries in Italy. In this agreeable occupation, he neglected the interests of his people, and left all to the care of Cæsar, who knew well how to profit by this opportunity. Besides, this life of ease injured Pompey seriously in the eyes of his partisans, and occasioned many slanderous reports to be circulated. After the death of Julia, Pompey married Cornelia, daughter of Metellus Scipio, and widow of Publius Crassus the younger. She was young and handsome, and whether from love or jealousy, Pompey always carried her with him, even when he disputed the empire of the world with Cæsar. She was at Mytelena at the time of the famous battle of Dyrrachium. Pompey was there vanquished, and took flight with Cornelia. It is said that, if he had returned to the Parthians, he might have recruited his party, and again disputed the world with Cæsar. But the youth and beauty of Cornelia prevented her husband from conducting her to a people

who were unacquainted with either decency or civilization. To avoid all the accidents which his love foreboded, Pompey withdrew into Egypt, where, as it is known, he was put to death.



PLACIDIA.

AFTER the death of Stilico, whom the Emperor Honorius caused to perish, Alaric, king of the Goths, resolving to avenge the death of his beloved officer, advanced into Italy. After several attacks, he took possession of Rome, which he abandoned to the pillage of his troops, without the emperor's daring to oppose him. His vengeance would probably have extended farther, had he not been surprised by death. Ataulphe, his successor, found himself at the head of the same victorious troops, when love softened the ferocity of his spirit. At the taking of Rome, Placidia, sister of Honorius, was among the number of the prisoners. Her striking beauty made the most lively impression upon the heart of Ataulphe, and he aspired only to the happiness of espousing her. But the princess, although a prisoner, preserved all her Roman pride, and positively refused to give her hand to the king of the Goths. This prince, instead of using violence, sought to render himself pleasing both to herself and Honorius by the gentleness of his behavior. It was this motive which induced him to quit Italy and go into Gaul, to fight against the enemies of the empire. Such conduct on the part of a barbarian prince, gives strong proof of the power of love, and merited that Honorius should con-

sent to the marriage of Ataulphe with Placidia; but reasons of state opposed it. This princess was equally the object of the vows and ambition of Constantius. This officer had rendered great services to the empire by the death of Constantine and the defeat of Geronce. It was dangerous to give him cause for discontent, and it was equally so to refuse the demand of Ataulphe. Placidia delivered her brother from this embarrassment; for she was touched with the passion and attentions of the Gothic prince, and she consented to marry him. Ataulphe dying a short time after, Placidia, his widow, was sent back to Honorius, and Constantius then renewed his demand. The beauty of this princess without doubt contributed to such ardent perseverance, but ambition was the principal inducement, as it afterwards appeared, for having obtained the hand of Placidia, Constantius forced Honorius to make him an associate in the empire. He reigned only eight months and a few days, but after his death Placidia continued to reign in the west with her son Valentinian III.



SCHISM CAUSED BY LOVE.

Love was the original cause of the schism which separated the Greek from the Latin Church. The emperor Michael III., given up to the most infamous intrigues, had associated in the empire Bardus, brother of the empress. The latter, having divorced his wife without cause, married his aunt. The patriarch Ignatius, who would not countenance this unlawful marriage, excommunicated Bardus. This prince caused Ignatius to

be deposed and exiled, and placed in his stead Photius, a man full of ambition, but respectable from his learning. He was the author of a work which is still extant, and known under the name of *Bibliotheca*. The pope and several Greek bishops, refused to acknowledge Photius as patriarch. There were several councils convened on this subject. Ignatius was recalled, and again deposed. Photius then being unable to win the pope, destroyed the intelligence which existed between the Greek and Latin Church, on account of several points of doctrine and discipline, among others, upon the procession of the Holy Ghost, the fasts of Saturday and of Lent, the marriage of priests and several others. Thus began the famous schism, which still continues.



THE FATE OF OVID.

PUBLIUS OVID NASO, a Roman knight, renounced all his hopes of dignities to give himself up entirely to poetry, and he had reason to be contented with his success. Love, and his attachment to the muses, occasioned the misfortunes of this poet's life. He was exiled by the Emperor Augustus, into the country of the Gêtes, and was never able to obtain pardon. His "Art of Love," was the pretext of this exile, but the true cause was that he made his court with success to Julia, the daughter of Augustus, or according to others, to Livia the wife of that prince. It is generally agreed, that Livia had only the exterior of virtue, and it is most probable that Julia alone was the object of Ovid's love. This young and beautiful princess, while the wife of Agrippa, abandoned

herself without reserve to her passions and it was difficult to number her lovers. One of them at that time, asked why her children bore so strong a resemblance to their father, she replied,

“Nunquam, nisi plena navi, tollo victoriam.”



ADALULPHE.

ADALULPHE, a great Lombard nobleman, could not resist the charms and beauty of Gunderbergue, the wife of Ariovaldus, king of Lombardy. He was seized with the most violent passion for her, but he did not dare to declare it. Some kind treatment he experienced from his mistress made him forget his timidity. He had the boldness to make an attempt upon the honor of Gunderbergue, but he met with the most obstinate resistance. Being then afraid, lest the king should hear of his criminal enterprise, and he charged with treasonable designs the very princess he adored. The too credulous king had confined Gunderbergue without allowing her either time or means of justifying herself. Three years had already elapsed since the unjust detention of the queen, when Clotaire, king of France, moved with compassion at the misfortune of the princess, sent ambassadors to Ariovaldus, to remonstrate with him that he had no right, on a mere accusation destitute of proofs, to treat with so much cruelty Gunderbergue, who was a princess of the royal blood of France, and thus to deprive her of the honors due to her birth and rank. The king contented himself with answering, that he had

pretty strong reasons to act in that manner. One of the ambassadors, named Asould, resuming the speech, "We shall be of your opinion," said he to the king, "if you will be so kind as to permit the queen to justify herself through the medium of some of her officers, who will fight her accuser in a duel." Ariovaldus consented to this proposal. Then Aripert, a near relation to the queen, sent for one Pitto to fight with Adalulphe, who accepted the challenge. Victory declared on behalf of innocence. Adalulphe was killed, and Gunderbergue was liberated from her prison and resumed her rank.

THE STORY OF ABEN HUMEIA.

THIS prince was a Spaniard by birth, of an illustrious extraction, and of vast wealth. His real name was Fernando de Valore. Some unpleasant events at home induced him to renounce his country and his religion, and to take refuge among the Moors. In a certain rebellion, which happened among those people, they chose him king of Grenada and Cordova, when he took the name of Aben Humeia. In that capacity he obtained several victories over the Spaniards, and was supporting, with a tolerable degree of dignity, his crown, when love took both that and his life from his possession. He fell passionately in love with a young widow, highly distinguished both for her beauty and eminent birth. She was the daughter of Vincent Royas, first cousin to the father of the king's first wife. To the natural graces of her person, she added all the talents which render a woman infinitely attractive. She loved one of

the principal officers of the king, whose name was Diego, an alguazil, who had been an intimate friend of her husband. Aben Humeia was sensible that the uniting of these two lovers would facilitate his objects, and he therefore proposed that Diego should marry the widow. Diego, who had already suspected the passion of the king, skillfully waived the proposition. Aben Humeia who, until that time, had received nothing but refusals from her, now by his flatterings and promises succeeded. The prospect of a crown was worth a great sacrifice, and Diego was forgotten, and the king made happy. Possession, they say, is the tomb of love; and it proved so in the case of Aben Humeia, who, having every wish gratified, forgot his promises. But he suffered richly for that forgetfulness, for his deceived mistress was fully bent on revenging herself. She wrote to Diego, and, regardless of palliating her offence, drew a most lively picture of her distressed situation. The love which he still felt for this unfaithful fair one, and the desire of punishing his rival, did not permit him to hesitate. He knew the king reposed the greatest trust in a troop of four hundred Turks, commanded by Abdalla-Aben-Abo. He had a fictitious letter conveyed to that commanding officer, by which the king ordered him to massacre the four hundred Turks, and then to kill Diego. The latter arrived at Abdalla's at the same time with the order. He spoke with vehemence against this project of putting to death so many brave and innocent officers. Abdalla, who could not execute this command without the assistance of Diego, showed him the king's letter. Diego feigned the greatest surprise, and made Abdalla believe that his lot would soon be the same. Common danger united them both, and they im-

mediately formed the plan to strip Aben Humeia both of his throne and life. The troops readily agreed to the project, and they immediately started upon their journey, and arrived during the night at the apartment of the king. In vain did he protest his innocence, and the falsity of the letter. He was strangled to death and Abdalla succeeded him. Diego married the widow.



OCRISSIA.

SERVIVS TULLIVS, who succeeded the ancient Tarquin, king of Rome, owed, it is said, his existence and elevation to love. At the taking of Cornicula, a city very near Tivoli, by Tarquin, there was among the slaves a young woman of singular beauty, named Ocrissia. The charms of youth and beauty will make an impression even on the savage heart. Ocrissia found favor in the eyes of her conquerors, and they conducted her to Tarquin, who, probably enchanted with her beauty, presented her to Tanaquil, his wife. Some authors pretend to say that Ocrissia was married when she was taken prisoner, and that her husband Tullius perished in defence of his country. Others maintain that she was still a girl, and that she was married to one of Tarquin's slaves, and that Servius was born in the palace of the king, which may prove that Tarquin formed this marriage to avoid exciting the jealousy of Tanaquil, and to enjoy with greater ease the favors of Ocrissia, whom he loved. Some honor Servius by making him the son of Lar, one of the household gods who presided in Tarquin's palace, probably because they would directly say that this god

Lar, was no other than Tarquin himself; it is certain, however, that all historians unite in affirming that the king entertained the tenderness of a father for young Servius. Educated beneath the eyes of Tarquin, trained by that prince, and early intrusted with the command of the troops, Servius insensibly acquired the esteem of the Romans. First, he made them forget the uncertainty of his birth by marrying an illustrious Roman, named Gegania, and still more by espousing the daughter of the king after the death of his first wife. It was in this way that Tarquin made the way for Servius to approach the throne, and by raising him to it, flattered at the same time both his affection and political interests. The two sons of Tarquin were too young to succeed him, and this prince thought he could not give a better tutor to his children than Servius. Tanaquil entirely entered into the wishes of her husband, and showed the sincerest attachment to Servius, and when the king was assassinated it was by the care and advice of the queen that his death was concealed for some days, till Servius was assured of ascending the throne without opposition. We have related in another article how fatally this success terminated for Rome.



LUSIGNAN.

PETER DE LUSIGNAN, King of Cyprus, experienced all the misery that the most unfortunate passion could occasion. Obligated to go into Italy upon affairs of importance, he confided the government of his estates to the Count de Rohas. This regent, little sensible of the confi-

dence the king reposed in him, and stimulated by a passion which admits of neither prudence nor reason, aspired to the heart of the queen, and his presumption met with the greatest success. One crime generally leads to another, and the lovers, sensible that the king would put an end to interviews on his return, and fearing they would be sacrificed to his vengeance, boldly devised an expedient to dethrone Lusignan. A nobleman of the name of Viscomti, faithful to his prince, and informed of the project of the regent, divulged to the king this crime. Lusignan arriving soon after, the perfidious count, his rival, was arrested, and treated with the utmost rigor of the law. The process discovered all the horrors of their conduct, and the ruin of the count necessarily affected that of the queen. This princess knew it well, joining therefore her personal interests with her criminal love, she by the power of presents corrupted the judges. The guilty were declared innocent, and Viscomti, as a calumniator, was condemned to perpetual banishment. This sentence did not impose on Lusignan, but not having the power to reverse, he vented all his rage on his subjects, which until then he had governed with the greatest moderation. Upon the slightest pretext he had them imprisoned, corrupted their wives and daughters, and caused numbers to perish by the executioner. Soon the ordinary prisons were too small to contain the melancholy victims of the fury of this prince. He then built a very large one in the public square, making all, without regard to sex, wealth or rank, to aid in the construction of this edifice. A young lady employed with the others at this work, was in the habit of tucking up her clothes, but on the approach of the king put them down. Being asked the reason of this strange whim, she replied, "We are

not scrupulous in these matters, and among you all there is none but the prince who appears to me to be a man." This skillful reproach produced an immediate effect on the Cyprians, and their eyes were opened to the humiliating servitude they were compelled to bear. They fell upon the king and poignarded him.



A TERRIBLE FIGHT.

COUNT OF BUSSY, who lived in the reigns of Charles IX. and Henry III., who was so noted for his bravadoes, had with M. St. Fal, among other disputes, one which made a great stir. It commenced in a playhouse at Paris, about an embroidered muff. Had it not been for the presence of a lady whom Bussy loved they would have fought on the spot. The next day M. Bussy went to his adversary's and they went out together to a place agreed upon, each with their friends, and the contest began. A wound which Bussy received in one of his fingers from a pistol put an end to the fight for a short time. They purposed to renew it in another place, had not Bussy been sent for by his majesty. The whole of this dispute arose from nothing but a love affair. Count of Bussy had fallen deeply in love with a handsome and wealthy widow, named Madame Defrigny. She made choice of M. St. Fal for her second husband, and Bussy, angry at not having married the widow himself, commenced this quarrel with his rival. At last love was the cause of Count Bussy's death. The journal of Henry III. gives us a correct account of this adventure ;

the facts are thus recounted: Bussy d'Ambrose, first gentleman of M. le Duc, governor of Anjou, who grew extremely arrogant on account of the favor of his master, was killed by the Count de Montsereau, together with the criminal Lieutenant de Saumar, in the house of the said Montsereau, where that night the lieutenant had conducted him to the presence of the wife of Montsereau, to whom Bussy had for some time made love, which lady had purposely made a false assignation, to have him surprised by her husband. On appearing at midnight, he was hotly assailed by a dozen men that accompanied Montsereau, who in their fury fell upon Bussy to kill him. Seeing himself so deceived, and although poorly prepared for such an encounter, he did not delay to defend himself, as he best could, showing as he had often said that fear never entered his heart, for he fought while there remained a bit of sword in his hand, and after defended himself with tables, chairs, and stools, with which he wounded several of his assailants. After this, being subdued by numbers and stripped of all instruments of defence, he was knocked down near a window. It is necessary to explain how Montsereau, discovered the intrigue between his wife and Bussy. The latter, had by his arrogance, become the object of the king's displeasure, and had also lost his influence over M. le Duc d'Anjou. This prince, to divert the king his brother, showed him one day, a letter written by Bussy, in which he said, "I have spread a snare for the *Hind* of the great *Huntsman*, and I hold her in my *Net*." The hind was the wife of Count de Montsereau, to whom the Duke Anjou, at the solicitation of Bussy, had given the place of his *great huntsman*. The king, who had long had a design against Bussy, kept this

letter, and shewed it to the Count de Montsereau. There needed no more to animate the latter, and he forced his wife to appoint a rendezvous, in the house where Bussy came, and was assassinated.



ALBOIN AND ROSEMONDA.

ALBOIN, king of Lombardy, had been first wedded to Clodosvende, daughter of Clotaire, king of France. After the death of that princess he married Rosemonda, daughter to Guinimond, king of the Gepides. This second alliance was contracted under bad auspices. Guinimond, vanquished by Alboin, had been put to death, and that he might never forget either his triumph or cruelty, Alboin had the skull of Guinimond set in gold and used to drink out of it. Rosemonda was compelled to throw herself into the arms of her father's murderer. The thirst for vengeance, joined with love, hastened the death of Alboin. One of the queen's officers, named Helmichid, had the good luck to please her, and she used this ascendancy over the mind of the officer, to satisfy her vengeance. What irritated her the most, was that Alboin, at a large entertainment compelled her to drink out of her father's skull. But Helmichid in spite of his love, and the promised reward, said to the princess that it was impossible to kill the king without the consent of Perides his favorite. When this project was first hinted to that nobleman, they received only repulse, and the queen was obliged to resort to the most base stratagem to gain his approval. The queen was well informed or the intimacies existing between Perides and a lady of her

retinue. In the dead hour of a certain night, she substituted herself for that lady in a rendezvous which had been appointed, and declared herself to Perides. He was soon sensible, that he must either kill the king, or see himself sacrificed to the vengeance of that prince. He adopted the first, and had the king assassinated. Rosemonda fled to Ravenna, where she married Helmichid. The governor of that town, under the title of Exarch, was called Longinus. He was so intoxicated with the charms of Rosemonda, that he aimed only to please her. He finally persuaded her to destroy Helmichid. She was deeply in love, and was not over scrupulous of the means she used to gain her wishes. She herself presented Helmichid with a deadly poison she had prepared under pretence of a cooling beverage. The effect of it was so sudden that he felt it before he finished the draught. Knowing the guilty princess had committed this crime, he drew his sword upon her and threatened to kill her if she did not swallow the remainder of the poison. Both died in a few minutes after



B U A D E .

CAPTAIN BUADE, who was beheaded at the Hague on account of a correspondence he was accused of holding with the enemies of the States, had married, through the protection of the House of Orange, where he had been a page, Miss Niveras, daughter of Cornelius Musek, the secretary of the States and one of the richest men in Holland. This marriage did not prove a happy one;

for the lady having been a coquette while single, became still worse after marriage. It is said that she absented herself from home for seven or eight days; and that on her return, her husband gave her a hundred strokes with the flat of his sword. This woman must have entertained something even worse than indifference against her husband, since we are told that she witnessed his execution from her window. She did not lead a more correct life in her widowhood, as she became the public mistress of Jouveller, captain of the black musketeers. She turned Catholic, and made her abjuration in the hands of the Archbishop of Paris, Francis de Harley, "but," says the author, from whom we copy this anecdote, "in abjuring heresy she did not abjure licentiousness."



THE CRIMES OF CLEOPATRA.

DEMETRIUS NICATOR, eldest son of Demetrius Soter, king of Syria, saw his father dethroned by an adventurer named Alexander Bala, and both himself and brother Antiochus Sidetas were fortunate enough to escape death. Apprised in his retreat that the usurper was detested by all his subjects, he presented himself to them, to reascend the throne which belonged to him. This step had the happiest success, but he had soon a competitor in the son of Bala, and afterwards in Tryphon, another usurper. Demetrius followed Antiochus into the provinces of the East, bearing arms against the Parthians. After some success, he was conquered and taken prisoner; but his conqueror conceiving the greatest esteem for him, did

everything in his power to soften his fate. It was in this state that Demetrius, forgetting he had espoused Cleopatra, daughter of Ptolemy Philometer, king of Egypt, and the widow of Bala, had the impudence to marry Rhodogune, daughter of Phraates, king of the Parthians. This news having reached the ears of Cleopatra, she conceived the most violent jealousy, and revenged herself cruelly. She espoused Antiochus Sidetas, brother to Demetrius. After the death of this husband, who was killed in fighting against the Parthians, she steadily refused to unite with Demetrius, although he had returned to Syria, and had reascended the throne. A man called Alexander Zebina, who passed for the son of Bala, came forward to dispute the crown with Nicator, and conquered; and this prince, who had experienced all the vicissitudes of fortune, was obliged to fly. He retired toward Ptolemais, where Cleopatra his wife commanded; but as this princess had not yet pardoned Demetrius' infidelity, she caused the gates of the city to be shut against him. He then passed into Tyre, where he was killed. We shall here mention, in a few words, some of the atrocious deeds of Cleopatra. Of the two sons she had by Nicator, the eldest attained to an age to reign and was named Seleucus; his mother, ambitious and cruel, herself plunged a poignard into his bosom to preserve her authority. When she perceived that the people murmured at obeying a woman, she caused Antiochus, her second son, who was still a beardless youth, to be proclaimed king. His youth prevented his taking part in the administration, but when Cleopatra perceived that the young prince endeavored to shake off her yoke, she presented Antiochus with a cup of poison, as he returned from taking exercise; but the prince

being forewarned of it, forced his mother to swallow the beverage. Such was the end of this princess, the wife of three kings, the mother of four, who had caused the death of two of her husbands, and killed one of her sons.



DIOGENES.

LOVE, the little god, whose mighty power we have so imperfectly described, never showed himself greater than when he seized upon Diogenes, who had no other habitation than a tub, and whose whole exterior showed only the signs of poverty and slovenliness. It must have been a rare sight to behold this cynic, given up to all the extravagance of a passionate love. He became enamored with Lais, an established courtesan at Corinth, and it is singular that this Lais, who estimated her favors at such a high price, was equally in love with this ill-looking Diogenes.



CAAB AND THE KORAN.

CAAB, or Cab-ben Zohair, was a distinguished poet among the Arabs, and one of those rabbis who had embraced Judaism. Mahomet became his sworn enemy, on account of a satirical poem he wrote against his sect. The prophet was so desirous of revenging himself, that he declared war against those tribes of the Arabs who professed Judaism, with the design of seizing Caab. The poet, seeing Mahomet master of

Arabia, endeavored to effect a reconciliation with him, by substituting in his poem the name of Aboubeker for that of Mahomet, and by turning Mahometan. The reconciliation, in spite of all these sacrifices, was still not complete, and it remained for love and women to soften the anger of the prophet. Caab then composed a poem in honor of the most beloved of Mahomet's mistresses. This method succeeded, and from that time the poet was considered one of Mahomet's greatest favorites, and particularly after the prophet presented him with the cloak he wore. It is also believed that Caab assisted in the composition of the Alcoran.

THE DUCHESS OF CHATILLON.

THE Duchess of Chatillon endeavored, by her charms, to gain friends for the great Prince de Condé, who led the Spaniards against his country. She inspired the Maréchal d'Hocquincourt, Governor of Peronne, with a passion for her, and induced him to enter into a treaty with the prince. Still more to please the duchess, the maréchal engaged in his party those who had commanded at Hedin, and they refused to open the gates of that city to those who came to take the government on the part of the king. This manœuvre came near rendering the Spaniards masters of the frontiers; but the maréchal, who had taken some impolitic steps, lost his government; and, in addition to this misfortune, he perceived he had a rival who was preferred in the heart of Madame de Chatillon. Not knowing what to do in this cruel situation, he retired into Flanders, where the

Spaniards endeavored by their kindness to make him amends for what he had lost, but they were unable to prevent his remorse and repentance for having listened so much to his passion. His wife was fortunate enough to have the government of Peronne given to her son, and to prevent the confiscation of her husband's effects. A short time after, the *maréchal*, having come with the Spanish army to raise the siege of Dunkirk, was severely wounded and expired a few days after. He died sincerely grieved for having been the dupe of a pair of fine eyes, and for having borne arms against his king.

This was in 1658.



ETHELBERT.

THE establishment of Christianity in the kingdom of Kent was, in part, owing to a woman. Ethelbert, who reigned in that country, married Bertha, daughter of Caribert, king of Paris. This princess was a Christian, and one of the conditions to her marriage was the liberty of her religion. She made herself so beloved and adored, both by her husband and his subjects, that they began to believe that the religion of so amiable a queen must be a true one. The minds of the people were thus disposed, when Augustine was sent by Pope Gregory to preach the gospel in the kingdom of Kent. He received the most gracious welcome, and was not there long before he made considerable progress. The death of Ethelbert destroyed the works of the pious missionary, and love recalled idolatry. Eadbald, the son and successor of Ethelbert, entertained a passion for his mother-in-law,

and as Christianity would not allow such an alliance, he preferred rather to renounce his religion than his love. The people, faithful imitators of those who govern them, returned to their false god. The bishops were driven out of the kingdom, and it was not until several years after, that Eadbald, struck by a miracle (performed they say by Laurentius, successor to Augustine), having abjured his passion, again introduced Christianity.



TROUBADOURS IN LOVE.

THEY were the ancient poets of Provence who wrote, set, and sung their own verses. They had a code of laws consisting of thirty-one articles, of which the following are a few: 1. Marriage is not a lawful excuse for not falling in love. 2. A man who cannot be silent cannot love. 3. No one can love two persons at the same time. 4. Love must ever be increasing or diminishing. 7. A widowhood of two years must be undergone for a dead lover. 15. Every lover is bound to grow pale at the sight of his mistress. 17. A new love expels the old. 23. A true lover is bound to be sparing in sleep and food. 26. Love can deny nothing to love. Guillaume de Bergedon, a troubadour, had loved a maiden from her infancy. As she grew up he declared his love; and she promised to bestow a kiss on him when he should visit her; but she refused to fulfill this promise, under pretext that at the period when she made it, she was not aware of the consequences. This case was referred to a certain lord, who decided that the lady

should be at the mercy of the troubadour, who should take a kiss and immediately restore the same.

A cavalier loved a lady, and as he did not enjoy a frequent opportunity of conversing with her, it was agreed between them that they should communicate by the intervention of a secretary, by which means their passion might be the better concealed. The secretary, however, forgetting the confidence reposed in him, pleaded his own cause, and was heard with a favorable ear. The cavalier then denounced him to the countess of Champagne, and humbly demanded that the offence should be judged by her and other ladies; to which the criminal himself assented. The countess having convoked sixty ladies, pronounced the following judgment: "Let this fraudulent lover, who has met with a lady worthy of him, that has not blushed to become an accomplice in so shameful an offence, enjoy his ill-bought pleasure, and let her pride herself in her lover. But let them both be forever excluded from all other attachments; and let them never be invited to the assemblies of the ladies or the courts of the knights, since he has offended against the knightly oath, and she contrary to womanly modesty has yielded to the love of a secretary."



CHARLES II. AND MISS STUART.

WHEN Charles II., king of England, ascended the throne yet stained with his father's blood, he created Edward Hyde chancellor of the realm and prime minister, and this choice met with general satisfaction. All admired in that great man his exact probity and un-

tiring zeal for his own party. Travelling in different courts during the misfortunes of Charles I., he had assisted Charles II. in all his councils, and had shared with him all reverses. He had for a long time enjoyed the highest degree of his sovereign's favor; but the authority of his wisdom not allowing him any favor with the wives of the king, he had the misfortune to displease the Duchess of Cleveland, a woman who was rapacious, dissolute, and vindictive. She succeeded in undermining the credit of Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, and Charles, influenced by the duchess, insensibly acquired the dislike which terminated in the removal of the minister. The nation had indeed laid some charges to Clarendon, but they were, for the most part, without foundation, and would have had no impression on the mind of the king, had not love and women torn from his heart the friendship he had always felt for Clarendon. This monarch, too much given up to his own pleasures, had not been able to conquer his distaste for the queen, and the fact of her having no children still increased the aversion of her husband. The beauty of Miss Stuart, daughter of a Scottish gentleman, had made a lively impression on the heart of Charles. As he experienced an uncommon resistance from this virtuous beauty, he thought seriously of divorcing the queen. The chancellor, through zeal to his master, and no doubt, a little through interest for the children of his daughter, who had married the Duke of York, engaged the Duke of Richmond to marry Miss Stuart. This step, which had the desired success, ended in the disgrace of the Earl of Clarendon. Charles was so indignant that he forbade the duke and duchess to appear at court, and never after pardoned this device of the chancellor.

The seals were taken from him, and his enemies, not content with this, obtained against him a bill of banishment and incapacity, which was confirmed by the king. Clarendon withdrew into France, where he devoted his leisure hours in composing a history of the civil wars of his country—a work which does great honor to his memory.



A TRAGIC END OF AN AFFAIR.

M. DE COUCY, a sprightly, agreeable, and valiant nobleman, was passionately in love with the lady of Lord Fayel. She was named Gabriella, and was descended from the ancient house of the Lords de Vergy, in Burgundy. This lady, who had loved Raoul de Coucy before her marriage, in resigning herself in spite of her inclinations into the arms of another, had not been able to forget De Coucy. She heard with the most poignant grief, that he was ready to depart for the Holy Land, with the king and Count de Champagne; nevertheless, she did not oppose his departure, hoping that his absence would dissipate the jealousy of her husband. The hour of separation having arrived, the two lovers parted, giving proofs of their undying attachment. M. De Coucy, who courted the muses, left with his mistress a copy of verses he had composed in honor of her. She, also, presented him with rings, diamonds, and above all, with a cordon she had beautifully worked with hair and silk, and having at the end large buttons of pearl, serving to tie a magnificent band worn under the helmet. These gifts, so precious in the eyes of a lover, did not render

him invulnerable, for Raoul de Coucy was mortally wounded in the battle of Acre. Knowing there was no hope of his surviving, he employed his few last moments in writing to Madame Fayel. He then ordered his squire after his death to embalm his heart, and carry it to his mistress with the letter and the presents she had made him, and which he always carried about him. The squire executed in part the commands, and returned to France to conclude them, but this was the difficult part. Concealing himself in a wood near the castle, where Madame Fayel was, this faithful domestic awaited a favorable chance to deliver the gifts into her hands. But he had the misfortune to encounter the Lord de Fayel, who knew him, and who, judging that he came to seek his wife in behalf of his master, threatened to kill him if he did not disclose the purport of his visit. The man, alarmed at his danger, told all, and gave up the heart and letter of his master. These sad remains excited the most horrid vengeance. De Fayel ordered his cooks to dress the heart with other viands in a dish, that he knew would be to the taste of their lady; she, finding the ragout palatable, eat heartily of it. Her inhuman husband then told her what she had eaten, and to destroy all doubts in her mind, showed her the letter and presents. This unfortunate woman feeling that it was true, said to her husband: "It is true that I have dearly loved that heart, which merited so well to be beloved, as there was never one more generous; since I have eaten a meal so noble, and that my stomach has become the tomb of a gem so precious, I will keep it carefully from baser mixtures." Grief interrupted her speech, she confined herself, and after four days without sustenance, she died amidst groans and sighs. This was in 1191.

LOVE REWARDED.

THE plains in which Lima, the capital of Peru, is built, are the most beautiful in the world; they are of a vast extent, reaching from the foot of the Andes, or Cordillera mountains, to the sea, and are covered with groves of orange trees and citrons, watered by many streams; one of the principal among which, washing the walls of Lima, falls into the ocean at Callao, which latter place is the scene of the following story:

To this city Don Juan de Mendoza, yet an infant, had come over with his father from old Spain. The father having borne many high offices in Peru, died, much esteemed, and honored rather than rich. The young gentleman had in early youth conceived a very violent passion for Doña Cornelia de Perez, daughter to a wealthy merchant who dwelt in the city of Callao, at that time the best port in the western world.

But though the young lady, who was reputed the most accomplished person in the Indies, returned his affection, he met with an insuperable difficulty in the avarice and inflexibility of the father; who, preferring wealth to every other consideration, absolutely refused his consent; and at length the unfortunate lover saw himself under the necessity of returning to his native country, the most miserable of all beings, torn away forever from all that he held dear.

The ship in which he was to sail for Spain was about to depart from the port of Callao; the wind fair, the crew all employed, the passengers rejoicing in the expectation of seeing once more the place of their nativity. Amidst the shouts and acclamations with which the whole bay

resounded, Mendoza sat upon deck, overwhelmed with sorrow, beholding those walls in which he had left the only person who could have made him happy. A thousand tender, a thousand melancholy thoughts, possessed his mind.

In the meantime, the serenity of the sky is disturbed ; sudden flashes of lightning dart across, which, increasing, fill the whole air with flame. A noise is heard from the bowels of the earth, at first low and rumbling, but growing louder, and soon exceeding the roar of the most violent thunder. This was instantly followed by a trembling ; the first shocks were of short continuance, but in a few moments they became quicker, and of longer duration. The sea seemed to be thrown up into the sky, the arch of heaven to bend downwards. The Cordilleras, among the highest mountains of the earth, shook to their foundation, and bursting open with a sound that appeared to portend a total dissolution of nature, deluged the plains with fire, and threw rocks of immense magnitude into the air. The houses, arsenals, and churches of Callao tottered from side to side, and at length tumbled upon the heads of the wretched inhabitants.

Those of every age and sex who did not thus perish, rushed into the streets and public roads ; but even there found no safety. The whole earth was in motion ; nor was the ocean less disturbed. The ships in the harbor were, some of them, torn from their anchors, some of them swallowed up by the waves, some dashed on the rocks, many thrown several miles up into the land. The whole city of Callao, lately so flourishing and filled with half the wealth of the Indies, disappeared, partly ingulfed, partly carried away by confined gases that burst from the entrails of the earth. Vast quantities

of spoils of furniture, and precious goods, were afterwards taken up floating some leagues off at sea.

In the midst of this astonishing confusion, Mendoza was, perhaps, the only person unconcerned for himself. He beheld the whole tremendous scene from the deck of his ship, which was one of the few that rode out the tempest, concerned only for the destruction falling on his beloved Cornelia. And he mourned her fate as unavoidable, little rejoicing at his own safety, since life had now become a burden.

But after the space of an hour, this terrible hurricane ended; the earth regained her stability, the sky its calmness. He then beheld, close by the stern of his ship, an olive tree floating, to a bough of which clung some one in the dress of a female. He was touched with compassion; and, hastening to her relief, found her yet breathing. On raising her up, how unspeakable was his astonishment, when he beheld in his arms his beloved, his lamented Cornelia, the manner of whose miraculous escape is thus recorded:

In this wreck of nature, in which the elements of earth and water changed their places, fishes were borne up into the midland, and trees and houses, and men, into the deep. It happened that the fair Cornelia was hurried into the sea, together with the tree, to which, in the beginning of the commotion, she had clung, and was thrown up by the side of that very ship which contained her faithful Mendoza. I cannot paint to you the emotions of his mind, the joy, the amazement, the gratitude, the tenderness. Words cannot express them.

Oh! thrice happy Mendoza, how wonderfully was thy love rewarded! Lo, the wind is fair; haste, bear with thee to thy native Spain thy inestimable prize: return

no less justly triumphant than did formerly the illustrious Cortez, loaded with the spoils of Montezuma, the treasures of a newly discovered world.



THE STORY OF TOURETTE.

DANVILLE, son of the celebrated high constable De Montmorency, was maréchal of France, and governor of Languedoc. The high favor of the Guises, sworn enemies of his house, made Danville suspicious of the court, which he did not frequent on that account, but kept within his own government, where he reigned all powerful. After the second edict of the peace, granted to the Huguenots by Henry III., Danville, who would not leave Languedoc, became enamored of a woman of Beaucaire, named Tourette, whose beauty was uncommon, but his title of governor and his reputation made no impression on her heart. She had given her affections to Parabon, governor of Beaucaire, and to facilitate their interviews had come to lodge near the castle. The jealousy of Danville led him to revenge himself in a most cruel manner. He stirred up some officers, malcontents of the governor, who, being joined by some citizens and also by the relatives of the lady, killed her with Parabon, and then seized upon the city. The soldiers who were in the castle and who refused to surrender, called upon Chatillon to revenge the death of their governor. The nobleman entered the castle with three thousand men. The city of Beaucaire would have been destroyed on account of a woman, had not the court and king of Navarre sent prompt relief.

TWO HUSBANDS MOURNING FOR ONE WIFE.

THE commissioners of the custom-house near Colchester stopped a trunk supposed to contain contraband goods. Their suspicions increased when the owner threatened to kill the first who should dare open it, declaring that it contained the corpse of his wife. The stranger being at length disarmed, they opened the coffer, and found inclosed the corpse of a woman. It was deposited in a church on suspicion of murder, until the husband should give a satisfactory account of himself. He was affected to tears, declared that he was a Florentine nobleman, that having visited England a few years since he married the lady whose remains they now beheld; that he had taken her to his own country, and had travelled with her to most of the European courts; that being seized during these travels with a fatal malady, she had a few moments before her death written these words: "I am the wife of the Reverend Mr. G——, rector of the church in T——, and my last request is to be buried there." He added that it was in consequence of this last request that he was transporting the precious relics of a wife he adored. This declaration was found to be true, with the exception of his being a Florentine nobleman. He was the Lord Delmany, eldest son of Lord Roseberry, of Scotland, and had really married the deceased, ignorant that she was the wife of another. The rector of T—— proved to be still living, and when informed that a second husband had brought him the corpse of his wife, he gave himself to the violent transports of rage. He said that he would render to that unfaithful woman the last debt due to those whose

faults death had expiated; but for the husband, if he ever saw him, he would poignard him. Lord Delmany protested also that he would never lose sight of the body of his wife till he had himself deposited the remains in the tomb she had chosen, and if the rector performed his menaces, he would do him a great service, since he could wish for nothing more than to rejoin his beloved wife. The rector at length being persuaded that the lord was not culpable, consented to see him. They intermingled their tears, put on deep mourning, and united in paying the last sad duties to her, whose death affected them both so differently.



THE BEAUTIFUL NUN EDITHA.

EDGAR, who succeeded Edroy, king of England, gave himself up to love with greater violence than his predecessor, but was more fortunate in his amours. Captivated with the beauty of Editha, he forced the gates of the monastery and carried off his mistress. Dunstan was then governor of the realm. This prelate cruelly punished the most trivial fault; but Edgar had greatly contributed to his elevation, and he proportioned the punishment to his attachment for Prince Edgar, who was condemned not to wear the crown for seven years for seducing a nun. Editha was soon permitted to return to her monastery. The passion she had inspired continued but an instant. The king, visiting the house of a gentleman of Andover, became desperately in love with his daughter, who was remarkably beautiful. The prince declared his passion to the mother of this young

beauty, and asked permission to pass the time alone with her. This request was an order, and it was dangerous to disobey it; yet the virtuous mother could not dishonor her daughter. To free herself from the embarrassment, she sent to the king a girl of her retinue who was pleasing in her appearance. Edgar, noticed the deception, but was not displeased at it, for he made this young girl his mistress.

This singular attachment was ended by the marriage of the king. The beauty of Elfrida, daughter and sole heiress of the Duke of Devonshire, was extolled throughout the kingdom. Edgar, inflamed by these reports, commissioned Ethelwold his favorite to ascertain the truth of these reports. He arrived at the duke's, and finding her so lovely, forgot the interests of the king, his friend, and conceived for her the most violent love. He informed Edgar that the beauty of Elfrida was far beneath the reports, and had no trouble in making him forget her.

Ethelwold then represented to the king, that as Elfrida was not a suitable match for him, he should himself be happy to marry her on account of her birth and fortune. Edgar, who loved his favorite, consented to his wishes, and the marriage was concluded. He endeavored to conceal from the king the beauty of his wife, which he knew would ruin him. He succeeded for some time, but some enemies informed Edgar of the fact, and he gave Ethelwold notice that he should visit his castle, and desired an introduction to his wife. Ethelwold not daring to object, only asked permission of the king to precede him a few hours. He made use of this time to inform his wife of the deception he had used to obtain her, and entreated her to conceal a part of her attractions. Elfrida promised everything though she did not

keep her word ; she did not really feel obliged to Ethelwold for having deprived her of a crown, and knowing the power of her charms, did not despair of attaining that rank, which she had lost through the artifices of a husband. She appeared before the king, with all the magnificence and taste that could heighten her beauty, and raised at once in the heart of Edgar a most lively passion for her, and an implacable desire of vengeance toward Ethelwold. He however dissembled his emotions, and with an unruffled countenance, engaged his old favorite to a hunting party in the forest, where he killed him with his own hands, and soon after publicly married Elfrida.

NAPOLÉON AND MARIE LOUISE.

WHEN the Emperor Francis had determined upon the union between Marie Louise and Napoleon, he was not ignorant of the animosity borne by his daughter, wife, and mother-in-law (Marie Beatrix d'Este) against his intended son-in-law. He had not the courage to make the first overture to his daughter ; but charged the Countess Chanclos, governess to the princess, to use every persuasion to prepare her for a near alliance with the French emperor.

The countess, thinking she had found one evening a proper occasion for introducing this subject, informed the princess that the emperor, her father, had affianced her to the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte. No words could do justice to the princess's emotions upon hearing this disclosure ; she fell down upon the sofa, screaming, fainting,

and crying, "No, no, never will I be married to such a monster;" and she forbade the countess, once for all, ever to repeat his name in her presence.

The countess having reported to the emperor the ill-success of her overture, his wishes and feelings inclined him to undertake the matter himself. On the day and hour appointed, accompanied by his daughters, Leopoldina and Clementina, he repaired to the apartments of the princess; and with that parental affection which characterizes this sovereign, with candor and sincerity stated the necessity of such an alliance, as being the only means left to save the imperial family and the whole country from subjection, that, should she persist in her refusal, they would be obliged to abandon the empire a second time to the conqueror.

This conversation took place in a room, the windows of which opened upon the ruined walls and demolished fortifications of Vienna. Marie Louise, taking her father by the hand, led him to the view of what that devoted city had already experienced—a scene of wide-extended desolation. "Can you," said she, "give the hand of your beloved child to such a destroyer?" "True," said Francis; "but the evils which you deplore—all the misfortunes of the country, arise from the laws of war; the destructive machinations of which will begin with more fury than ever, involving the state, and all of us, perhaps, in one common ruin."

The emperor, observing the repugnance of his daughter, yet feeling the necessity of this sacrifice, besought the princess with tears, and with so much importunity, that she could no longer resist. "Be composed, my beloved father," said she, "and weep not so bitterly, my good sisters; you shall be obeyed. From this

moment I will do everything that you require of me."

It is asserted by the Countess Chanclos, who was present, that when the princess Leopoldina (then between thirteen and fourteen years of age), had seen the aversion of her eldest sister to this union, she said she would be married herself to the Emperor Napoleon, in order to deliver them all from their painful perplexity. The Emperor Francis, tenderly smiling, replied, "You are a child; you don't understand what you say."

The princess Marie Louise was then married by a proxy, who was her uncle, the Archduke Charles, to Napoleon; after which she was accompanied by the whole imperial family to Branan, the frontier town. There she was confided to the care of the queen of Naples, Napoleon's sister, and Murat's wife. Proceeding on her way through France, the Emperor Napoleon met her near Compiègne, and in the open road entered her travelling coach.

In the month of June, 1810, Count Joseph Metternich, brother to the Austrian prime-minister, and one of the chamberlains that accompanied the princess to Paris, returned to Vienna, and with other dispatches for the imperial family, was charged by the Empress Marie Louise, with an autograph letter, in German, for the old Count Edling, her quondam governor, of which the following is a translation:

"MY DEAR COUNT EDLING:

"I have received from you so many testimonies of your kind care and affection, that I feel an ardent desire to inform you by Count Joseph Metternich, of the particulars of my present situation. When I left you,

and all my friends in Vienna, I saw the good people plunged in deep sorrow, from the persuasion that I was going as a sacrifice to my new destination. I now feel it an agreeable duty to assure you, that, during three months' residence at this court, I have been, and am, the happiest woman in the world. From the first moment I saw, and met the Emperor Napoleon, my beloved husband, he has shown me on every occasion such respectful attentions, with every token of kindness and sincere friendship, that I should be unjust and ungrateful not to acknowledge his noble behavior.

"Believe not, my dear count that this is written by any order from my husband. These sentiments are dictated from my heart, nor has any one so much as read the letter.

"The emperor, who is at this moment by me, but will not know the contents, has desired me to send you, in his name, the insignia of the order of the Legion of Honor. This he had promised you, as a mark of his high esteem for you.

"Respecting your wish to visit me at Paris, my husband and I will be very glad to see and receive you, in the month of September, at the Tuileries. We shall by that time have returned from a little tour. You will then be a witness of my satisfaction, which I cannot describe to you in this letter.

"Adieu, my dear and good Count Edling. Remember me to all my beloved family and friends; tell them that I am happy, and that I thank God for this felicity. God bless and preserve you, my dear count; and believe me that I remain forever your affectionate

"MARIE LOUISE.

"Paris, June 16, 1810."

After the fall of Napoleon, Marie Louise went back to Austria and was made Duchess of Parma. She fell in love with an Austrian count, who was employed as a spy by the government. He had but one eye, and was considered one of the ugliest men in all Austria, but he possessed remarkable talents and address. Marie Louise had several children by this man. In 1847 she visited the court of Bavaria, and king Louis told me many anecdotes of her unpleasant eccentricities—such as eating with her knife, spitting on the ground, taking snuff, and many other vulgarities, which rendered the once beautiful and accomplished Marie Louise an object almost of loathing. She died I believe in 1848.



ORIGIN OF THE STUART FAMILY.

WHEN Macbeth, the tyrant of Scotland, had caused Banquo to be murdered, his son Fleance fled into Wales, and was kindly received by Gryffydd ap Llewellyn, in whose court he was entertained with the warmest affection. During this time he became enamored of Nest, the daughter of that prince, and violated the laws of honor and hospitality, by an illicit connection with her, the consequence of which was that she was delivered of a son, who was called Walter. In revenge for so foul an offence, Gryffydd ordered Fleance to be put to death, and reduced his daughter to the lowest servile situation, for having suffered herself to be dishonored by a stranger. As Walter advanced in years, he became distinguished for his valor, and an elevated mind. An angry dispute having arisen between him and one of his

companions, the circumstances of his birth were mentioned by his antagonist in terms of reproach, which so irritated the fiery spirit of Walter that he instantly killed him; and, afraid of abiding the consequences of the murder, he fled into Scotland. Upon his arrival in that kingdom, he insinuated himself among the English who were in the train of Queen Margaret, the sister of Edgar Etheling. There he soon acquired a general esteem by his wisdom and good conduct; and his abilities unfolding as they were employed in the public service, he was appointed Lord Steward of Scotland, and receiver of the revenues of the realm. From this office he and his descendants took the surname of Stuart, and from this root sprung the royal power of that name, and many illustrious families of Scotland.



ARISTOTLE IN LOVE.

THERE is a curious story extant in the old chronicles, that when the charms of a fair damsel had made Alexander pause in his career of ambition, his tutor and guardian, Aristotle, endeavored to arouse anew the spirit of the hero, by ridiculing the weakness of love; and this so far took effect as to cause Alexander to absent himself from his enchantress. She bewailed her fate for some time in solitude, and at length, when she could endure the suspense no longer, she forced her way into the presence of her lord. Her beauty again smiled away the dreams of glory from his mind, and he accused Aristotle of having caused his absence. She was enraged that the philosopher should interfere with

her happiness, and she assured Alexander that she would give him proof that Aristotle had no right to give such advice, as he was equally himself susceptible to the charms of beauty. So the next morning she repaired to the lawn before the chamber where Aristotle lay, and as she approached the casement, she broke the stillness of the air by chanting a love-ditty, the sweetness of whose wild notes charmed the philosopher from his studious page. He stole to the window, and saw a form fairer than any image of truth which even his genius had invented.

Her face was unveiled, and her long flaxen tresses strayed negligently down her neck; while her dress, like the drapery of an ancient statue, displayed the beauty of her form. She loitered about the place, on pretence of gathering a branch of a myrtle-tree, which she wound about her forehead. When she at length perceived that Aristotle eagerly watched her, she stole underneath the casement, and, in a voice checked by sighs, sang that love detained her there. Aristotle drank in the delicious sounds, and gazing again, her charms appeared more resplendent than before. Reason faintly whispered that he was not born to be loved, and that his hair was now white with age, and his forehead wrinkled with study. But the damsel carelessly passed close to his window, and in the delirium of admiration he caught the floating folds of her robe. She affected anger, and he avowed his love. She listened to his confession with an artful surprise of manner, which fanned still higher the flame of his heart; and she answered him with reproaches for having sought to draw the love of Alexander from her. In the wildness of his admiration, he swore that he would bring his pupil again at her

feet, if she would but confer some sign of favor upon himself. She feigned an intention of complying, but declared that he must first indulge her in a foolish whim, which had long distracted her fancy; and this was almost an insane wish to ride upon the back of a wise man. He was by this time so intoxicated with her beauty that he could deny her nothing. He immediately threw himself down on his hands and knees, and she at once sat upon his back, and urged him forward. They presently reached the terrace under the royal windows, and the king had a fair view of the singular spectacle. A peal of laughter from the windows awoke the philosopher to a sense of his position; and when he saw his pupil, owned that youth might well yield to love, when it had power even to break the frost of age.

FERDINAND AND ELEANOR.

FERDINAND IV., king of Portugal, for some time made war upon Castile. His excesses began to balance with his losses, when love obliged him to conclude a peace, that he might give himself wholly up to the object of his passion. This was Eleanor, the wife of Don Martin de Menezay, of Acunha. The passion of Ferdinand grew so violent, and left him so little time for reflection, that he resolved to espouse his mistress, in spite of the great obstacles that opposed it. The first of these was the *husband* of Eleanor. Ferdinand caused the object of his love to be carried off, thinking by this step that the marriage would be dissolved. Another obstacle still

more formidable, especially in the eyes of politicians, remained. By one of the articles of the peace, which was concluded with Castile, it was agreed that Ferdinand should marry a daughter of Henry, the Castilian king. The Portuguese monarch, in subscribing to this article, did not foresee that his passion for Eleanor would be so violent. To gratify it, he earnestly entreated Henry to release him from his engagement, and accompanied his request with very advantageous propositions. They were accepted, and Ferdinand in the end espoused his mistress.

This marriage excited the most alarming troubles in Portugal. The people could not, without indignation, see the family of Menezay fill the first place in the state. They revolted, and the commotion was so violent, that the king found himself obliged to leave Lisbon. Nevertheless, he took some measures which appeased the tumults, and died with the certainty that his crown would descend to Beatrix, his daughter by Eleanor.

This princess had married John, king of Castile; and as she had not yet any children, on the death of Ferdinand, her father, she was, or at least believed herself, sole heir to the crown. John, her husband, went into Portugal, to take possession of this brilliant inheritance; but love, which first gave rise to his hopes, was equally the cause of their disappointment.

Queen Eleanor, after the death of Ferdinand, lived in the most scandalous manner with John Fernandez d'An-deyso, count of Oren, her favorite. It is said also, that this indecent familiarity commenced during the life of the king, although he had sacrificed all for Eleanor. The people, who had never approved the marriage of this princess, still more irritated by the irregularity of

her conduct, were outrageous against the Count d'Oren. Don Juan, natural brother, or, according to others, natural son of Ferdinand, and grand master of a military order, had the address to profit by this circumstance.

To gain the hearts of the people, he poignarded the Count d'Oren, in the presence of the queen. This violent action received the greatest applause. Don Juan was too artful to openly avail himself of these advantages. Without appearing to act himself, he raised insurmountable obstacles to the wishes of the King of Castile, although he had himself engaged that prince to come into Portugal. His emissaries, amidst the disorders that reigned, proposed to give the regency of the kingdom to Don Juan, till the brother of Ferdinand, who was prisoner in Castile, was in situation to come and take the crown. This proposition had all the success they could hope for. In short, by imperceptible degrees, Don Juan, at the request of the people, received the crown of Portugal; and had the address to wear and to defend it.

They say that Laurent d'Acunha, who took refuge in Gallicia, wore in his hat a pair of silver horns, in testimony of his dishonor, and the intemperance of his king.



THE JUSTICE OF CATO.

TITUS FLAMINIUS, who vanquished Philip, king of Macedon, who restored liberty to the Greeks made captive by that prince, and whose reputation became so great by his gallant actions, had the mortification of see-

ing his brother, Lucius Quintius Flaminus, struck out of the list of senators without being able to reëstablish him, in spite of his power and his name. It was Cato the Censor who expelled Lucius Flaminus from the senate. He affirmed, to justify this act of severity, that Flaminus, when commanding the armies, took with him a young woman whom he passionately loved ; and that one day at a banquet, she having said that she had given up a sight of a combat of gladiators to follow him, although she had never seen a man killed, which, however, she greatly desired, Flaminus, to please his mistress, had caused a prisoner, condemned to death, to be brought and executed on the spot. Such was the crime which Cato laid to the charge of Flaminus.

Afterwards, Titus Flaminus being censor, forced Cato to declare publicly the motives of his conduct against his brother. This Cato did boldly ; and, at the same time, tendered the oath to the accused. As he kept silence, the people believed him guilty, and judged that he had merited the mark of infamy. All this irritated Titus Flaminus against Cato, and rendered him his declared enemy. However, some time after, the Romans made friends with Lucius, and forced him to sit in the public games, with the consuls.



ANCIENT FREE LOVERS.

THE Fratricilli, otherwise Fratricelles, Begnards or Begnines, heretics of the thirteenth century, in Italy, had no other object in their institution than to gratify with impunity their passions for women. They had for

their chiefs, religious apostates, who under the pretence of spirituality, led an idle, vagabond, and very disorderly life. They say that these new brethren assembled in the night; and after having sung hymns, they extinguished the candles, and took every one the woman that chance directed him to. The same reproaches have been cast upon several other heretics, and even upon Christians in the most enlightened ages of the church. The errors of the Fratricilli were prohibited by the thirteenth general council at Vienna, under the pontificate of Pope Clement V. in the year 1311. Mademoiselle Desjardin, in her *Annals of Gallantry*, thus relates the origin and motives of this heresy: "The gallantries of the age having given alarm to husbands of a suspicious turn, they increased the number of their spies, insomuch, that the commerce between the wives and their gallants was broken off.

"Several young men were much chagrined by this reform; and seeing the eclat of their avowed gallantries had occasioned the disaster, they resolved to pursue their amours more secretly. They affected to live secluded, adopted exterior mortification, and formed a new order of religion, under the name of the Fratricilli or Ferots. They were soon so revered for their apparent piety, that they were no more spoken of but as the new Anchorites.

"Some of these suspicious husbands, who were not blest with the most chaste wives, had the curiosity to visit them. Those who had experienced the most domestic chagrin, wanted most consolation. Finding the conversation of the Fratricilli very edifying, there was not one who did not hope, by their charitable remonstrances, the entire conversion of their inconstant wives.

"They hastened home to give an account of and to extol this new institution, and the ladies, regarding all pretexts of visiting as so many steps towards liberty, expressed an equal desire to see the Fratricilli. Behold the brothers then supplied with agreeable visitors, and the husbands as content as themselves; for to establish their new empire, the Fratricilli preached nothing but conjugal fidelity, the submission of women to their husbands, and a multitude of other precepts, all calculated to produce domestic tranquillity; and of great edification to heads of families. But, as what was proper to say to one, might not be agreeable to the other, they exhorted the ladies to visit them in private, to lay, as they said, the axe to the root of the trees, and effect their entire conversion. They had not great difficulty to obtain from the ladies this mark of respect; since they rather preferred to go and hear sermons than not to go out at all. The secret instructions of the Fratricilli did not appear to them so difficult to follow, as those of their ordinary directions; and so they received them with docility, and submitted without repugnance."



AGNES OF NAVARRE.

GASTON, called Phœbus III., Count of Foix and Viscount of Bearn, had married Agnes of Navarre, daughter of Philip III. king of Navarre, and of Jeanne of France. This union, like many others, was not able to obtain Agnes the heart of the prince her husband. He publicly kept a mistress, of whom he was extravagantly fond; and

this passion became so violent, that the countess, who probably dared not complain, returned to Navarre. Others pretend that the motive of her departure was to solicit from the court of Navarre the payment of a sum of money, due to Gaston ; and they add, that not having succeeded, she dared not return afterwards to her husband. Charles II., surnamed *Le Mauvais*, the brother of Agnes, then reigned in Navarre. This prince, who, as it is well known, by the blackness of his crimes dishonored human nature, was not long in rendering the already melancholy situation of the countess, his sister, still more wretched. Young Gaston, prince of Foix, desirous of bringing about a reconciliation between his father and Agnes, arrived at the court of Navarre. The king, his uncle, received him with all the exterior of tenderness and friendship ; he applauded his views, and feigning to enter into them gave the young prince a powder, which he persuaded him (could he make *Phœbus* take it) would cause his father to abandon his shameful engagements, and recall Agnes.

Gaston was virtuous, but young. He tenderly loved his mother, and sought nothing more ardently than the happiness of seeing her reunited to her husband. He had no cause to entertain suspicions of the ill designs of Charles. The latter was his uncle, he had overwhelmed him with caresses, and no opportunity had yet offered for Gaston to unveil his criminal soul. Enchanted with the remedy proposed, young Gaston hastened his return to the court of his father. He communicated his projects and hopes to a natural brother, who had been bred up with him, thinking to have interested him in the cause ; but his confidant betrayed him, and informed *Phœbus* of all he knew. The powder, of which Gaston was the

bearer, was seized, and on being analyzed, was discovered to be poison.

It is easy to conceive the astonishment and despair of the young prince, who from his simplicity and unsuspecting honesty, had nearly committed one of the greatest and most unnatural of crimes; but appearances were wholly against him. After being loaded with the most cutting reproaches, he was arrested and thrown into a close prison, where, some say, he died of grief; others, that his father was his executioner. Others again, to palliate this crime, assert that the young prince, refusing to take nourishment, Phœbus went into his prison, and holding a poignard to his throat, threatened to kill him; and, that this being done with vehemence, the poignard accidentally opened a vein, which occasioned the death of the prince.

A HUSBAND WHO SLEPT WITH ONE EYE OPEN.

IF Mécœnas, as we have said, had cause to complain of his wife, he sought to avenge himself upon others; and considering the high degree of favor in which he was, it is not surprising that he should succeed. He often went to the house of Sulpicius Galba, and he especially resorted there after dinner, the time when Galba slept, or at least appeared to do so, for an anecdote is related that proves he did not always sleep. Having one day invited Mécœnas to dinner, he fell asleep after the repast while the favorite of the prince was paying court rather too assiduously to his wife, or rather, to use the expressions of the translator of Plutarch, he rested his head

upon a cushion, as appearing to be asleep, that he might see Mecænas playing off the artillery of the eyes upon his wife. A valet, who believed that his master really slept, thought he might profit by the circumstance, and took a bottle of excellent wine. "Rascal!" said Galba to him; "do not imagine that I sleep for every one."



A LOVE-SICK KING.

WHEN the ambassadors of Poland came to inform Henry III., then duke of Anjou, of his election to the crown of Poland, and ardently to request him to show himself to the people, who expected it with impatience, Charles IX., his brother, appeared still more anxious than the Poles that he should leave the kingdom of France. He was extremely jealous of the friendship which the queen mother had for Henry, and the great reputation he enjoyed in the realm, from his quality of generalissimo of the troops, and from the victories he had gained. But the more he expressed his impatience for Henry's departure, the more the queen mother employed artifices and care to detain this son, who was her favorite. Besides, love influenced the King of Poland to stay. He adored the Princess of Condé; and, although she gave him not the least encouragement, but on the contrary, discovered the most inflexible virtue, Henry was not able to absent himself from her, because the Duke of Guise, who had married the sister of this princess, and who was very desirous of detaining Henry in the kingdom, on account of the great influence he had over his mind, flattered him with the hope of softening

his sister-in-law. Charles IX., who could not believe an amour was capable of detaining the King of Poland and who, from this delay suspected treachery, was seriously incensed against the queen mother, and at length obliged his brother to go and take possession of a kingdom, which reputation had gained him, but which he would willingly have resigned for a favor from the Princess of Condé. This passion pursued Henry into Poland, and inspired him with an unconquerable aversion to the crown he wore. Flying the world, he remained continually shut up in his closet, where he had no other consolation than in writing to France, sometimes two dozen of letters, with his own hand, and in discoursing with two or three favorites on the cause of his unhappiness.

After the death of Charles IX. Henry III. returned to France, more enamored than ever of the princess. His passion became even so ardent that he took the resolution of annulling the marriage of his mistress, on account of the heresy of her husband, and of espousing her. But this was not the intention of the queen mother, who wanted always to reign, and feared that queen, who would have possessed the heart of the king, would deprive her of her power. She could scarcely have found a resource against this misfortune, had not the death of the princess delivered her from her apprehension. Her death, which did not appear natural, nearly occasioned that of the king. When informed of it he fell back, as cold and immovable as if he had been deprived of life. It was with great difficulty he was prevailed upon to take nourishment; but it was some time before he could endure to look upon any but sad faces, and melancholy objects. He did not appear in public,

except covered with the testimonials of his grief; wearing, even upon the trimmings of his clothes, and upon the ribbons of his shoes, little death's heads.

The year that the king returned to Poland, says Brantome, there arose a quarrel between M. de Crillon and d'Entragues, two brave and valiant gentlemen, who, challenging each other, were on the point of fighting, when the king forbade them, by M. de Rambouillet, one of his captains of the guard then on duty; and commanded M. de Neves and the Marshal de Rets, to effect a reconciliation. Queen Catharine de Medicis sent for them in the evening to her chamber, and as their quarrel related to two ladies of her suite, she commanded them in a positive manner, and afterwards with all softness, to make her the arbitress of their difference; and since she had done them the honor to interfere, and since the princes, captains, etc., had failed in accommodating matters, she would have the glory of reconciling them, and make them embrace each other without any further form; and taking all upon herself, by her prudence, the subject of the dangerous quarrel, which somewhat affected the honor of those two ladies, was never known nor made public.

The league which was formed in France, under the reign of Henry III. and of which he was at last the victim, tended only to depose this prince, and to obtain the crown for the Princess of Lorraine. The Duchesse de Montpensier appeared one of the most zealous; her hatred was so violent, that she said publicly, her greatest pleasure would be to hold the head of Henry, to shave it, and make him a monk. It was she, it is said, who instigated James Clement to the horrible assassination of this prince; and it is said that this vindictive woman went so far as to grant Clement the last favor to encour-

age him. If we seek the cause of a hatred so implacable, it was, says Mezeray, because he (Henry III.) had offended this widow, by a discourse which discovered some secret defects of her person ; a more unpardonable offence in the eyes of a woman, than that which is offered to her honor.

Henry, before he ascended the throne, was distinguished in several battles ; the people were much surprised, on his return from Poland, not to recognize the same prince ; he was constantly engaged in playing with the little dogs of Boulogne, which cost him at least a hundred thousand crowns a year, and with a paroquet which he carried wherever he went.



THE POWER OF LOVE.

SHOWING HOW LOVE ALMOST PLACED THE SON OF A
JEWESS UPON THE THRONE OF ENGLAND.

THE bloody disputes which so long divided the Houses of York and Lancaster, under the name of the Red and White Rose, are well known. Henry VII., by the victory he obtained over Richard III., and by his marriage with Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV., blended in his person the rights of both houses, and put an end to the disputes. In the meanwhile, Margaret of York, Dowager of Burgundy, could not, without sensible mortification, behold the throne of England filled by a prince of the house of Lancaster. Her hatred, which was extreme, notwithstanding the accommodations that had taken place, induced her to embrace and

seek out every opportunity to annoy Henry ; nor did the ill success of the young Simnel, whom she had instigated and upheld, discourage her.

Richard III., to ascend the throne, had caused his two nephews, the sons of Edward IV., to be massacred. The Duchess of Burgundy, inspired by the hatred she had sworn to the House of Lancaster, caused a report to be circulated that one of the two princes had escaped the cruelty of his uncle ; but it was necessary to find a young man, who, by his age and countenance, might pass for the prince, and yet be possessed of an understanding capable of supporting the character. Edward IV. had been one of the handsomest and most gallant men of his time, and it is well known that his gallantry facilitated his elevation to the throne. Beauty, in whatever state he found it, made the most lively impression on him. John Osbeck, a Jew, who had embraced Christianity, had occasion to come into England. The beauty of his wife was not long before it procured him the notice and protection of Edward. The favor he enjoyed became so signal, that the prince stood god-father to the Jew's child, whom he named Peters, which, being corrupted, was afterwards called Perkin.

It was generally believed that Edward was the father of this child ; and it is said that he bore the most perfect resemblance to that prince. This young man the Dowager of Burgundy endeavored to impose upon the public for one of the sons of Edward, who had, she said, "been preserved from the barbarity of Richard, and by this means she hoped to dethrone Henry VII." It does not appertain to our subject to enter into a detail of this singular conspiracy, which shook the throne of Henry. We shall content ourselves with observing that

Perkin played his part with such address that he persuaded several persons he was really the son of Edward ; and if he had not had to struggle against a prince as wise and clear-sighted as Henry probably was, we should have seen the throne of England filled by the son of a Jewess of Tournay. After having attempted two descents into England without success, Perkin landed in Scotland, and implored the protection of James IV., who then reigned. He found his kingdom most aptly disposed to favor his designs ; the people detested the English. James, prepared by the King of France and the Duchess of Burgundy, hesitated not to acknowledge Perkin as the Duke of York, and treated him as such ; and love at length conspired still more to favor this impostor.

There was, at the court of Scotland, the young Countess of Huntley, Catherine Gordon, a relation to the king, whose beauty, virtue, and wealth excited the desires of the greatest noblemen of the realm. Till then insensible to the vows that were offered at her shrine, she was struck with the agreeable person and manners of Perkin. The same dart which made an impression on the heart of this young beauty, equally inflamed that of the false prince ; he even forgot, during some time, his interests, so wholly engrossed was he by his passion, and he was so happy as not to sigh long in vain. The king, who penetrated into the sentiments of the lovers, delayed not to favor them ; the Earl of Huntley thought himself too much honored by an alliance with one who was shortly to be king of England ; and the marriage was soon after concluded.

Perkin, in possession of a treasure of grace and beauty, added to his party all the family of his wife, and the king found himself obliged to enter more

warmly into the interests of a man who was now allied to him.

These promising appearances, after all, ended in a few hostile incursions into England. James, undeceived by the ambassadors of Henry, made a truce with that prince, and obliged Perkin to leave his kingdom. He embarked for Ireland, and returned from there into the province of Cornwall, where the people revolted in his favor. Supported by a troop without discipline and without arms, he was struck with a panic on the sight of the numerous and warlike army which Henry opposed to him. Forgetful of the character he was to support, he ignominiously fled from the field, and took refuge in an asylum, from whence he was drawn upon promise of his life. The countess, his wife, who accompanied him, was arrested, and both were conducted to Henry. That prince, it is said, became enamored of the young countess. What gave rise to this opinion was that he treated her with all the respect due to her birth, although she was the wife of a man who had attempted to dethrone him; nor was he ever able to resolve upon sending her back to Scotland, which it seemed he ought to have done. It is believed also that this passion contributed to the death of Perkin, at least as much as political interest.

This impostor having made a public confession, in which he discovered his birth and intrigues, was imprisoned in the Tower; but the desire of liberty made him form some projects to regain it. This cause, or that we have just spoken of, determined Henry to take his life, and he was hung at Tyburn in the year 1499. Two years after, Henry, upon the marriage of one of his daughters to the king of Scotland, had a fine opportu-

nity of sending back the widow of Perkin, but he did not do it, which confirmed the suspicions that he entertained a passion for her.



JEALOUSY OF PRINCESS JANE.

PHILIP, son of the Emperor Maximilian I., married Jane, daughter of Ferdinand the catholic, and of Isabella. This princess tenderly loved Philip, but could not entirely fix his heart. The discoveries she unfortunately made of the infidelities of this prince, whom she adored, rendered her unhappy during the rest of her days.

In a voyage which Philip made into Spain, he left Jane there, and returned alone into the Low Countries. The queen, soon after, finding she was not able to support the absence of her husband, resolved to rejoin him, and absolutely departed for that purpose in the depth of winter. What was her astonishment, to find in Philip only coldness and indifference. Some courtiers were so indiscreet as to inform her that her husband was captivated by the charms of a lady, whom they named; adding, that he particularly admired the beauty of her hair. Jane resolved to see her; and, giving herself up to all the fury of the most violent jealousy, caused her first to be shaved, and afterwards, to destroy, as much as she was able that beauty which caused her chagrin, scarified her face. Philip, enraged at this violence, had no longer any consideration for the princess; he treated her with contempt, even in public, loaded her with the most cutting reproaches; and was long before he would either speak to or even see her.

Ferdinand and Isabella being informed of this affair, fell sick with grief, and Isabella died. In her will she endeavored to revenge herself upon her son-in-law, by nominating the Arch Duchess Jane sole governor of her states; and in case she was not able, or refused to undertake the charge, she willed that Ferdinand, her father, should take upon him the government of the realm.

Philip, it is true, found means to render this clause, so injurious to himself, useless; he went into Castile, where he was received with open arms, but soon after died. Jane was so inconsolable for the loss of this prince, who, in spite of his inconstancy, she tenderly loved, that she went out of her mind, and was confined in a tower, where she passed her time in running after cats. She lived to an extreme age, not dying till the year 1555. It is known that she was the mother of Charles V.



THE BEAUTIFUL SLAVE ABABA.

JESID II., Caliph of the Saracens, who succeeded his cousin Omar, towards the year 721, passionately loved one of his slaves, named Ababa. Being at play with her one day, he threw something into her mouth which strangled her. The caliph, abandoning himself to the deepest despair, continually uttered the name of his dear Ababa; he caused her corpse to be transported into his apartment, and notwithstanding the noisome smell, and the horror of such a spectacle, consented only, upon the remonstrances and prayers of his brother, to have it interred. His grief, instead of diminishing, became

more violent. Constantly engaged with the idea of an object he had so tenderly cherished, he had the corpse of Ababa dug up, and was so struck to behold in that horrid state a face formerly so charming, that he went out of his mind, and died a few days after.



A POETICAL DON QUIXOTE.

THE strangest of all the gallants of the middle ages, was a gifted poet by the name of Peter Vidal, who might be justly called the Don Quixote of the troubadours. It was the custom of almost every rich and noble family of those days to have a troubadour within the castle, and almost every fine lady had her own poet and troubadour to sing her charms. Vidal was adopted by a powerful and noble lord, named Barral. Adelaide, the wife of the viscount, was young and very beautiful, and of course Vidal was bound to fall in love with her. Barral, far from being jealous, granted him the freest access to the society of his wife—gave him arms and habits like his own, and amused himself with the follies his wife's love had inspired. The viscountess, whose praises he sang, joined in this pastime, and pretended to be in love with Vidal. One day when she was sleeping alone, Vidal stole softly to her couch, and kneeling down by her side, gave her a kiss. Adelaide awakening, took him at first for her husband, his dress being exactly the same, but instantly perceiving her mistake, she cried out with all her might. Her women, who were in the next room, ran immediately to her assistance, and our poet made a precipitate retreat. The viscountess sent immediately

for her husband, and entreated he would revenge himself on the insolence of Vidal. But he only laughed and scolded his wife for making such a noise about a kiss. But the poet found it necessary to fly from the wrath of his beloved, and he embarked for Genoa, where he wrote a song expressing his regret for leaving Provence, beginning with this paragraph: "O how delicious is the air that blows from France! So dearly do I love that charming country, that when I only hear it named, I am ready to swoon for joy! I groan in exile for my fair one! Why was not I on my guard against so lovely a creature! But her heart to me is that of a lioness. This determines me on a pilgrimage; for here I languish, and I die."

Agreeably to this resolution he followed Richard I., king of England, into Palestine, where his deeds were those of a madman. But poor Vidal could never rest till he had assurance that he was forgiven by the viscountess whom he so much loved. She promised to pardon him, and her husband presenting the culprit poet to her, said, "You must, now you have forgiven him, give him that kiss which he attempted to steal." But this she would not do; and in a short time he so far forgot her as to become completely mad with love for a beautiful lady called Louve de Penantier. He caused himself to be called *loup*, or wolf, in honor of her, and engaged himself to submit to all the perils of being hunted in a wolf's skin for her sake. In this disguise the shepherds with their mastiffs and greyhounds drove him into the mountains, nor would he allow the dogs to be called off till he was nearly dead. The lady and her husband took care of his cure, but they ridiculed his folly. Nor were these all the extravagances of this poet.

On the death of his *Lord Raimond* he gave unheard of proofs of affliction; he dressed himself in the deepest mourning, cut off the ears and tails of his horses, cropt his own hair, let his beard and his nails grow to an immoderate length, and required all his servants to do the same.

Alphonso, king of Aragon, came into Provence with a numerous retinue when Vidal was in this plight. The king and his barons who really loved Vidal, besought him to resume his gaiety and dissipate his grief by a song. He harkened to the request of the king, and the monarch gave the poet the same habits he wore himself, which was the highest compliment royalty could bestow.



THE STORY OF LOTHARIO.

LOTHARIO II. was the son of Lothario I., emperor and grandson of Louis le Debonnaire. He had, as his patrimonial estate, the provinces to which were given the title of Lorraine. This prince married Theutberge, sister of Hubert, duke of a part of Burgundy. Soon after, he conceived the most violent passion for Waldrade, and retired with her into Alsace, to his castle of Morleim, where he had by her a son named Hugues. Theutberge, seeing herself despised, forgotten, and even in fear of her life, took refuge with her brother in Burgundy.

Upon this, to gloss over his proceedings against the princess, with an appearance of justice, Lothario had her accused of a criminal commerce with her brother,

before marriage. The unfortunate Theutberge, conscious of her innocence, to manifest it offered to submit to the proof of boiling water; and as her dignity dispensed with her undergoing this trial herself, the person who was substituted in her place drew forth his hand uninjured. This prodigy (which was even then considered one) made the deepest impression upon the people, already vehemently incensed at the scandal which Lothario had spread. The prince himself appeared to be affected; he recalled Theutberge, and gave Waldrade an abbey to console her.

Absence, which is sometimes an excellent remedy for love, served only to increase the passion of Lothario, and, determined to satisfy it without control, he, by dint of ill treatment and menaces, made Theutberge declare before the archbishops of Cologne and Trèves, and two abbots, that she was really guilty of the crime of which she had been accused. In consequence of this confession, it was decided in two councils, held at Aix-la-Chapelle, and at Metz, that the marriage of Theutberge was null, and that the king was at liberty so take another wife. It will be supposed that it was not long before he availed himself of this permission. He soon after publicly married Waldrade. In the meanwhile, Theutberge, whom fear had influenced to make an avowal which dishonored her, found means to escape to France; where she appealed to Pope Nicholas I. from all the proceedings had against her. This pontiff, delighted with an opportunity to augment the power of the Holy See, held a council, in which he deposed the archbishops of Trèves and Cologne, and set aside the acts of the assembly at Metz. These proceedings did not in the least diminish the passion of Lothario, who still kept his mistress. A

short time after, however, fearing the menaces of an excommunication, he recalled Theutberge, sent back her rival, and promised to have no further connection with her. He had promised more than he was able to perform; for his mistress, who had escaped from the hands of the legate, who had carried her in triumph to Rome, regained her empire, and the queen again saved herself in France.

This unfortunate princess, wearied with combating so many attacks, being informed that they were preparing to accuse her of adultery, and suspecting that they would easily find false witnesses to attest this calumny, wrote to the Pope requesting permission to be separated from Lothario, and to go and finish her days at Rome. Nicholas was inflexible; he refused to yield to the entreaties of Theutberge, excommunicated Waldrade, and threatened Lothario. This prince, knowing well the effect which might be produced by an excommunication, and fearing that Charles le Chauve, king of France, and Louis, king of Germany, his brothers, would profit by the occasion to seize upon his states, to prevent this inconvenience, had an interview with King Louis, and engaged him in his interests.

Adrian II., who succeeded Nicholas, appeared at first rather more favorable to Lothario. It is true he refused Theutberge, who was at Rome, the separation she asked, and even sent her back into Lorraine; but he revoked the excommunication of Waldrade, being assured by the emperor that she was reformed. Lothario then, to put an end to a dispute which had continued so long, took the resolution of going to Rome to justify himself. There, at a mass, which the pope celebrated, he took the communion, and in that moment, it is said, promised with an oath to have no further commerce with Wal-

drade. It is added, that this oath not being more sincere than the rest, he returned, filled with impatience to meet his lover, and fell sick at Plaisance, where he died.

SINGULAR AMBITION OF A MISTRESS.

A PERSIAN officer, discontented with his situation, went into the Indies; entered the service of Jehanguir, the great Mogul, and became general of his armies. He had now reason to be satisfied with his fortune, if sated ambition could have bounded his desires. This Persian was so imprudent as to aid and favor a conspiracy formed against his master, at the head of which was Koufrow, the eldest son of the great Mogul. The prince was so happy as to discover the conspiracy. The general was thrown into prison, waiting till he should undergo the punishment his guilt merited. His wife and daughter threw themselves at the foot of the throne to solicit his pardon, when Jehanguir was so charmed with the beauty of the daughter, that he granted her request, and made her his favorite. It appears that she had as much address as beauty; soon perceiving the ascendancy she had gained over the king, she made use of it to satisfy her ambition in a very singular manner. She obtained permission of Jehanguir to exercise the royal authority during four and twenty hours. Being previously prepared for this moment, and the masters of the mint being in her secret, she caused, during the short space of her reign, two millions of gold and silver rupees to be struck; every piece bore on one side the figure of one of the twelve signs of the zodiac; and on

the other, the name of Jehanguir, with that of Nourmahal, the name of the princess. We might easily bear with the weaknesses of kings, if their favorites had no other ambition than that of Nourmahal. This was in 1620.

THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS.

THE late Emperor Nicholas was one of the most gallant monarchs of modern times, in the new sense of that word. But there was the real old spirit of gallantry in his blood. His marriage with the charming princess of Prussia had a pleasant piece of gallantry in it. It is customary when a monarch is to be married to have the whole affair arranged by the courts of the marrying parties. But not so with Nicholas. He determined to pick out his own wife, and he went rambling about among the courts of Europe in search of a woman who had those peculiar personal charms which could captivate his heart. At last he found such a one in the person of the young and beautiful princess of Prussia. At her father's court he tarried long enough to become well acquainted with her qualities of mind and heart; and one day at dinner, he rolled a small ring in a piece of bread, and handed it to the princess, saying to her in an under tone, "if you will accept my hand put this ring on your finger." And that is the way he popped the question. She took no time to deliberate, in the fashion of cunning prudes, but suffered her heart to tell the truth at once, and instantly put the ring on her finger. Nicholas was one of the finest looking men I ever saw

and at the time of his marriage, he and his spouse were considered the handsomest couple in Europe.

Notwithstanding the innumerable little gallantries of Nicholas, he was always kind, attentive and affectionate to his wife ; and she had the wisdom and amiability never to annoy him with any of the reproaches of jealousy.

In 1830 she lost her beauty by a most singular freak of nature occasioned by a fright she received at the moment when the emperor rushed into the presence of the infuriated mob that sought his life, and commanded them to "down on their knees" before him.

It was after this that Nicholas fell in love with the young and beautiful Nelhydoff, one of the maids of honor to the empress. The empress, though perfectly aware of this affair, always treated Nelhydoff with the greatest respect in public. This love affair was terminated only by the death of Nicholas, but it did not prevent him from numerous other intrigues.



LOVES OF HENRY II.

ELEANOR of Guyenne, who was divorced from Louis VII., king of France, married Henry II., king of England, less scrupulous than the French monarch. If he had not reason to reproach Eleanor with the same frailty that Louis had, he was not more happy; the queen was haughty, imperious, and above all, extremely jealous. Henry, whom interest, more than love, had determined upon this marriage, loved a young person of singular beauty, and to this advantage she joined a soft and

amiable disposition, and a refined and cultivated understanding. Her name was Clifford, to which her charms had added "Rosamond, or the wonder of the world." The king, to avert the fury of Eleanor, caused a palace to be built for her at Woodstock, in the form of a labyrinth; the apartments of which were impenetrable to those who were not perfectly acquainted with the windings. But in spite of these precautions, Eleanor discovered the apartment of the charming Clifford, and, after having loaded her with the most cruel reproaches, with her own hand she presented her a cup of poison, which she had purposely prepared, and made her drink it; reserving to herself the barbarous pleasure of seeing her expire. The tomb of this unfortunate beauty, says an author, is to be seen in the monastery of Oxen with this Latin inscription :

*"Hoc jacet in tumulo Rosa Mundi, non Rosa Munda,
Non redolet, sed olet, quæ redolere solet."*

The same author adds that it is believed that this epitaph was the work of Eleanor.

It was the jealousy of this princess which caused so great a division in the family of Henry. Tormented by this restless passion, she imparted her grievances to Geoffrey and Richard, her two sons. Having softened them by her tears and caresses, she excited their ambition, by persuading them they ought already to insist upon the king's ceding to them some part of his vast dominions; and in making them believe that their father was so infatuated with the charms of some beautiful woman, that he had formed the design of disinheriting them, to advance his natural sons. These young princes thus seduced by the caresses and tears of their mother,

withdrew into France, where they were certain of finding a support, and where Eleanor had promised to join them. This was in reality her intention; but she was arrested under the disguise she had taken, and imprisoned, by order of the king. To increase the disorder which reigned in the royal family, Henry imprudently demonstrated that he was desperately in love with Alix, sister of Philip Augustus, king of France, who was bred up in England till she was of an age to espouse prince Richard his son. The king refused to conclude this marriage, as he was himself captivated with the young princess. Some historians also declare, that she gave certain proofs of her frailty, by the birth of a son she had by Henry. However, Richard made this a pretence to take up arms against his father. This revolt, supported by the king of France, was unfortunately too successful; Henry died of grief.



K I N G J O H N .

JOHN, son of Henry II., king of England, succeeded to the crown after the death of Richard, his brother. He advantageously concluded a war with France—a war the more dangerous as Philip Augustus, king of France, appeared only to take up arms in support of the rights of Arthur, duke of Brittany, the nephew of John, who had more legitimate pretensions than his uncle to the crown of England. By this peace, John was in a situation to enjoy the greatest tranquillity! but love plunged him in an abyss of misfortunes.

This prince had become desperately in love with *Isabella*, daughter of *Aimon Taillefer*, Count of *Angoulême*. His passion should have been extinguished by the insurmountable obstacles which opposed it. He had married the heiress of the house of *Gloucester*, and his wife still lived. *Isabella*, the object of his love, was herself married to *Hugues le Brun*, Count de la *Marche*. It is true that his tender age had not yet permitted the consummation of their nuptials, but in awaiting it, they had already put her into the hands of the count, her husband. *John*, although passionately in love, could not reasonably hope to surmount all these difficulties; but his passion would acknowledge no obstacles. So he persuaded the Count of *Angoulême* to convey his daughter from the count, her husband; and he himself divorced the queen, upon some frivolous pretences, and married *Isabella*, without deigning to trouble himself either with the menaces of the pope, who stormed against such presumption, or with the just resentment of the Count de la *Marche*, who soon found the means to punish his powerful and audacious rival.

In short, this lord, and the Count d'Ev, his brother, excited a revolt in *Poitou* and *Normandy*. *John*, who was in want of his barons to quell these troubles, found in them the greatest resistance, having rendered himself odious in the eyes of the people. To all this was added *Arthur*, who renewed his pretensions, and was supported by the King of *France*. The murder of this young prince but increased the enemies of *John*, who was the author of it. Surrounded and embarrassed on every side, the King of *England* was obliged to humble himself before his barons, by granting them that famous charter, which, in the end, occasioned such civil

wars. At length he threw himself into the arms of the court of Rome, who made him purchase its protection by forcing him to submit to humiliations most unworthy of majesty; among other things he had to declare himself vassal to the pope, who was then Innocent III. The English barons, disdaining the meanness of John, gave the crown to Louis VIII., son of Philip Augustus.

The detail of all these events would exceed the bounds we have prescribed ourselves. We shall only observe, that after the death of John, Isabella, his widow, married the Count de la Marche, her first husband. This was in 1253.



I L D I B A D .

VITIGES had been elected king of the Goths, in Italy, in room of Theodat, whom he had massacred; he was not able himself to resist Belisarius, and was conducted to Constantinople by that famous general. The Goths, who had not the least idea of giving up their liberty, immediately offered their crown to Uraias, nephew of Vitiges, and, upon his refusal, gave it to Ildibad, who accepted it. The wife of Uraias, illustrious by her birth and beauty, accompanied with a magnificent suite, and superbly habited, one day showed a public contempt for the wife of Ildibad, who entered the bath dressed with great simplicity. The wife of the king, not being able to overlook the affront she had received, made the most bitter complaints to her husband, and influenced him so much by her tears and caresses, that she **revailed**

on him to destroy Uraias, under pretence that he held some intelligence with the enemy.

This murder was quickly revenged. One of Ildibad's guards, named Vilas, was passionately in love with a certain young woman, and upon the point of marrying her, when the king, perhaps without design, gave her to another, during the absence of Vilas. This officer, desperate on his return to find his intended in the arms of a rival, resolved, in the blood of the emperor, to wash away the affront he had received. He availed himself of a day when the prince gave a great feast, and killed him while he was putting his hand on his plate.



A GALLANT TROUBADOUR.

THE author of the life of Petrarch relates an interesting story of the unsuccessful love of Richard de Barbesien, a poet and troubadour of no mean genius, who fell in love with a rich baroness, who was the wife of Geoffroi de Tours. She received the poet's professions with pride, as there was nothing she wished for so much as to be celebrated by a poet of his genius; but as he soon discovered that this was her only object in encouraging his passion, he complained bitterly of her rigor, and finally quitted her for another lady, who after encouraging him, expressed the greatest disdain for his caprice. "Go," said she, "you are unworthy of any woman's love. You are the falsest man in the world, to abandon a lady so lovely, so amiable. Go, since you have forsaken her, you will forsake any other."

The poet took her advice, and returned and sought

the grace of Madame Tours again, but she scornfully refused him, and in the rage of his disappointment he composed the following invective against women. "To seek for fidelity in women is to seek for holy things among the carcasses of dead and putrid dogs—to confide in them is the confidence of the dove in the kite. If they have no children, they bestow a supposed offspring, that they may inherit the dowery, which belongs only to mothers. What you love the most, their art will cause you to hate; and when they have filled up the measure of their iniquity, they laugh at their disorders and justify their guilt."

Overwhelmed with despair, our troubadour retired into a wood, where he built himself a cottage, resolving never more to appear in the world unless he could be restored to the favor of Madame de Tours. All the knights of the country were touched with his fate. When two years had elapsed they came and besought him to abandon his retreat, but he remained firm to his first resolution. At last all the knights and ladies assembled, and went to beseech Madame Tours to have pity for him; but she answered that she would never grant this request till a hundred ladies and a hundred knights, who were truly in love, came to her with hands joined, and knees bent, to solicit the pardon of Barbesien. On this condition she promised to forgive him. This news restored hope to the poet, and gave vent to his griefs in a poem, which began with this paragraph:

"As an elephant who is overthrown cannot be raised up till a number of elephants rouse him by their cries, so neither should I have been relieved from my distress, if these loyal lovers had not obtained my grace, by beseeching it of her who alone can bestow felicity."

The ladies and knights assembled according to the number prescribed; they went to intercede for this unfortunate lover, and they obtained for him the pardon promised. But Madame de Tours died soon after; and her troubadour, not being able to live in a country which called to his mind the sufferings he had undergone, and the loss of his beloved mistress, withdrew into Spain, where he ended his days.



THE DUKE OF IRELAND.

THE Duke of Ireland, first minister and favorite of Richard, King of England, by chance only obtained this desirable post. Fortune, by whom he had been so highly favored, procured him a wife beyond all his expectations; this was Philippa de Coucy, daughter of M. de Coucy, the first nobleman of France, and of Isabella, daughter of King Edward, and in consequence niece to Richard. To this illustrious birth Philippa united an immense portion, and a virtue which rendered her the admiration of all England. Such was the situation of the Duke of Ireland, when love overturned the brilliant edifice, which blind fortune had raised. This favorite, forgetting what he owed to the merits of his illustrious wife, became enamored of a German lady, maid of honor to the Queen of England; and his passion grew so violent, that to satisfy it he resolved to divorce his wife. The king had the weakness to approve the unworthy proceedings of his favorite, and they seized the pretext of consanguinity, to have the first marriage annulled at Rome; after which the duke espoused his mistress. His

mother, the Countess of Agneuffoot, detesting his unjust conduct, resolved to entertain the divorced wife of her son; and the English lords, who already hated the duke, profited by this circumstance to declare against him. They raised troops, and placed at their head the dukes of York and Gloucester, the king's uncles. The Duke of Ireland, vanquished near Oxford by the rebels, had no other resource than in flight. Richard, a short time after, found himself obliged to abandon his ministers to the parliament, who perpetually banished them, and confiscated their estates. The Duke of Ireland retired into France, where he was at first well received, on the recommendation of Richard; and where he made a great figure with the riches he had preserved from the wreck of his fortune. Insensibly his wealth was dissipated; the house of Coucy proceeded against him, and gave him so much trouble, that he retired into Brabant, where he died a short time after, in obscurity and contempt, in 1389.



THE LOVES OF LOUIS XIV.

WE may refer to the beautiful and gentle-minded Madame de la Valière, who really loved the man, and not the sovereign, in Louis XIV. When the death of the son she had by that king was announced, she said: "Alas! I have less reason to be grieved for his death than for his birth."

Many years before this accomplished lady died, she retired into a convent, and while there she wrote a devotional treatise entitled "Reflections upon the Mercy of God."

The eloquent Bossuet preached a sermon upon her taking the veil, at which were present Louis the Fourteenth's queen and all the court. The text was peculiar, especially for Louis' queen, to hear: "And he that sat upon the throne said, I will renew all things."

A celebrated picture of the Magdalen, painted by Le Brun for the convent in which Madame de la Valière resided, was for a long time supposed to be a portrait of this beautiful and sincere penitent.

Madame de Maintenon, another lady of Louis XIV., was not less beautiful and intellectually accomplished. She must have been very beautiful. The Abbé de Chisy dedicated his translation of Thomas-à-Kempis to her, with this motto from the Psalms: "Hear, my daughter, and see and incline thine ear, and the king shall desire thy beauty."

This gifted lady once made this confession to her niece: "I was naturally ambitious. I fought against that passion. I really thought I should be happy when that ambition was gratified. That ambition only lasted three days."

Her influence upon the king was always refining and beneficent. One day she asked him for some alms. "Alas! madam," replied the prince, "what I give in alms are merely fresh burdens upon my people. The more I give away, the more I must take from them." "This, sire, is true," replied Madame de Maintenon; "but it is right to ease the wants of those whom your former taxes, to supply the expenses of your wars and of your buildings, have reduced to misery. It is truly just that those who have been ruined by you, should be supported by you."

This lady survived the king several years, and the

Regent Duke of Orleans took care that the pension left for her by the king should be regularly paid to her.

When Peter the Great visited Paris, he was very desirous of seeing Madame de Maintenon. She was very infirm and in bed when he visited her. He drew aside the curtains, to look at that face which had captivated her sovereign. A blush came into her pale and withered cheek, and the czar retired.

Such were the ladies upon whom the gallant Louis XIV. bestowed his love. If we must regard them as fallen, we are compelled to look upon them at least as beautiful flowers growing in a morass.



H A R P A L U S .

HARPALUS, the Macedonian, was exiled and disgraced by Philip, King of Macedon, for espousing the part of the young Prince Alexander. On the death of Philip, Harpalus was recalled, and impatiently expected to receive a recompense proportionable to the disgrace with which his zeal for the young prince had overwhelmed him. His hopes were not disappointed. He successively held the governments of Celicia and Babylon. Harpalus did not possess sufficient strength of mind to bear his elevation with temperance; on the contrary, he gave the rein to his passions, which he suffered to hurry him into the greatest excesses. He sent for a celebrated beauty from Athens, named Pithione, for whose sake he entered into prodigious expenses. On the death of this woman, whom he perfectly adored, he erected to her memory at Babylon and before Athens two of the most superb monu-

ments in all Greece. This folly was succeeded by another; Glycera, a famous flirt, took the place of Pithi-one in his affections, and brought an additional increase to his expense and prodigality; to support which, this perfidious governor grievously oppressed the people confided to his care. He thought he might do this with the greater security, as he was persuaded Alexander would never return to the Indies. The approach of that prince was, however, to his confusion, announced, and at the same time, the exemplary punishment of particular governors was publicly threatened. Harpalus, foreseeing his danger, fled with a part of the royal treasure; and not content with this perfidy, endeavored (but without success) to persuade the Athenians to revolt from Alexander. Harpalus was at length murdered by one of his friends; an end worthy the man, who, abusing the public trust, thought that the blood of the people intrusted to his care might be spilt with impunity to support his intemperance and boundless profusion.

MISS AMBROSE.

THE vice-regal administration of Lord Chesterfield in Ireland was distinguished in many respects beyond that of any other viceroy who had preceded him. As a judge and patron of learning, his parties were always attended by men of letters, and the castle drawing-rooms were enlivened with a constellation of beauties.

Miss Ambrose was universally allowed to be the brightest star in that constellation. She was a Roman Catholic, and descended from one of the oldest families

in the kingdom. Her charms and vivacity (which were always tempered with modesty and prudence), furnished his lordship with many opportunities of complimenting both, with a delicacy peculiar to a nobleman of his refined taste and wit. On the first day of July, the Protestants of Ireland wore orange lilies, in commemoration of the battle of the Boyne, which was fought on that day, and which was a grand gala at court. On one of these occasions, Miss Ambrose appeared with an orange lily in her bosom, which immediately caught the viceroy's eye, and called forth the following extemporary lines:

"Say, lovely traitor, where's the jest
Of wearing orange on thy breast;
When that same breast uncover'd shows
The whiteness of the rebel rose?"

A few days afterwards, a delegation from the ancient town of Drogheda waited on his lordship with the freedom of their corporation in a gold box. Miss Ambrose happened to be present: as the box was of the finest workmanship, she jocosely requested that his lordship would give it to her. "Madam," said he, "you have too much of my freedom already." Lord Chesterfield used to say, in allusion to the power of beauty, that she was the only dangerous papist in Ireland.

Encircled by a crowd of admirers, in the heyday of her bloom, she had the good sense to prefer the hand of a plain worthy baronet (Sir Roger Palmer) to all the wealth and titles that were at her feet. The marriage of this lady was announced in one of the Dublin prints in these words:

"The celebrated Miss Ambrose, of this kingdom, has,

to the much-envied happiness of *one*, and the grief of *thousands*, abdicated her maiden empire of beauty, and retreated to the temple of Hymen."

THE INTRIGUES OF QUEEN ELEANOR.

LOUIS VII. king of France, had married Eleanor, or Aleinor, daughter and heiress of William IX. duke of Guyenne, so that this princess brought her husband beauty, (being one of the handsomest women of the realm), and two fine provinces, Guyenne and Poitou. Unfortunately, Eleanor was not prudent, and excited in Louis his too sensible passion of jealousy. This prince, going into Palestine, took the queen with him, and on her return, says a historian, dissolved his marriage with her. The divorce was effected under pretext of consanguinity, but in truth to punish her for a suspected intimacy with a Turk, in the East, and other misconduct, too public not to cause scandal, and merit punishment. This was she, according to an author of the annals of gallantry, who charmed Saladin, chief of the Saracen army, and having declared to him that she could not believe his protestations of passion, unless delivered in her own tongue, forced the great warrior, by a surprising effort of love, to learn the French language in fifteen days. Brantome says: "I must observe of our queen Eleanor, duchess of Guyenne, who accompanied her husband to the holy war, to exercise herself in horsemanship, and the manners of war, that she neglected the care of her honor among the Saracens, for

which the king divorced her." Another historian pretends that Louis, having arrived at Antioch, was earnestly pressed by Raimond de Poitiers, paternal-uncle of the queen to assist him in driving out the Turks, who encompassed him, and that Eleanor joined her earnest entreaties through some other motive than the interest of her uncle. He avers that this princess had become enamored of a young Turk, lately baptized by the name of Saladin, and could not bear the thoughts of a separation from him. She was desirous that while the king marched against the enemies of her uncle, he would leave her at Antioch. The king, suspecting her motive, obliged her to leave the city by night, and take the route to Jerusalem. Father Daniel is the only one who does not mention Saladin, but maintains that it was prince Raimond, her uncle, who was the favored one, and "that the king on this subject had more than suspicions." "It is surprising," continued he, "that a queen of France should come so far and encounter so many dangers for devotion's sake, thus to dishonor herself and her husband." Louis was obliged to use artifice to remove the queen from Antioch, the design of Raimond being to oblige the king to leave the princess while he went to encounter the infidels. It is certain, however, that it was the misconduct of Eleanor that forced Louis to divorce her, an arrangement which was agreeable to the queen, as she did not love her husband. While at Antioch she told Raimond, in ridiculing Louis, that she had not married a king, but a monk. The greatest misfortune in this divorce was, that the king had so little policy, as to return to her the two provinces she had brought him in dower. Men of honor were surprised to see Henry espouse this princess, whose licen

tiousness was so public. By this marriage, which was consummated a few months after the divorce, two fine provinces passed into the hands of the enemy of France, and it was this, probably, that determined Henry to overlook these great blemishes in the character of Eleanor. If we believe Mezery, this princess preferred Henry because he was young, ardent and handsome. The same historian adds, "this woman, deeply skilled in every kind of wickedness, lived more than eighty years, occasioned a war which lasted more than sixty, and engendered a hatred between France and England which continued for more than three centuries," so that with justice might be applied to her, what the Greek poet says of the wife of Menelaus, "that for a woman, they suffered the calamities of sword and fire, not ten years, but four hundred."

JACQUELINE OF BAVARIA.

THE death of Henry V., King of England, the usurper of the crown of France, did not procure to the dauphin the advantage he hoped. The Duke of Bedford, brother of Henry, and nominated regent of France, was possessed of abilities to secure, and even to augment, the glorious conquests of the English. The dauphin, who immediately took upon him the title of King of France, under the name of Charles VII., saw himself confined to a few provinces, without troops, and without money to raise them, not having even sufficient to support his household, and in expectation of the moment that should expel him from the kingdom, which legitimately belonged to him.

Love furnished him with the original means of extricating himself from this alarming situation.

Jacqueline, Countess of Hainault and of Holland, widow of John, Dauphin of France, had espoused in her second marriage John, Duke of Brabant, cousin of Philip, Duke of Burgundy. Inclination had not been consulted in this union; the princess also conceived, soon after her marriage, the most sovereign contempt for her husband; and to be able with greater ease to solicit a divorce from the court of Rome, she went into England. Her beauty and her wealth made the most lively impression on the Duke of Gloucester, uncle to young Henry VI., King of England; and as he had no great difficulty to inspire the countess with the same passion, these two lovers married, after having obtained a dispensation from the anti-Pope Bennet XIII., but without having consulted the Duke of Burgundy; this happened in the moment when Charles VII. found himself without resources after the battle of Verneuil. It was of the greatest importance for the English, in their present situation, to secure to their party the Duke of Burgundy, the declared enemy of France, and especially of Charles VII., and who had resolved to sacrifice his country to the pleasure of revenging the death of his father. The Duke of Gloucester deranged these projects, the English troops in Flanders and Hanault being of necessity employed against the Duke of Burgundy, who was extremely irritated by the marriage of Jacqueline. During this transaction, Charles had time to breathe, and was able to adopt the means of his safety; matters were apparently accommodated between the English and the Duke of Burgundy by means of a bull from the pope, which annulled the last marriage of Jacqueline, and by the

marriage of the Duke of Gloucester with Eleanor Cobham, his mistress; but though this affair terminated to the satisfaction of Philip, it left an impression of disgust upon his mind, excited the most extreme jealousy against the English, and opened his eyes to his true interests. As his hatred against Charles had alone thrown him into the power of that monarch's enemies, this passion was counterbalanced by another of the same species, which became at length more powerful, and by degrees reunited him to his own family, and recalled the attachment he owed his country.

Several years, however, elapsed before the Duke of Burgundy resolved to break his league with the English; he grew less ardent in supporting them, and reflected that in following the impulse of his vengeance, he had ruined his country, without deriving from thence any other advantage than that of rendering himself subject to more imperious rulers; for the English, since the death of Henry V. had not treated this prince with their former deference; but in spite of the coolness which existed between the Duke of Bedford and Philip, the latter still refused to listen to any proposition on the part of Charles VII. Love, which had already contributed to give a favorable turn to the reflections of the Duke of Burgundy, brought them at length to the wished for termination. The Duke of Bedford had espoused the sister of Philip; after the death of that princess he became enamored of Jacqueline de Luxembourg, daughter of Count de Saint Pol, a relation of the Duke of Burgundy, and his first vassal. It was natural, and prudent also, to have apprised this prince of the projected alliance; but love, and the impatience of the Duke of Bedford, made him fear some delay and opposition from the duke. The

lady was seventeen years of age, sprightly, beautiful and gracious. The marriage was celebrated without the Duke of Burgundy being informed of it, which mark of neglect irritated him to the highest degree, and was followed by the treaty of Aarras.

J O H N I.

DURING the melancholy state of Charles VI., King of France, the government was the prey of the factions excited by the Duke of Orleans and the Duke of Burgundy; they reigned, each in his turn, as their party was more or less strong. These divisions were attended with the most fatal consequences, since the Duke of Orleans was assassinated in the Rue Barbette, by order of the Duke of Burgundy; and the latter carried his hatred and vengeance so far as to deliver the kingdom up to the English. If we believe Brantome, and many historians much more worthy of credit, the assassination of the Duke of Orleans, which was near ruining the kingdom, had no other cause or pretence than love. It is thus Brantome recounts the fact: Duke Louis, of Orleans, once publicly vaunted at a banquet, at which Duke John of Burgundy, his cousin, was present, that he had in his cabinet portraits of the most beautiful women who had granted him favors; by a fortuitous event, Duke John one day entered this closet, and the first whom he saw portrayed was the noble lady his wife, in those times spoken of as very beautiful. She was called Margaret, and was the daughter of Albert of Bavaria, Count of Hainault, Holland and Zealand. What was the astonish-

ment of this good husband ! Conceive all that he said, and all that he felt. He concealed this mortal sting to his honor, and coloring his vengeance with the quarrel for the regency and administration of the realm, he caused the Duke of Orleans to be assassinated at the gate Baudet, at Paris, his wife dying before, it is thought, by poison.

It is said that the Duke of Burgundy employed for this assassination people whose interests were the same as his own. It is known that the famous John, Count de Dunois, natural son of the Duke of Orleans, had for his mother Mary d'Enghien, a woman of illustrious birth, who had married Aubert de Cany, Chevalier Picard, and Chamberlain of the duke. To this Aubert de Cany, who resolved to revenge himself for the dishonor which had been done him by the duke his master, John I. joined Ralph d'Ognetonville, who easily came into the views of John, because the Duke of Orleans had dishonored him.

Other authors say, that the Duke of Burgundy first began to perceive the passion of the Duke of Orleans for his wife, by a song which this prince had made, in which he praises *black hair*, of which color was the duchess'. It is added that this princess complained herself to her husband, that the Duke of Orleans, having met her at a ball, apart from the company, had dared to make indecent proposals to her, and had even attempted to use some violence.

A modern historian says, that the death of the Duke of Orleans was at once the crime of jealousy and ambition. The Duke of Orleans, gallant and indiscreet, reckoned publicly among his conquests the Duchess of Burgundy.

Another gallantry, still more public, of Louis, Duke of Orleans, did not a little contribute to his ruin. Isabella of Bavaria, Queen of France, giving herself up to the most unbounded luxury and extreme dissipation, especially since the melancholy situation of Charles VI., her husband, had conceived a passion for the Duke of Orleans, her brother-in-law, the most amiable prince of his time, and at the same time the least scrupulous in his moral character. This connection soon became so public, that the people murmured loudly. The injurious reports that were spread upon the birth of Charles VII., and the scorn with which the queen was treated during her life, and after her death, prove the sentiments that were entertained about her conduct. However, this princess, to whom Charles VI. had granted absolute authority on account of his frequent relapses, vigorously supported the Duke of Orleans, and always influenced the council in his favor. The Duke of Burgundy, incensed at his credit, and irritated at the mortifications he had several times endured, could devise no other means of freeing himself from so formidable a rival than that of assassination. It was in returning one night from the queen's house, where the Duke of Orleans went every night, that he was killed in the Rue Barbette. One of the chief accusations against this prince, and which were brought forward to justify the Duke of Burgundy, in the harangue which Dr. Petit had the boldness to pronounce before all the court, was adultery.

If the suspicions of the public upon the criminal connection of the queen with the Duke of Orleans were well founded, we may judge the chagrin of Isabella at the assassination of her lover. After the peace of Bourges, settled between the Orleanese and the Burgundians,

a peace which was formally sworn by the princes at Auxerre, the queen, who had been for a long time at Mulen, repaired to Paris.

THE BEAUTIFUL ELGIVA.

EDWY was no more than sixteen or seventeen years of age when he succeeded Edred, his uncle, in the kingdom of England. It was unfortunately at an age when the passion of love is felt with most intensity, as the young prince experienced it in a most severe manner. There was at the court a princess of royal blood, named Elgiva. Her youth and beauty made the most lively impression on the susceptible heart of Edwy, but a considerable obstacle opposed itself to the happiness of the two lovers; and this was the degree of relationship existing between them. Besides the ministers who opposed it, the prelates of the realm absolutely refused their consent. Edwy, being a monarch, young and passionately in love, waived all these considerations, and married Elgiva, but suffered greatly in compensation for the happiness of wedlock. The famous Saint Dunstan, who had been absolute minister under Edred, and who had acquired over the clergy and monks the greatest authority, resolved to avenge the injury done the church by Edwy. Whether it was that this prince would not listen to any representations, or that the saint did not think it expedient to employ gentler means, he used the utmost severity. On the day of the coronation, the young prince, ever absorbed by his passion, secretly withdrew

from the assembly to seek his beloved Elgiva. Saint Dunstan, who observed this motive of the king's absence, accompanied by Odon, Archbishop of Canterbury, forcibly entered the king's apartment, tore him from the arms of his wife, and overwhelming him with the bitterest reproaches, forced him to return to the assembly of nobles. It must be allowed that this was rather too violent a proceeding on the part of this saint. Edwy thought so, and believed he had a right to punish the boldness of a subject, who had so essentially offended him. Dunstan was requested to render an account of the finances he had directed under the reign of Edred. This account was probably examined with too scrupulous an eye, abuses and misdemeanors were discovered, and the saint was banished the realm. This exile drew upon Edwy the hatred of the clergy and monks, which he felt with the greatest severity. The queen was the first victim. Torn from the palace by a troop of soldiers, by order of the Archbishop of Canterbury, she was carried to Ireland, after having her face burnt with a hot iron, to destroy that beauty which was the cause of all the troubles. Nevertheless the princess succeeded in healing her wounds so effectually, that no trace of them could be perceived. She was hastening into England, to rejoin her husband, when she was seized upon by Odon, who, to end all disputes, had the cruelty to cut her ham-strings, and she died a few days after. The unfortunate Edwy, though king, was forced to devour his grief in silence, so great was the veneration in those times of the people for the ecclesiastics. It might be supposed that the death of Elgiva would have appeased the king's enemies, but Dunstan was still in exile, and his partisans resolved to avenge him in a most signal manner. The people,

incited by the monks, revolted, placed the crown upon the head of Edgar, the youngest of Edwy's brothers, and drove their lawful monarch from the throne. This revolt was approved and canonized by Saint Dunstan, who then returned to England, and declared loudly for Edgar. Edwy, banished, excommunicated and persecuted with the greatest severity, died, and left Edgar in the quiet possession of a kingdom which fanaticism had gained him.

QUEEN ISABELLA'S PASSION.

EDWARD II., king of England, was noted for his weakness of character, and his misfortunes. Incapable of governing, he selected favorites, and chose those who were disliked by the people and nobles. Gaveston, his first favorite, perished on the scaffold. Hugh Spenser, who succeeded him, occasioned the most alarming troubles. In the midst of tumult, Edward, threatened with a war with France, where Charles le Bel reigned, resolved to send to that prince his sister Isabella, queen of England, to adjust the difficulties. It was during the sojourn of this princess in France, that love formed the famous conspiracy which deprived Edward both of his throne and life. Among the number of exiled barons to the court of France, was the young Roger Mortimer, of Wales. Obligated to submit with others of his rank to the king, and condemned to death, a punishment afterwards changed to perpetual imprisonment, he had fortunately escaped to France, and there finding one of the greatest noblemen of the fallen party, he at last obtained

permission to pay his court to Isabella. This princess was soon captivated by the fascinating young Mortimer, who, making still greater progress in her affections each day, at length overcame every sentiment of honor and fidelity due to her husband. Detesting a prince she had now injured, and never loved, she entered into the conspiracy with Mortimer, determined on the ruin of the king and his favorite. Edward was informed of the scandalous connection between the queen and Mortimer, and endeavored to recall her to England, and even employed the mediation of the pope. The people, who mortally hated the favorite and despised the king, declared openly for the queen. Spenser ended his life, as Gaveston had done, on the scaffold. Edward, himself, a wandering fugitive, was arrested and imprisoned in Kenilworth Castle. Soon after, Elizabeth called the parliament together, and after demonstrating to them that the king was incapable of governing, they solemnly deposed him, and set young Edward upon the throne. The misfortunes of the king did not end here, and the English already began to lament his fate. The scandalous conduct of the queen and Mortimer opened the eyes of the nation to the unjust proceedings of these two lovers. Mortimer, who perceived it, gave orders to those who had charge of the king to destroy him, and they were too ready to execute this command. They seized Edward, and put him to death by thrusting a heated iron through his entrails. Thus perished Edward II., the victim of his own weakness, and still more of the infamous passion of the queen for Mortimer. That nobleman, during some time experienced the smiles of fortune, but they did not continue long after the infamy of the queen was unravelled. He was arrested in the

queen's chamber, and in spite of her tears and entreaties, was hung, drawn and quartered. The queen was deprived of her authority, and confined in the castle of Kesing.

O T H O .

THE house of Meran, illustrious both for its origin and power, became extinct through a woman. Otho, duke of Meran, became enamored of the wife of his steward, who was of the house of Hagar. This connection, which soon became public, displeased the husband, who probably would have preferred his honor to his fortune, if the honor of a man always depends on the weakness and caprice of a wife. However, this master of the household, given up to all the fury of jealousy, assassinated his master, whom he found in the bath with his wife. The duke was the last of his family.

E U R I P I D E S .

EURIPIDES, the tragic-poet, has left a reputation which will never be forgotten. He was the rival of Sophocles, both champions worthy to dispute for victory. In the tragedies of Euripedes, we find many sarcasms launched against the fair sex, by which he merited the title of an enemy to women. It is suspected that he had good reasons for treating us so ill. Some believe that his austerity and indifference was the cause of it, while

others maintain that he sought to revenge himself on women, by whom he had suffered. It is certain that having married one named Chærina, he was obliged to divorce her on account of her misconduct. This first misfortune did not prove a warning to him, for he ventured upon taking a second wife, who proved as bad as the former. It is said that one of his comedians was suspected of being on too intimate terms with her, and Euripides was convinced that his case was a hopeless one. This last misfortune, drew upon him the ridicule of the comic poets, and he was obliged to leave Athens. It remains to be determined, and Euripides could alone inform us, whether his domestic troubles were balanced by his celebrity as a poet.



OGNA SANCHÁ.

OGNA SANCHÁ, Countess of Castile, when a widow, had the weakness to listen to the sighs and vows of a Moorish prince. Abandoned to an ardent and impetuous passion, she resolved to satisfy it at the price of all that should have been dear to her. Her religion did not interfere, and the countess fully believed that she could easily convert her lover, when he became her husband. This first obstacle being surmounted, there still remained another more formidable. Oгна Sancha had an only son, named Sancho Garcia, who was the lawful heir of the Count of Castile. What hope was there that he would tamely behold the union his mother projected? Despairing of success, she was induced to poi-

son her son. The young prince being informed of it, when some wine, which he knew to be poisoned, was one day offered him at table, dissembled, and begged the countess, as a mark of respect, to drink first. Ogna, sensible that her crime was discovered, and despairing of obtaining forgiveness, drank all that was in the cup, and died a short time after. From this, it is said, originated the custom in Castile for the woman to drink first. Don Sancho Garcia, to expiate the crime to which he had been accessory, founded a monastery, to which he gave the name of Ogna, and desired to be interred there. These were the great penances of the age.

TIBERIUS NERO.

TIBERIUS NERO, grandson of Appius Claudius, the blind, married Livia, the daughter of Livius Drusus Claudianus, and had two children by her, of whom the eldest is the subject of the following article. Tiberius was of Cæsar's party. After the death of that great man, he was uncertain as to which cause he ought to espouse, and at length ranked himself on the side of the triumvirate. To make his court to Augustus, who was enamored of Livia, he gave her up to him; whether voluntarily or from necessity, we are uncertain, as authors vary on this point. Three months after, a son was born to Livia, and it was publicly believed that this child, who was named Claudius Drusus Nero, was the child of Augustus. Livia, in becoming the wife of Augustus, obtained over him the most absolute dominion. A short time previously, she had been pursued while with Tibe-

rius, her husband, by the soldiers of Augustus, during the war excited by Fulvia, the wife of Antony, and it was one of the most fortunate chances that Livia escaped death.

THE LOVES OF EDWARD IV

RICHARD NEVILLE, Earl of Warwick, had dethroned Henry VI., King of England, to place the crown upon the head of the Duke of York, who took the name of Edward IV. By this revolution, the party of the Red Rose, which was that of the House of Lancaster, was overcome by the White Rose, who held for the Duke of York, and nothing appeared to threaten the quiet of the new king. He was sensible that he was indebted for his success to the Earl of Warwick, and to testify his gratitude, empowered him to negotiate his marriage with Bonne de Savoie, sister to the Queen of France. The conditions were agreed to, and required only the signature of the king; but love overthrew all. The king went to hunt near Grafton, and had called at Lord Rivers, to pay his compliments to his wife. She had her daughter with her, the widow of Sir John Grey, killed in the service of Henry VI., at the second battle of St. Albans, and had lost part of her effects in the confiscation of those of her husband. The young widow, seeing so favorable an opportunity to recover what she had lost, took occasion during this visit to solicit the king, and obtained her request. The king also felt entitled to ask a favor. "I do not esteem myself enough," replied the widow, "to believe myself worthy to be your queen, neither do I de-

grade myself so low as to become your mistress. I can only love a husband, and since that cannot be, rest satisfied that I honor you as my king, and look up to you with all the gratitude due a benefactor." She only inflamed his passion by her endeavors to subdue it, and he resolved to marry her in spite of every effort the Duchess of York, his mother, made to dissuade him from it. They represented to him the impediments, but these only increased his passion, and he at length espoused Lady Gray. From this moment, having no other will but that of the queen, this prince left her absolute mistress of all honors and preferments. The Earl of Warwick was no sooner apprised of the change that had been effected by love, than he imagined they designed to make him the laughing-stock of all Europe. He abandoned himself to the most violent rage, and thought of nothing but revenge for the affront that had been put upon him. Another motive, it is said, stimulated him—namely, the king had injured a lady of his family. Taking advantage of the discontent of the English at the marriage of Edward, the earl resolved to drive him from the throne on which he had placed him. He soon engaged in his cause the Duke of Clarence, the king's brother, by dazzling him with the lustre of a crown. He had less trouble to win him as he was his son-in-law. But he committed a great error, which destroyed all his measures. He gave one of his daughters in marriage to the Prince of Wales, son of Henry VI. In the meantime the rebellion in the north of England broke out. Edward's generals having been vanquished, the insurgents caused the Earl of Rivers and John Woodville to be given up to them at Grafton, and there these gentlemen perished on the scaffold. A short time after, Edward was himself made

prisoner. The war appeared then almost at an end, but the dethroned king made his escape from his prison, and put himself at the head of his troops. Warwick and the Duke of Clarence withdrew into France. There they found Margaret d'Anjou, wife of the unfortunate Henry VI., who was then soliciting favor for her cause. Their common misfortunes having united them, they returned to England with the assistance which Louis XI. had granted them. The friends of Warwick had prepared everything so well, that at the commencement of the invasion, Edward found himself deserted by his own troops, and glad to escape. He repaired to Lynne, where he found vessels that transported him to Holland, with the Duke of Gloucester, his brother. Warwick, now master of the kingdom, repaired to London, took Henry VI. from prison, and restored to him a crown he had previously taken from him. This unexpected good fortune for this unhappy king was not however of long duration. The Earl of Warwick was deceived doubtless by the Earl of Clarence, who could not see without indignation the marriage of his sister-in-law with the Prince of Wales. Edward, assured of success, passed into England with the small succors he had received from the Duke of Burgundy. He met with no opposition, the gates of London were opened to him without any bloodshed; and his brother, the Duke of Clarence, united with him, adding twelve thousand men to his forces. A battle fought between St. Albans and London, in which both Warwick and his brother were killed, decided the difference. There still remained a large party against Edward, headed by the Prince of Wales and Margaret d'Anjou, his mother. Edward, in a battle with them at Tewksbury, gained a complete vic-

tory; in which action, it is said, the Prince of Wales perished.

Philip de Comines pretends that love opened to Edward the gates of London. He says that the wives of the richest citizens, with whom Edward had been connected, gained over to his interests their husbands and relatives. The Widow Gray, who caused all these revolutions, was herself the offspring of love. Jaqueline of Luxembourg, her mother, after the death of her first husband, the Duke of Bedford, sacrificed her pride to affection, and married Sir Richard Woodville, a private gentleman, afterwards created Lord Rivers, and it was from this alliance resulted the charming Elizabeth, who espoused Sir John Gray, of Groty, and who, as much through her beauty as address, ascended the throne. It is singular, that although this princess had quietly enjoyed her title of queen, and that she had by Edward children whose legitimacy none appeared to doubt; yet after the death of her husband, the ambitious Duke of Gloucester determined to usurp the crown at any price, tried to establish a certain fact, "That Edward, before he married Lady Gray, had become enamored of Eleanor Talbot, daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury, but finding her so virtuous, he was obliged to consent to a clandestine marriage, performed by Stillington, bishop of Bath, without any witnesses, who had disclosed the secret." From this the duke inferred that the children of Edward and Elizabeth Gray were illegitimate. However, the two sons of Edward were sacrificed to the ambition of the Duke of Gloucester, who ascended the throne under the name of Richard III. This prince, to prove his right to the crown, was not ashamed to assert and support that his mother, the Duchess of York, led a most

licentious life, that Edward IV. was the son of the unlawful amours of that princess, and that he himself was the son of the Duke of York, which he endeavored to prove by the perfect resemblance he bore to his father. This cruel prince next resolved on the overthrow of Lord Hastings, one of the principal noblemen of the realm, who would not enter into his criminal views, and had him massacred, under pretence that he had conceived a passion for Jane Shore, who had been the mistress of Edward, and that this woman used magic against him the Duke of Gloucester. It is true that Lord Hastings loved Jane Shore, and also that she was weak enough to yield to the ardent desires of Edward, whom few could resist; but she had atoned for this fault by all the other virtues that can render a woman charming. Notwithstanding the high position of her accuser, she could only be condemned for her intrigue with Edward.



THE LOVES OF THE DUKE OF YORK.

AFTER the Duke of York, brother of Charles II., king of England, and whose misfortunes are well known, had publicly declared his marriage with Miss Hyde, a marriage of which love had formed the first bands, he allowed himself to yield a little to his natural inconstancy. He took the first mistress that he found ready to his purpose. This was the Lady Carnegny, who had the love of many others. She was still handsome, and her natural good nature would not suffer her new lover to languish long in vain. All went on well for some time, while Lord Carnegny, her husband, was still in Scotland;

but his father dying suddenly, he returned with the title of Southesk, which his wife hated, but bore it more patiently than his return. He had some intimation of the honor that had been done him during his absence. He would not at first yield to jealousy, but to convince himself of the truth, closely watched his wife. In the meanwhile, Talbot returned from Portugal, and without knowing who lady Southesk was, learned that his master was in love with her. He sometimes accompanied the duke on his visits to her, for a blind. He was presented, and after the usual compliments passed, withdrew into an ante-chamber. The window of the room looked into the street, and Talbot seated himself, to watch the passengers. He was thus placed as a sentinel, and was very attentive to his instructions, when he perceived a coach drive up to the door without any concern, and presently he saw a man alight who came up the stairs. This proved to be lord Southesk, who was not aware of his guests at home, and was much surprised to see Talbot quietly seated in his wife's ante-chamber. Talbot had not seen him since his return from Flanders, and not knowing that he had changed his title, by succession, thus accosted him: "Ah! good morrow, Carnegny; good morrow; fat pig. Where hast thou been that I have not seen thee since we met at Brussels? What dost thou here? hast thou, too, designs upon the Southesk? If that is the case, my poor friend, thou must change thy quarters, for the duke of York is in love with the lady, and is even now with her." Southesk, completely confounded, reëntered his carriage, and Talbot, charmed with the adventure, was impatient to repeat it to the duke. He was, however, much surprised to find that the history had nothing in it so pleasant to

the parties concerned, and was more chagrined that the fact of Carnegny having changed his name, served to draw from him the secret he had imparted.



N A I V A I L L E S .

THE Duke and Duchess de Naivailles, were indebted for their brilliant fortune to the Cardinal Mazarin. The duke had the government of Havre de Grace and the lieutenancy of the light horse, while the duchess was lady of honor to the queen, and enjoyed the esteem and friendship of that princess and the queen mother. An infant destroyed all this greatness, and the moment of destruction was hastened by love. Louis XIV., a short time after his marriage, became enamored of Mademoiselle de la Valliere, and as he found her scrupulously virtuous, he turned his affections to Mademoiselle de la Motte, another lady of honor, for whom his passion became very ardent. Madame de Naivailles, who had the inspection over the ladies of honor, thought it a grievous offence to overlook the intrigue of Mademoiselle de la Motte. She at first spoke to the king, and entreated him to overcome his passion; but finding this did not succeed, she employed more effectual means, and caused bars of iron to be put to the doors and windows of the apartment. This conduct displeased the king, and the Countess de Soissons, a former favorite of the king, incensed him more against the Duchess de Naivailles. To all these causes of discontent was added the jealousy of the queen, who was persuaded that the duchess was the cause of the king's infidelity. Louis XIV. at length

triumphed over the virtue of Mademoiselle de la Valliere, disgraced the Duke and Duchess de Naivailles, and banished them from court. If we are to believe Voltaire, the Duke and Duchess de Naivailles were ruined by the treachery of the Marquis Vardes, who after being the confident of the amours of the king and Mademoiselle de la Valliere, united himself with the Count de Guiche, and the Countess de Soissons, to ruin this favorite. They caused a counterfeit letter to fall into the hands of the queen, written in the name of the King of Spain, her father, by which they informed her of things that could not but trouble her repose. The marquis added to this perfidy, by causing suspicions to fall upon the Duke and Duchess de Naivailles. Their innocence was fully proved, but too late to repair the mischief.

LOVE THE FOUNDER OF ROME.

PROCUS, who succeeded Aventinus in the kingdom of Alba, had two sons, Numitor and Amulius. Numitor was declared successor to the throne, but his brother, more politic and bold, seized upon the sceptre. He granted Numitor one only favor, that of passing his days in an obscure retreat. Egistus, the son of this unfortunate prince, was killed while hunting. Rhea Sylvia, his sister, alone was spared; but in sparing her life, Amulius consecrated her from infancy to the worship of the goddess Vesta. While Amulius was enjoying in tranquillity the empire he had secured, love was preparing to baffle his prudence. Those who were con-

secrated to the service of Vesta were obliged with great care to preserve their virtue, but this was not sufficient to extinguish love. Restraint, on the contrary, awakened and heightened it. Rhea Sylvia, by her birth, thought she might with less impunity infringe the severe laws of the goddess she served. As she went to a fountain to draw water necessary for the sacrifices, a man, disguised in the military habit, surprised the vestal. The historians who loved the marvellous, assert that this lover was the god Mars, while others assure us that Amulius was himself desirous of an amour with his niece. It is more probable that Rhea Sylvia had a lover, and to obtain an opportunity of conversing with him without constraint, had appointed a rendezvous at the fountain where she went to draw water. However it may be, there were born from this rencontre, twins, Remus and Romulus. It is known that Amulius, informed of the condition of his niece and little inclined to credit the story about the god Mars, condemned Rhea Sylvia to death, and the fruits of her mis-step to be thrown into the Tiber. It is written that the daughter of Amulius obtained the pardon of Rhea, and that the twins, inclosed in a wooden box, were preserved and fostered by the wife of Numitor's shepherd, whose memory was held sacred at Rome. Chance having informed Remus and Romulus of their birth, they dethroned Amulius, put him to death and restored to Numitor his rightful crown. It is also said, that these two princes, followed by a numerous colony, attempted and finished the celebrated city of Rome. Thus the capital of the world and of the Catholic religion is entirely indebted to love for its establishment. It is useless to speak of the death of Remus, killed either by order of his brother, or

without his knowledge. He perished either in the battle raised by Faustus his foster-father, or by the hands of one Fabius.

This was before Christ 758.



MONTMORENCY.

FRANCIS DE MONTMORENCY, eldest son of the high constable, Anne de Montmorency, fell desperately in love with Jane de Halluin, lady of Pienne, and maid of honor to Catherine de Medicis. She was distinguished for her birth, beauty, and virtue. If she is accused of any weakness, it was after her lover had assured her of promises of marriage, with oaths that he would rather lose his life than break his word. The ambition of the high constable destroyed these pleasing engagements. Diana, of France, natural daughter of Henry II., having lost her husband, the Duke de Castro, the high constable persuaded the king to consent to the marriage of this beautiful widow with his eldest son; but the promise made to Mademoiselle Pienne was an insurmountable obstacle. Henry II. caused the most pressing instances to be made at Rome, to declare this promise null. It is added, that Francis de Montmorency, forgetting his oaths, visited Rome himself to insure his success. The pope, Paul IV., had particular reasons for opposing this union—for he had projected an alliance between one of his nephews and the Duchess de Castro. The high constable, seeing his arguments were useless, left the pope, and caused an edict to be published against clandestine marriages. This was some-

thing gained ; but it still remained to secure the lady. Confined in a convent, by the order of the king, she lamented her weakness, and bewailed the infidelity of her lover. Persecuted on all sides, she at last gave a renunciation of the promise of marriage, and her perfidious lover, without opposition, married Diana. Several years after, during the reign of Henry III., Francis de Montmorency and the Marshal de Coffé were arrested and imprisoned in the Bastile, where they remained a year and a half. They would not have been liberated then had not monsieur, the king's brother, positively exacted it. This, at least, seems the apparent cause of their liberation ; but if we believe Brantome, they were indebted to love. This author says, that but for Madame de Montmorency, the wife of the prisoner, solely beloved by the king, a process would have been commenced against the marshal, as soon as the monarch returned from Poland ; for it is said there existed proofs against him. If this is true, we may easily conceive the obligations that Montmorency must have felt under to a wife who had rendered him so great a service.



THE LOVES OF XERXES.

ON the return of Xerxes, King of Persia, from his unfortunate expedition against the Greeks, this prince, who had been obliged to make his escape, after having carried three hundred thousand men against a handful of Greeks, remained for some time in Sardis. Love made him in this city forget his misfortunes, but caused him new ones. Mastites, brother of the king, had a wife whose graces and

beauty could not fail of inspiring a great passion. Xerxes became desperately in love, and without reflecting that she was the wife of his brother, he employed all possible means to possess her. The virtue of this princess was equal to her beauty, and, sincerely attached to her husband, did not suffer her to be dazzled by the promises of the king or intimidated by his threats :—she remained firm in her duty. Xerxes, thinking to subdue her by honors, married her daughter Attainta to Darius, his eldest son, heir to the throne. The wife of Mastites, was sensible of this mark of favor, and expressed the most lively gratitude ; but her virtue did not permit her to entertain any sentiments more tender for the king. Xerxes, despairing of success, transplanted his affections to the young Attainta, who had married his son, and found her less virtuous than her mother. On the arrival of the king at Luze, Queen Amestris presented him with a superb robe, the work of her own hands. The prince appeared before Attainta with this rich present, and in the transports of love, promised her whatever she should demand. She replied that she bounded her wishes to the robe of the king. Xerxes, knowing the consequences of this present, warmly remonstrated with his mistress ; but in vain, she persisted, and the king had the weakness to grant her request. Soon after this, Attainta appeared before all the court with this robe, a shining triumph for a young woman ; but the imprudent princess was ignorant of the misfortune that would result from it. Amestris, who had only suspected, was now fully persuaded of the happiness of her rival. The jealous queen believed that the mother of Attainta was the author of this intrigue, and it was upon this innocent woman that she vented her revenge and fury. The birthday of the king

was a solemn festival, when the prince was obliged to grant the queen all she asked. Amestris waited till this day for her vengeance, and then required Xerxes to give up to her the wife of Mastites. The king, who well knew the motive, and the innocence of this woman, refused. Amestris wept and threatened, and Xerxes, at last won by this beautiful woman, complied. As soon as the queen had this innocent victim in her power, she caused to be cut off, her breasts, tongue, nose, ears and lips, and in that dreadful situation sent her home. Mastites, who adored his wife, abandoned himself to despair on seeing the cruel treatment she had received, and assembled his family and all who belonged to him, and hastened to Bactrian, where he was governor, to raise an army and revenge with blood the injury he had sustained. The king, informed of his brother's flight, overtook him with a detachment of cavalry, and massacred him and all his people.



FRANCIS I.

BRANTOME, after having said that Francis was the first who caused the frequent visits of ladies at court, and after having commented upon the advantages and inconveniences resulting from it, says: "For my part I conclude, not from having seen the splendid court of that great king, but from those that have followed, that nothing could have been better conceived than the introduction of ladies at court."

Francis I. himself, who was one of the most gallant kings of France, said that the ladies rendered the gentlemen of his court more valiant than their swords. This

prince, however, carried his fondness for women too far, as he acknowledged himself. If they made him valiant, they were also the cause of his misfortunes. He at length made himself master of Milan, which had cost the French so much blood. The high-constable of Bourbon had for some time enjoyed the government of that duchy. The Marshal de Lautrec was his successor. Although he owed his place to the recommendation of Madame de Chateaubriant, his sister, the mistress of Francis I., he had perhaps done honor to this choice had it not been for the intrigues of the court occasioned by Love. The Duchess d'Angoulême, mother of the king, who took upon herself the government of the realm, did not without grief, behold the ardent passion her son entertained for Madame de Chateaubriant. She feared losing her own power and authority, by the ascendancy that this woman had over the mind of Francis. To remove and at the same time ruin so dangerous a rival, she thought she must reduce the marshal to the cruel necessity of seeing Milan again in the possession of the enemy, being persuaded that the loss of a state, the conquest of which had been so flattering to Francis I., would necessarily hasten the fall of the marshal and his sister. In giving M. de Lautrec the government of the Milanese, considerable sums had been promised him for the payment of his troops. The Duchess d'Angoulême detained this money. Lautrec was no longer master of his army, especially of the Swiss. They forced him to come to battle with these words: "Money, a discharge, or battle." He was conquered, and the Milanese fell again into the hands of the enemies of France. Thus far the project of the Duchess d'Angoulême, had all the success she could hope for, but she was not able to prevent Lautrec

from justifying himself, and from proving that the four hundred thousand crowns which he had been promised had not been remitted. Francis I. resolved to fathom this mystery, and in effect discovered that M. de Samblencay, superintendent of the finances, had not sent the money. In vain Samblencay endeavored to excuse himself by saying he had given the four hundred thousand crowns to the Duchess d'Angoulême, but as he was not able to produce the receipts he was said to have had from that princess, he was condemned to die. Love, it is said, deprived him of the means of justifying himself. Gentil, his head clerk, had restored these receipts to the Duchess, at the request of one of her women, with whom the clerk was in love, and who exacted that sacrifice. This Gentil experienced the same fate as his master, and was hung a few years after. Others attribute the hatred of the Duchess d'Angoulême toward Lautrec, to some raileries, which the latter had suffered to escape him, upon the amours of the princess.

We have said elsewhere, that the dissensions of the court, and of his mistresses, obliged the king to go into Italy, to re-conquer the Milanese. Thence followed the battle of Pavia, and the imprisonment of Francis. While the prince besieged Pavia, Antoine de Leve, who commanded there, defended himself with invincible courage. The high-constable of Bourbon, whom love and women had rendered a traitor to his country, sought to render an essential service to the emperor, his new master, by raising at his own expense a troop of lansquenets, to join the imperial army. To execute this project, it was necessary to have money, and of this the Duke of Bourbon was in absolute want, and without credit. The desire of revenging himself on his country, together

with his courage, surmounted these obstacles, and he repaired to the duke of Savoy. This prince, brother to the Duchess d'Angoulême, had always been attached to the French. It was he who, in 1515, opened a route across the Alps, and whose zeal was not yet cooled. It was, nevertheless, this same Duke of Savoy, who secretly lent the Duke of Bourbon jewels and money, with which he raised twelve thousand lansquenets, who greatly contributed to the famous victory which the imperialists obtained before Pavia, in which Francis I., after having achieved all that could be attempted by a hero, was made prisoner. This change in the Duke of Savoy was the work of a woman. This prince, three years before, had married Beatrice of Portugal, sister of Isabella, who a short time after was made empress. It was to please his new wife, that the Duke of Savoy, forgetting his old engagements and his friendship for his sister, inclined to the side of the imperialists.

On his return from Spain, where Charles V. had been detained too long, Francis became enamored of Mademoiselle de Heilly, who was afterwards Duchess d'Estempas, forgetting Madame de Chateaubriant, his former mistress.

The duchess very soon obtained such an ascendancy over the mind of the king, that she forced him to demand the jewels he had given Madame de Chateaubriant, which were more valuable for the elegance of their devices than for their intrinsic worth. Madame de Chateaubriant told the king's messenger, that she could not immediately obey him as she was ill, but in three days she would return all. During this interval, she caused all the gold that surrounded the jewels to be melted, by which means the devices were lost. She then sent the

ingots. "Take these," she said, to the king, "and tell him that since it is his pleasure to recall what he had so liberally given me, I restore them in ingots of gold. As for the devices, I have so well imprinted and arranged them in my thoughts and I hold them so dear, that I cannot permit any one to dispose of or take pleasure in them but myself." The king then felt, that his fondness for his new mistress, had caused him to act improperly. He returned the ingots to Madame de Chateaubriant, informing her, that the devices being lost, he cared little for the rest. The Duchess d'Estampes very soon influenced matters more interesting to the kingdom. The emperor and Henry VIII., king of England, formed the scheme of making themselves masters of the kingdom of France. How great soever this project was, they would perhaps have been able to accomplish it, at least in part, if the two confederate princes had acted in concert, and had not amused themselves each on his side, with besieging towns, instead of marching straight to Paris. Charles V., who had penetrated some way into the kingdom, on a sudden, found himself without provisions, or the hope of procuring any, but the intrigues of two women saved him. The Duchess d'Estampes, desirous of procuring herself a safe retreat after the death of Francis, against the hatred of Diana de Poitiers, favorite of the Dauphin, caused the French magazines to be surrendered to the emperor, upon a promise from that prince to give his daughter or his niece in marriage to the Duke of Orleans, an enemy or at least rival to the Dauphin his brother, and the duchess's friend.

The emperor, who in many instances was apt to promise, but slow to remember, had no sooner obtained provisions for his army, than he marched toward

Paris; but soon after he was in want of a fresh supply, and a retreat became very dangerous, by the clever manœuvres of the French army. The Duchess d'Estampes, making use of the ascendancy she had over the mind of the king, a second time preserved Charles V. by prevailing on the king to conclude a peace, which was signed at Crespy, in spite of the dauphin and his partisans, who protested loudly against this, by which all was sacrificed for the aggrandizement of the Duke of Orleans, without other assurance than the bare word of the emperor. It is certain that the Duchess d'Estampes maintained correspondences with the emperor, and advertised him of the resolutions of the council and the army. She also used treason. The emperor was near seeing his army defeated before Saint Dazier, which he for a long time besieged, when the Count de Sancerre, governor of that city, received a letter, with the signature of the Duke of Guise, governor of the province, which counselled him to surrender, taking from him all hope of relief. In consequence of this, he capitulated. It was afterwards discovered that this letter was not from the Duke of Guise, but from Granville, minister of the emperor, who obtained the duke's signature through means of the Duchess d'Estampes.

Historians in general have been at some pains to form an eulogium on the high-constable Anne de Montmorency. If we reproach him with severity, we must still admire his superior military abilities—a virtue sometimes a little austere, but worthy a Cato. It was more especially under Francis I., that this celebrated man appeared with the greatest eclat, whether in the army or the ministry. The recompense of all his services was disgrace, for Francis dismissed him from court and the

administration. We will not discuss farther the different sentiments of historians upon the motives of this disgrace. Almost all agree that two women were the cause, the Duchess d'Estampes and Diana de Poitiers. The first saw with sensible mortification, that Diana became the favorite of the dauphin, that she ridiculed her age, and insulted her beauty. These two women mortally hated each other, and this hatred extended to the partisans of each. The high-constable showed perhaps too great a preference to Diana. He was singularly attached to the dauphin, and that prince regarded the constable as his father and counsellor. The king, who was displeased with those who showed too great an attachment to his son, irritated by his mistress, took a dislike to Montmorency and disgraced him. Admiral Brien Chabot met the same fate. His haughtiness was the apparent cause of his misfortune. Francis had him arrested and tried, and he was condemned to pay a fine of fifteen hundred and fifty thousand livres, and to endure perpetual banishment. It is true this judgment was not put in force, that the innocence of the admiral was fully acknowledged, and the king himself endeavored to efface from his mind the remembrance of his disgrace. But the stroke was given, and Chabot died of grief a few months after. Mezeray and the historian of Francis I. attribute the cause of all to a friendship, perhaps a little too tender, that the Duchess d'Estampes had conceived for the admiral. The king was not able to endure a rival, and cruelly avenged himself. The chancellor Poyet, who was obstinately bent on the ruin of the admiral, did not remain long unpunished. The Duchess d'Estampes, fearful of increasing the jealousy of the king, had not dared openly to intercede for Chabot,

but she had promised herself faithfully to punish the chancellor, and kept her word. She requested the magistrate to put the seal to letters of removal in a law suit, which Renaudie had against Du Tillot, register of the parliament. The chancellor refused her request, the duchess added the orders of the king, but Poyet did not obey. Francis could not refuse anything to his mistress. The chancellor was arrested, though his cause was not tried till three years after. The judgment that deposed him, declared him incapable of any office, condemned him to a fine of a hundred thousand livres, and to five years' imprisonment. No one lamented his fate. The lawyers of the corps into which he attempted to re-enter to obtain a livelihood rejected him, and he died in shame and poverty. The Duchess d'Estampes, that imperious woman who had governed the realm with an odious despotism, found herself obliged after the death of Francis, to retire to a country house, where she died hated and despised, even by those she had favored.

Love, which caused Francis to commit so many errors, was the cause also of his death. This prince had an amour with a woman called La Belle Ferroniere. Her husband, whom some report to have been a lawyer, and others an ironmonger, not thinking, like many others, that it was an honor to see his wife contribute to the pleasures of his king, resolved to revenge himself, which he did in a cruel manner. His wife having contracted an infectious disease, her husband compelled her to withhold the knowledge from the king, who caught the malady, and soon felt its effects. La Belle Ferroniere soon after died. The king was improperly treated, and his disease first appeared at Compiègne in 1538. The sprightliness of his wit, which had hitherto rendered him an ornament to his court, now

disappeared, and he became thoughtful, reserved and melancholy, and having lingered nine months died in 1547.

We will finish this article with an anecdote from Brantome :

"I have heard," says this author, "that Francis once going to the chamber of the lady of his court whom he loved, met her husband sword in hand, who was going to kill her. The king drew, and holding his sword to his throat, told him that if he attempted it, he would either kill him or have him beheaded. Never after that did the husband dare to murmur, and the king was at liberty to do as he pleased."



MADAME GIAC.

THE most celebrated and important event in the history of France, and upon which for a long time the fate of that monarchy seemed to depend, was the assassination of John II. called Sans Peur, Duke of Burgundy, upon the bridge of Montreau. As it does not belong to our subject to discuss the manner in which this fatal murder was committed, we shall only prove that Love was one of the principal causes which determined the duke to repair to that rendezvous, notwithstanding his fears and repugnance. France was at that time rent by three factions. The English, its natural enemies, advanced to seize upon Rouen, and perhaps upon all Normandy. The Duke of Burgundy, who was of the king and

queen's party, dared not lead his troops against the English, fearing that the dauphin would profit by his absence to make himself master of Paris. Besides, it is pretended that this prince was in treaty with the King of England, whom he was not ashamed to acknowledge for the King of France. The dauphin, on the other side, influenced by his minister, who detested the Duke of Burgundy, prevented him from returning to the court and from accepting the terms of a reconciliation, which the duke had many times offered, though in doing this he was always desirous of preserving his authority. In this melancholy situation, the Duke of Burgundy, who pretended to love his country, but who gave up all to ambition, not being able to bring over the dauphin to his measures, thought himself obliged to preserve the kingdom by entering into a negotiation with the English. The two courts met at Meulan. They had several conferences, and had agreed upon almost all the conditions, when the ministers of the dauphin, judging that their master would not alone be able to resist the Duke of Burgundy, united with the English and sent a secret expedition to break off the negotiation of the latter with the duke. The messengers employed, knowing that the duke was passionately in love with the wife of Lord de Giac, his chancellor, won her to their interests, and through her means, as she absolutely governed the duke, the treaty with the King of England was broken off. This rupture was soon followed by a treaty between the dauphin and the duke, a treaty to which the two princes solemnly swore in a conference at Poilly-le-fort, to which place Madame Giac had accompanied the duke her lover. In this interview the Duke of Burgundy and the dauphin appeared sincerely reconciled, and a second meeting was

agreed upon at Montereau. In the interval which followed, the duke made some serious reflections. The assassination of the Duke of Orleans, which a wounded conscience incessantly recalled to his remembrance, made him fear that reprisals might be made. These suspicions made him change the day of the interview to one more distant; but when the time proposed by the duke himself arrived, he found his irresolution equally great. They had then recourse to Madame Giac, whose advice determined the duke to depart for Bray, when he again fell into his former incertitude. Madame Giac, who had followed him to that place, seeing him so agitated, offered to go to Montereau, assuring him that she should there be able to penetrate into the secrets of the dauphin's court, and to discover whether any evil design was agitated in his council. Madame Giac was received with all the distinction due to the woman who governed a prince whom they so much wished to have in their power. She returned from Montereau, and tried to dissipate the uneasiness of the duke, by advising him to give himself up with an entire confidence; and the duke departed, fully persuaded that his life could not have a better guarantee than one given by a woman so interested in preserving it.

The prince loved her with such tenderness, that in entering the castle of Montereau, his whole attention was engrossed in providing for the safety of this lady. He confided her to the care of Jonvelle and Toulougeon, leaving them two hundred armed men, and a hundred archers. These precautions taken, the duke proceeded to the bridge, upon which he was killed by those who accompanied the dauphin, along with several of his men, who also lost their lives in his defence. The fatal conse-

quences which accrued to the kingdom from this murder are well known, but it is not so easily discovered whether this assassination were premeditated. It is still another problem whether Madame Giac deceived her lover, or employed the influence she had upon his mind, solely with the intention to establish a good understanding between him and the Dauphin. This, however, is certain, and it makes strongly against the lady, that after the death of the duke, she espoused the cause of the dauphin, as also did her husband, discovering not the least repugnance to unite herself with the murderers of her lover.

This step caused strong suspicions that she had entered into the conspiracy of the duke's death. What still argues further the treachery of Giac and his wife, is that the latter nobleman, having become the favorite of Charles VII., basely betrayed his new master. The high-constable de Richmont caused him to be arrested, upon which he made confession of the most enormous crimes and was put to death.

History gives us still further reason to form unfavorable conjectures as to the conduct of Madame Giac in this instance. The Duke de Richmont expected, it is true, restitution of the immense riches Lord Giac had amassed by illegal means. But the Duke de la Tremouille did not a little hurry on the ruin of De Giac, being in love with his wife, whom he married soon after the death of her husband, without its being discovered whether she contributed to her own widowhood or not. Madame Giac, who in some degree caused the death of the Duke of Burgundy, had been the innocent but true cause of a crime in marrying Lord Giac. She was named Catherine de Lisle Bouchard, and was widow of

the Count de Tonnerre, when his brother fell in the battle of Agincourt. She appeared at court still in the flower of her youth, with all the advantages of beauty, and the large accession of wealth lately fallen to her. She was soon the object of Giac's regard; but the young nobleman was already married. Had it not been for this obstacle he might have hoped for the preference, as he possessed a fine appearance, wit, and an immense fortune, which had been left him by Chancellor de Giac, his grandfather.

His virtue became the sacrifice to his passion. Giac poisoned his wife, named Jane de Gaillae. The crime was undiscovered, and he being approved by the lady he loved, married her.

Becoming suspicious of her conduct, and willing to impress her with a fear of violating the conjugal faith, he ventured to confess the crime he had committed to possess her. It is surprising that this avowal did not restrain Madame Giac, and still more so that Giac allowed her to be the acknowledged favorite of the Duke of Burgundy.



THE LOVES OF LOUIS XII.

LOUIS XII., king of France, surnamed the father of his people, was son of Charles of Orleans, son of Duke of Orleans, son of Charles V. He experienced the persecution of love before he ascended the throne, and was near losing his life. Anne of France, daughter of Louis XI., known by the name of Madame Beaujeau, from a singular whim, conceived a lively passion for the Duke

of Orleans, while she governed the realm during the minority of Charles VIII., his brother. She believed the power she enjoyed would flatter the ambition of the duke—but she was deceived. The love of a woman rejected, generally turns to hate, and the hatred of Madame Beaujeau was so violent that the Duke of Orleans was obliged to save himself in Brittany, where he took arms for Francis II. against the French. He was made prisoner at the battle of Saint Aubin, and closely-confined. After the death of Charles VIII., who left no children, the Duke of Orleans ascended the throne under the title of Louis XII. Soon after, his passion for Anne of Brittany revived, and as he had touched her heart when only a prince, he appeared more attractive now as King of France. But there was a very material obstacle; Louis was married to Jane, daughter of Louis XI. The princess had none of the attractions of beauty, and the deformity of her person gave reasons to fear that she would never give an heir to the crown. These defects were, however, compensated by the most amiable and solid virtues. Striving to render justice to her deformity, she had supported, with admirable patience, the indifference and infidelity of a husband she adored, and had taken the most humiliating steps to soften Madame Beaujeau. Love made Louis forget all these obligations; and, without hesitation, he divorced the unfortunate Jane. To obtain this injustice from the court of Rome, he dared to make an oath that he had never consummated his marriage with her, though no one credited this assertion. He did more, he was not ashamed to give Charlotte d'Albert, a princess of great merit, to Cæsar Borgia, the greatest of all villains, adding a pension of twenty thou-

sand livres a year. The conduct of the king was highly blamed, while that of the unfortunate Jane gained every heart. She did not permit the slightest complaint to escape her lips. Dedicating to God a heart that had been so repulsed, she founded the Annonciades, where she died in the odor of sanctity, at the age of thirty-six. Her panegyric is pronounced at Bourges. This is one of her eulogies: "Jane was so ugly that she was divorced by the king, her husband; she was so beautiful that she became the spouse of Jesus Christ. The ugliness and beauty of Jane, here, are the two points of my discourse." Louis espoused a princess whom he adored, but suffered for the pleasures he enjoyed. When he perceived the league which the Venetians, the pope, and the emperor formed against him, he showed the most implacable feelings; but the queen, says an historian, "from motives of conscience, by caresses, intrigues, and importunities, often disarmed the king, and made him relent." The mind of the king, says the same historian, was able to bear up under all these adversities, but he had a domestic trouble greater than all else, which was his own wife, who, alarmed with the ordinary scruples of her sex, could not bear the idea of his being at variance with the pope, and holding a council against him. At length, being entirely conquered by her importunities, and by the remonstrances of his subjects, which, at her instigation, assailed him on every side, he renounced his council of Pisa, and adhered to those of the Lateran, by his proxies.

Very powerful motives induced Louis XII. to promise in marriage his daughter to the son of the Arch-duke Philip; but the people, who saw that Brittany and other provinces would go to the husband, were sensible

that they ought not to consent to it. The king was also of this opinion, but the queen was in favor of the match; and her great influence over the mind of Louis made it feared that this fatal alliance would be consummated. It was thought necessary that the kingdom should send deputies, who supplicated the king in the name of the nation to give his daughter in marriage to the Duke de Valois, who would probably be Louis' successor.

Nothing less than this sort of violence would have decided the queen to consent to a marriage she detested. In the wars which Louis XII. was obliged to maintain in Italy, he made a victorious entry into Genoa, which city had revolted. A Genoese, named Thomassina Spinola, struck with the agreeable person of the king, fell in love with him, and requested him to be her intendant. Having obtained her request, she became so proud that she rejected with scorn the caresses of the king. Her only consolation, during his absence, was in writing to him often, whether it was to intercede for the unfortunate, or to plead for the interest of her country. During the illness of Louis XII., in 1505, a report was circulated in Italy that he was dead. Thomassina, abandoning herself to grief, shut herself up in an obscure chamber, where a violent fever ended her life in less than eight days. The Genoese had a public funeral for her, and Louis caused an epitaph, written by his historian, to be engraven on her tomb. After the death of Anne of Brittany, Louis XII., probably with the intention of leaving an heir, married Mary, sister of Henry VIII., king of England, a princess young, pretty, and very amiable. The king, deeply enamored with his young wife, died at the expiration of three months.

MARION DE LORME.

COUNT DE GRAMONT, after the siege of Turin, passed some time in that city with his friend the Chevalier de Malta. They were not long before they each chose a lady-love. Count de Gramont addressed his vows to Mademoiselle de Saint-Germain, and recommended to his friend, Madame de Senantes. The count made an early impression on the heart of his favorite, but in spite of his vivacity and insinuating address, was not able to bring her passion to the conclusion he wished. In the meantime he observed that De Malta was not more successful with Madame de Senantes, for though not difficult of access, certain preliminaries were requisite, by no means agreeable to the blunt sincerity of the chevalier. The count, who by this time despaired of succeeding with Mademoiselle de Saint-Germain, resolved to seize on the good fortune his friend neglected. He flattered himself it would be an easy task to render himself agreeable to Madame Senantes, but the difficulty was how to deceive her husband and the Chevalier de Malta. The following stratagem, which the count employed for this purpose, is laughable, and does honor to the wit of the little god who inspired it. "The two friends having supped at the country seat of Monsieur de Senantes, Count de Gramont, gave De Malta to understand that it was necessary to return the civility at their own apartments. M. de Senantes was accordingly invited. His figure was not calculated to interest any one in his behalf, and he was rendered perfectly disgusting by his conversation, which was entirely destitute of

wit or information. Previous to this visit, the count had informed M. de Senantes that De Malta was a very learned man, though in reality there was nothing the chevalier detested more than books and erudition. During supper, M. de Gramont requested his guest to tell him the name of his lady's family? He replied (as the count expected) by a genealogy which promised to be endless. De Malta becoming wearied, attempted to change the subject, but M. De Senantes, shrugging his shoulders, continued his narrative. The chevalier, at length growing desperate, interrupted the discourse by saying, "Do you not remember, sir, that it is better to know too little than too much?" M. de Senantes took offence at these words, and a serious quarrel would certainly have ensued, had not Count de Gramont interfered, and so far reconciled them, that De Senantes, at parting, invited them both to his country seat the following day. In the morning De Malta went out on a hunting-party. and M. de Senantes to his country seat, to prepare for the reception of his friends. The count, in the meanwhile, artfully circulated a report that the Chevalier de Malta and M. de Senantes, had disputed during dinner on the preceding day, and that they had been absent since an early hour. The princess, alarmed at this intelligence, immediately sent for the Count de Gramont, who feigned great surprise, but confessed that he had been present the night before when some words passed between his friends. He added, if the mischief was not already done, the shortest way would be to have them both arrested. They found M. de Senantes at his country house, where the officer, without assigning his reasons, consigned him to the guards, in whose custody he remained in utter astonishment. When De Malta returned from the hunt,

the princess sent the same officer to request that he would not leave his house till the next day; and to his great surprise without assigning any reason. He therefore dispatched a messenger to his friend, but De Gramont had not yet returned from the country. The count had found Senantes highly incensed at being made a prisoner in his own house, on account of a man he designed to entertain as his guest. He complained of Malta with great asperity, and begged the count to assure the chevalier, as he loved so to dispute, on the first opportunity he would give him enough of it. Count de Gramont assured him that his friend had not the least knowledge of this unlucky affair; but on the contrary, esteemed him greatly. He said it must have originated from his lady, who was probably alarmed at the reports of the lacquies who served at table, and had been to the princess to prevent the fatal consequences of a supposed duel. He added that he had no doubt himself increased the fears of his lady, as he had frequently mentioned to her that Malta was one of the most adroit swordsmen in France. M. de Senantes, much softened by this recital, said that he should severely reprimand his wife for her impertinent tenderness, and was anxious to see again his dear friend Malta. The chevalier enjoined the guards not to suffer De Senantes to escape, as he still retained the resolution of encountering De Malta, and they would be accountable for the consequences. Having by this means secured De Senantes, Gramont wished equally to secure the other. Without loss of time he returned to the city. De Malta no sooner saw him than he exclaimed petulantly, "What the devil does this all mean, and wherefore am I detained a prisoner on parole?" The count replied, "It is because thou art so absurd as to

dispute with a fantastic fellow, fit only to excite your laughter. Some officious valet has no doubt published the contest of last evening. This has caused the princess to take these precautions. Senantes is under arrest, but your word is considered sufficient. This certainly demands your gratitude instead of anger, and you should return your humble thanks to her highness for the interest she has taken in this affair. I am now going to the palace, where I will endeavor to clear this mystery. In the mean while, you had better order supper, for I shall join you in a few moments." Malta, considering the views of his friend as perfectly reasonable, charged him not to omit to testify his gratitude to her royal highness. The Count de Gramont soon returned with several friends, who had come to offer their services against the peaceable Senantes. Malta, after expressing his thanks, detained them to supper. Gramont then drew Malta aside and told him in the greatest confidence that the little Saint Germain had at last appointed a rendezvous. It is for this purpose that I shall leave the company under pretence of going to play at court. Malta, charmed with this confidence, returned to the table and exerted all his spirits to comply with De Gramont's request. The party did not separate till late, and Malta rested content with the services he had done his friend. The tender Senantes meanwhile received the bold intriguer with gratitude, and appeared everything that was seducing."

Love, who favored the count in this instance, was not always so kind. Upon the death of the Cardinal Mazarine, Gramont became enamored of Mademoiselle de la Motte Houdancourt, one of the daughters of the queen-mother. Nothing was more imprudent than this passion, as he was not ignorant that the king had cast a favor

able glance upon this lady. The count soon observed that his passion was troublesome and disgusting, but he resolved to overcome all obstacles. It was then he learned that if love renders all conditions equal, it was not so between rivals. He was banished from the court, and went to England. Before his departure he had a pleasant adventure. He had obtained a promise of a rendezvous with Marion de Lorme, a girl of singular beauty, wit, and caprice. The count was congratulating himself upon his good fortune, when he received a billet from his mistress, filled with complainings and despair, that a severe pain in the head would deprive her of the pleasure of seeing him till the next day. This sudden illness appeared suspicious to the count, and he sent out spies, who confirmed his fears. He then determined to interrupt the happiness of his rival, and profit by it himself. As he had some distance to go from his own house to that of his mistress, when night came, he mounted his horse without an attendant. As he went out of the Royal square, he saw a man whom he knew to be the Duke de Brissac, and feeling that this was his rival, jumped from his horse in great haste. "Brissac, my friend," said he, "you must do me a favor of great importance. I have an appointment for the first time at the house of a person a few paces off. Lend me your cloak if you love me, and walk my horse till I return; but do not go far from hence. You see I use you freely, but it is a matter of vast importance."

The count took the cloak without waiting for an answer, and the duke the horse. He glided along under the arches to the door of De Lorme, who opened it without hesitation. Gramont was so well disguised in the duke's cloak, that he was mistaken for him, and the

door being shut, he passed unquestioned to the parlor of the lady. He found her reclining on a sofa, in the most becoming dishabille, and never appeared to better advantage. Seeing her confusion, he said—

“How is it, my charmer, that, being indisposed, you are so elegantly attired? The headache, I suppose, is gone?”

“No,” replied she; “I still have it, and you will oblige me by leaving, and let me retire to my bed.”

“As to leaving you,” said Gramont, “I cannot; we do not take so much pains to adorn ourselves for nothing.”

“You will see, nevertheless,” replied she, “that it will gain nothing to you.”

Finally, after much discussion, the count, seeing that she carried rather a high hand, said—

“Mademoiselle, I am aware of your discomposure; you fear the arrival of Brissac; but be easy on that score, for he will not pay you so early a visit. He is now at the top of the street, walking my horse; and if you will not believe me, I have left his cloak in your ante-chamber, where you can see it.”

Here a fit of laughter succeeded to her astonishment, and, embracing the chevalier, said she, “You are too amiable not to be forgiven all.”

The count then related the particulars, and De Lorme was ready to die with laughter, and separating good friends, assured the count that his rival might walk horses as long as he pleased, for he should not visit her that day.

The count found Brissac faithfully where he left him, and with many thanks for the service he had done him, returned him his cloak. The duke, perfectly friendly, insisted upon holding his horse till he had remounted.

The count bid him good-night, and returned home perfectly reconciled with both his mistress and rival. This beautiful Marion de Lorme had been the favorite of Cinq Mars, who, it is said, privately married her. She was from Chalon, in Champagne, and was known by three names, which she acquired by love. She was called *Madame Le Grand*, on account of M. Cinq Mars; *Madame le Cardinal*, from the Cardinal de Richelieu, who, in her boudoir, sometimes relaxed from the weighty matters of the state; and *Madame la Surintendante*, on account of the Superintendent Demery, who repaid her smiles like a superintendent.

MARGARET OF NAVARRE.

HENRY DE LORRAINE, Duke of Guise, was one of those men whom nature rarely forms, and who has only to appear to be beloved. His ambition, and the violent remedy Henry III. was obliged to employ against him to retain the sovereignty, is well known. He, above all, acquired the greatest empire over women; and it is thought that many husbands found great relief in his death. His success in this respect made him neglect his wife; but it is said that she herself made amends for it, and the assassination of Saint Megrin confirmed this report. It was believed that the duke was the author of Megrin's death; and we are assured that the King of Navarre said upon hearing of it, "I am obliged to the Duke of Guise, my cousin, for not suffering such a minion as Saint Megrin to dishonor him." Others, however, differ on this point. If the Duke of Guise experi-

enced chagrin on account of his wife's conduct, love made him amends, particularly in the success of his passion for Margaret of France, afterwards Queen of Navarre. He became enamored of this princess in an interview between the courts of France and Spain, at Bayonne. During the tilts and tournaments, at which Margaret was present to crown the victors, the young Duke of Guise was several times at the feet of the princess to receive the coveted prize, and in those moments he inspired and felt the most ardent passion. At a ball which was afterwards given, the duke, under the disguise of an astrologer, had the boldness to declare his passion for the princess. This dawn of happiness was soon overcast. The queen-mother had perceived the new-born passion of the duke for her daughter, and not willing that the princess of Lorraine, already too puissant, should become more so by this alliance, she insisted upon the duke's absenting himself for some time. The Cardinal de Lorraine, chief of his house, made the duke in spite of himself content, and he departed for Hungary, where there had been a war between the duke and the emperor. Previous to his starting, he had the address to write a letter to the princess, in which he painted his passion in lively colors, and acquainted her with the motives of his departure. Winter having ended this war in Hungary, the Duke of Guise returned to France. He caused a gentleman named Chastelles to precede him, who was the cousin and lover of Mademoiselle de Thorigny, maid of honor and confidante of the Princess Margaret. It was not difficult to win this lady to his interests, and she engaged the princess to repair, under pretence of devotion, to the Abby de Poissoy, and to receive the duke *incognito*. The duke flew to the rendezvous on the

wings of love, and threw himself at the feet of his adored mistress. It is unnecessary to give the particulars of this interview; the result was a promise from the princess to marry the duke.

Political interests soon after disunited the knot that love had formed. The queen-mother, incensed against the Protestants, and not being able to destroy them, had recourse to artifice and stratagem. She affected great esteem for the Admiral de Coligni, chief of the Huguenot party, and to convince him of the sincerity of her reconciliation, cunningly proposed a marriage between Margaret and the King of Navarre. When all the preliminaries were settled, she informed the princess, who soon showed her displeasure at the proposal of her mother. After this visit in which she was informed of the project, Margaret wrote the following letter to her lover:

“The queen has been to inform me that my marriage with the King of Navarre has been resolved upon, and this cruel stroke has thrown me into the greatest despair. I will not yield to my fate, until *you* have told me whether this misfortune is inevitable. I was destined for you; can you see them tear me from you? Remember the mutual engagements we have contracted. The fear of losing you makes me deeply sensible how dear you are to me. I am too agitated to describe my feelings, and yet I could wish you to know them. Contrive with Thorigny if I cannot see you alone; and rest assured that if my person is devoted to the king, my heart shall be with you only.”

This news reduced the duke to despair, and he finally

obtained of the pope that famous bull, which excommunicated the Queen of Navarre, and declared all the heretic princes incapable of succeeding to the crown. The queen-mother, who clearly perceived the repugnance of her daughter to the King of Navarre, and her evident partiality for the Duke of Guise, sent orders to the latter from the king to marry within eight days. During these proceedings, the duke obtained an interview with the princess. Thorigny asked permission to have a large coffer belonging to her brought into her chamber, and in this the duke was transported into the apartments of Margaret. The princess is said to have spent much time in adorning herself for this interview; and it may be supposed their meeting was pleasing and satisfactory. A few days after, the duke espoused the Duchess of Cleves, widow of Prince Porcein, and Margaret became Queen of Navarre. Both, says an historian, were joined by a conjugal knot, and not by love. The Princess Margaret was compelled by the king to decide either on this marriage or a cloister; and it is also said that, remaining silent when it was necessary to say *yes*, before the Cardinal de Bourbon, who performed the nuptial ceremony, his majesty forcibly bent her head forward to make her give that token of assent instead of the word. The marriage of the princess with the King of Navarre was principally to draw in the Huguenots at Paris, and the massacre of St. Bartholomew was the consequence. In the midst of this dreadful carnage, love reserved for the duke some happy moments, and he would have had more opportunity for indulging in his passion for the queen, had he not been awed by the dreadful drama of which he had been the author and actor.

After the death of Charles IX. and the return of Henry-III. from Poland, the King of Navarre, and the Duke d'Alençon resolved to leave the court out of some disgust. This duke, whom report says was too fond of his sister, would not depart without bidding her farewell, and introduced himself into her apartment at night, by a cord which was fastened to the window, using the same means for his descent. The brave Bussy, who accompanied him, was perceived by the Duke of Guise, and he needed no more to excite his jealousy of the queen. He immediately went to the apartments of the queen, and loaded her with the severest reproaches. She soon however convinced him of his injustice toward her, and they were nearly reconciled when the king was announced, who had just been informed that Duke d'Alençon had departed quite incensed against his sister. He left her under guard, and quitted the apartment. The Duke of Guise, who was concealed in a closet, was anxious to withdraw, but the guards entering soon after, increased his embarrassment. Fortunately the officer had been page to the duke, and he suffered him to go by a private staircase disguised in a soldier's overcoat. The historian of Guise has endeavored to persuade us that passion had no part in the affection of the duke for the princess, and the memoirs of the times represent the queen of Navarre as little acquainted with the bounds of virtue and modesty; but how does this Platonic love agree with the journey of the queen to the waters of Spa? The duke, it is said, was *incognito*, and apparently ill at an inn at Castelet, where the queen was to stop. He occupied a chamber communicating with that of the queen, and made his frequent visits with the greatest facility. It was in these interviews that they concluded the projects

of the duke,—plans at which the queen would have revolted had not passion blinded her reason. On her return to court, the queen sought all possible pretences to avoid rejoining her husband, but an unlucky circumstance obliged her. One of her couriers was arrested, and her letters to the Duke of Guise fell into the hands of Henry III., who had the wickedness to send them to the King of Navarre. He a short time afterwards challenged the Duke of Guise to combat, under pretence of religion, but jealousy was the true cause—the combat however did not take place. To paint Queen Margaret's passion for the Duke of Guise two fabulous anecdotes are recited. It is said that in the battle at which the Swiss and Germans came to the succor of the Huguenots, the Queen of Navarre appeared disguised as a chevalier, and that she fired a pistol, and struck on the head with her sword, Marquis d'Ouar, chief of the Germans. Finally it is said that this princess, being at Ager, and informed by the Duke of Mayenne of the danger of the Duke of Guise at the States of Blois, pretended to have an inflammation in her eyes and closed her apartment, caused Thorigny to occupy her bed, and taking the habit of a courier, repaired to Blois, when she gained admittance to the apartments of the duke and remained with him the greater part of the night preceding his death. With regard to the passion of the Duke of Guise for Margaret of Navarre, it is well known to be a fact. Charles IX. ordered Henry d'Angoulême, grand prince, and natural brother, to assassinate the duke for his presumption, but it was not executed through cowardice, and the duke was apprised of the design, and married.

LOVES OF HENRY IV.

THE history of Henry IV., King of France, is so well known from the veneration the French have always retained for that prince, that no one is ignorant of his weaknesses for women, and to how many misfortunes he was exposed by perhaps the only failing that he can justly be reproached with. A short time after having espoused Margaret de Valois, sister of Henry III.—a marriage formed rather by political interests than love, Henry, who was then only King of Navarre, formed a strong league with the Duke of Alençon his brother-in-law. This union was displeasing to the queen-mother, Catharine de Medicis, because she feared these two princes might form projects against the king, her favorite son. She had recourse to love,—means which she had often employed to advantage. Knowing the Duke of Alençon and the King of Navarre were both enamored of Madame de Saure, one of the most beautiful women of the court, she prevailed upon this lady to inspire the two rival princes with a jealousy so mortal, that if the king had not interfered they would have settled their difference sword in hand. Queen Margaret reconciled them. It is known how ill this princess had conducted herself toward the good king her husband; her passion for the Duke of Guise; the suspicions of the public as to her too close connection with her brother the Duke d'Alençon; her banishment from the court by Henry III., who at the same time wrote her husband a letter injurious to the reputation of his sister. A short time after, being desirous of repairing this injury, he wrote a letter of apology to Henry IV. Queen Margaret herself did not take any

pains to conceal her passion for Mole, the favorite of the Duke d'Alençon. This person was greatly admired by the ladies, and equally detested by the king, for reasons rather founded on love than war. He was condemned to lose his head with Coconas. Being upon the scaffold, he said, "God and the blessed Virgin have mercy upon my soul! commend me to the kind remembrance of the Queen of Navarre and the ladies." Queen Margaret, it is said, with the Duchess of Nevers, carried away the heads of their two lovers, and interred them with their own hands. It is also added that the Queen of Navarre had a passion for Saint Luc, Bussy, Duke de Mayenne and others. Vassor says, that Henry IV. was much blamed for abandoning Queen Margaret so freely to her gallantries. If we credit the memoirs of Queen Margaret she had great reason to complain of the incontinency of the king, her husband, who openly loved Mademoiselle de Fosseuse, and whom he caused to be waited upon in her illness by the queen. It was this princess, however, herself who in reality had given birth to this passion. She had been long irritated against the king her brother, on account of his obliging her to retire from court, and rejoin her husband whom she did not love. She was still more incensed when the king showed her the letter of Henry III., in which all her intrigues were discovered. Breathing nothing but vengeance, she instructed the ladies of her train and their daughters to insinuate themselves into the hearts of those who had influence with her husband, so as to ensnare them in the fetters of love. Henry himself was the first to fall into the snare of Mademoiselle Fosseuse, who being young and innocent, punctually obeyed her mistress, but afterwards went beyond her orders.

On the commencement of the League and during the life of Henry III., love deprived the King of Navarre on his side of a city. He had given the government of La Riole to a Huguenot captain, named Ussac, who was extremely ugly. The deformity of his person and his advanced age did not prevent him from falling deeply in love with one of the women of the queen-mother. This lady was called Atrie and was afterwards Countess de Chateau-Vilain.

This occurred in a conference which the queen-mother contrived to have at Nerac, with the King of Navarre, under pretence of conducting Queen Margaret. Viscount de Turenne who was then very young, rallied the good man Ussac. Henry did the same, and Ussac was so vexed and exasperated at this that he delivered up La Riole to the Catholic party. Love, which caused Henry IV. so much trouble and deprivation, soon gained for him great advantages. The queen-mother had brought with her to Nerac, M. Pibrac, the most eloquent and sensible man of his time. Neither his wisdom nor his virtue could resist the charms of Queen Margaret, who though she ridiculed his passion, nevertheless sought to turn it to the advantage of the king, her husband. Absolute mistress of the actions of poor Pibrac, they granted to the Huguenots more than they desired. The league tending always to prevent Henry IV. from attaining to the crown of France, caused this prince to be excommunicated by the pope. Margaret, little satisfied with her marriage, seized with avidity this pretext for being separated from a heretic, and excommunicated husband. She even dared to take up arms against him, but she was obliged to leave Carlac, and to fly to Agen in the most alarming haste to save herself. The Marquis

de Camillac arrested her in her flight, and detained her a prisoner at the castle of Usson. It is to be supposed that he was then ignorant of the power of beauty; but forcibly struck with her charms, boldly declared his passion for her. Margaret was too well experienced not to draw an advantage from his weakness. She flattered and caressed him, and at last wholly turned his head by promises which were never fulfilled. Being absolute mistress of her former prison, she drove out the marquis and kept the fortress. The assassination of Henry III. left the crown of France to the King of Navarre, but it was still for him to purchase and conquer. Henry was often obliged to fight without troops or money, and it was then he proved himself a hero, worthy the crown which by birth he inherited. He gained among others a signal victory at Coutras. Henry now was desirous of joining the Germans, who had come to his assistance, and were in a perilous situation, but the victorious army separated and nothing was done. Some authors attribute this sudden division to the impatience of the king to see the beautiful countess, to whom he presented the trophies of his victory. This fair seducer was the countess de Guiche, called "La Belle Corysande." Soon after love banished this lady from his heart and substituted one who gained the most unbounded ascendancy over his mind. This was the fair Gabriella d'Estrees and it is known that Henry was so captivated by her charms, that he determined to marry her. The consent of Margaret only was wanting, but this princess, not willing that the throne should be filled by a woman whose birth, though illustrious, did not entitle her to this honor, refused her consent to a divorce till the death of Gabriella d'Estrees. If the death of Gabriella freed

Henry IV. from the vexations this passion had caused him, he soon after fettered himself with chains equally as burdensome. Captivated by the charms of Mademoiselle d'Entragues, she by her address drew from him a promise of marriage. Before he gave it, however, he was desirous of showing it to the Marquis de Rosni, to whom he imparted all his secrets. He gave it to Rosni, who read it, but made no reply for some time. At last, holding the paper in his hands as if to return it to the king, he tore it into two pieces, saying—

“Behold, sire, since it pleased you to know it, what such an engagement appears to me to deserve.”

“What are you doing?” said the king; “you are surely mad.”

“It is true,” replied Rosni, “I am a fool and a madman; and wish to be the only one in France.”

This bold remonstrance did not diminish the passion of the king nor prevent him from giving this promise; but after he espoused Mary de Medicis, his connection with Mademoiselle d'Entragues occasioned him great uneasiness. She always refused to return the promise, but he finally obtained it by giving twenty thousand crowns and promising the baton of Marshal of France to her father.

Henry IV., some time after, whether from disgust for the marchioness or to mortify her, dedicated his vows to Mademoiselle de la Bourdaisiere, and soon after to Jaqueline du Bucil, who was made Countess of Moul. The Marchioness de Verneuil, enraged with vexation and jealousy, yielded to the passion of the Spanish ambassador, with whom she promised to retire to Madrid with the children she had by the king, and put in force the promise of marriage she had received from Henry.

This conspiracy was happily discovered, the children of the marchioness were taken from her, and carried to Saint Germain, and she was disgraced. The Count d'Auvergne, her half-brother, who had entered into the conspiracy, when he found all was discovered, retired to his government at Auvergne, where he was arrested and imprisoned in the Bastille. The father of the marchioness was equally an accomplice in her guilt, and was arrested and confined in the Conciergerie. It was then that the king betrayed the weakness of his love, by acquainting the marchioness through her guard that she might easily obtain pardon if she would ask for it; but she was too proud to do this. The judgment that was passed condemned the Count d'Auvergne and M. d'Entragues to death, and the marchioness to be confined in a convent. The council that the king assembled for advice on this occasion voted for the execution of the judgment; but love prevailed over all the reasons they could urge, and the king granted the lives of the condemned, and the marchioness was fully discharged.

When Henry IV. first wore the chains of Mademoiselle d'Entragues, love interrupted his tranquillity in a most whimsical manner. Juliette Hypolita d'Estrees, sister of the fair Gabrielle, had a design upon the heart of the king. She saw that Mademoiselle d'Entragues had deprived her of the hopes she entertained. To revenge herself, she had the address to allure the Prince de Joinville, and by dint of caresses to obtain from him some letters he had written to Mademoiselle d'Entragues, in which he had spoken disrespectfully of the king and queen. Mademoiselle d'Entragues knew not how to reinstate herself in favor of the king, but the Prince de Joinville, who was ruined by the same blow, con-

trived to extricate himself from this perplexity. He told Mademoiselle d'Entragues that Mademoiselle d'Estrees had fabricated those letters by means of a secretary of Charles de Lorraine, Duke of Guise, who could counterfeit all sorts of handwriting, and this solely with the view of ruining Mademoiselle d'Entragues. The secretary, who was bribed, confirmed this assertion, and she believed this tale. Mademoiselle d'Estrees was dismissed the court, and deprived of a lover whom she tenderly cherished. The Prince de Joinville, her lover, was obliged to go into Hungary to serve against the Turks, and the poor secretary was recompensed with a prison.

We shall finish this article by the history of a lady, who of all the loves of Henry IV. caused him the most chagrin, and the least pleasure. We allude to the Princess of Condé, Henrietta Charlotte de Montmorency, daughter of the high constable of that name. She had at first been promised in marriage, and even proposed to the Marquis de Bassompierre, with whose inclination the marriage accorded in every respect. On one side he found a charming woman, endowed with all the graces of mind and person; and on the other, he became the possessor of an immense fortune, and formed an alliance with the greatest noblemen of France. The king cheerfully gave his consent to the marriage, and Bassompierre received the congratulations of all his friends. But all these brilliant hopes were destroyed by love. Before the celebration of the marriage, the queen gave a ballet, in which Mademoiselle de Montmorency danced, habited as Diana, holding an arrow in her hand. Her graceful figure made such an impression upon Henry, that he became desperately in love. He reflected that in marrying this lady to the Marquis de Bassompierre, she would

probably love her husband, and be less inclined to favor his views. In the meanwhile, the enemies of Bassompierre, envying his good fortune, advised the Prince of Condé to ask Mademoiselle de Montmorency in marriage. The king was apprised of this, and took an opportunity one day of speaking in private to the lady, and begged that she would tell him frankly whether Bassompierre pleased her, adding that he could easily break it off, and give her to the prince, his nephew. She replied, that since it was the will of her father, she should esteem herself very happy with M. de Bassompierre. The king, whose passion increased every instant, sent for Bassompierre the next day, and told him that he wished to marry him. "I think of marrying you to Mademoiselle d'Aumale, and by this marriage to renew the Duchy of Aumale, in your favor." "Your majesty, then," replied the astonished Bassompierre, "would give me two wives." The king replied with a deep sigh, "Bassompierre, I would speak to you as a friend, I am become not only enamored but perfectly distracted for Mademoiselle de Montmorency. If you marry her and she loves you, I must hate you. If, on the contrary, she would love me, you would equally detest me. It were better that jealousy did not destroy the friendship existing between us; for I love thee with sincere affection. I am resolved to marry her to the Prince of Condé, and to fix her at court. This will be the consolation of my advancing old age. I will give my nephew, who is young, an hundred thousand livres to amuse himself with, and shall rest content with her affection, without pretending to any other favor." This discourse fell like a clap of thunder upon the marquis; in one moment he had all his happiness ravished from him; but having no choice,

he thought it better to take upon himself the merit of a sacrifice, which he knew he must make. He told the king he was too happy in having found the opportunity he desired of testifying his zeal and affection for his majesty. The king embraced him with tears, and assured him of his gratitude. Some days after, the Prince of Condé espoused Mademoiselle de Montmorency. The prince soon perceived the passion of the king for his wife. He found a very tender letter which he had written to the princess, and discovered that he had visited her at Picardy, disguised in the Flemish habit. The prince then thought he could no longer in honor remain at court, and in consequence left the kingdom, accompanied by his wife, and went to Brussels, where he was well received by the arch-duke.

"I was," says Bassompierre, "near the king when the news was brought him. He said to me in a low voice, 'Bassompierre, I am a ruined man; he has carried off his wife. Take care of my money, and go on with the game, and I will go and learn the particulars.'" The king, after counselling with numerous persons, at last relished the expedient of M. de Villeroi, of whom the king had asked advice, and who said without hesitation, "that his majesty ought to dispatch one of his captains of the guard after them to endeavor to bring them back, and then to the princes of those states where they had probably gone, menacing them with war in case they refused to deliver them up. They have without doubt taken the route to Flanders; and the arch-duke not having any express orders from Spain to protect him, will doubtless deliver him up or drive him from the states." The king, however, would not fully decide upon this plan, till he had heard the opinion of the Duke

of Sully. "What is to be done?" asked his majesty. "Nothing," replied Sully. "Nothing!" said the king. "Yes, nothing," replied the duke. "If you do nothing, and appear to take no thought of him, no one will assist him, not even his friends and servants, and in three months, pressed by necessity, you will have him on what terms you please; but if you appear too desirous to recall him, they will, out of opposition, detain him." The king, who was chagrined and impatient, would not accept of his advice, but was guided by that of the President Jeannin, and the next day dispatched M. de Pruslin, as much to the prince as the arch-duke.

To finish this picture, by a trait capable alone of painting all the force and frenzy of love, we shall say with almost every historian, "that the great preparations for war that Henry IV. made before his death, had for their original cause, no other than his passion for the Princess of Condé." Mezerai, after having spoken of the vast projects of Henry, adds: "that love was not the least cause of these great designs, for it is certain that Henry the Great would have availed himself of this opportunity to deliver the Princess of Condé into his hands." In a word, the Princess of Condé so much engrossed the mind of the king, that a report was circulated that he meant either to bear her away or to kill the prince of Condé at Brussels, and the latter was obliged to make his escape to Milan disguised as a priest. The Princess of Condé, who was probably the innocent cause of Henry's death, became afterwards the favorite of the Cardinal de la Valette—at least we infer so from Amelot in his historical memoirs. He says: "The Cardinal de Valette was desperately in love with the Princess of Condé, and she, it was said, entertained a reciprocal

affection for him; for besides the elegance of his person, he supplied her with what she did not obtain from her husband." The prince knew it so well that he always let her want money. Henry IV., who was at last the victim of the fanaticism of his age and of the madness of Ravailiac, narrowly escaped some years before being assassinated by Peter Barriere. This unfortunate man, who was a native of Orleans, and only twenty-seven years of age when he was taken, had been a waterman but was afterwards a soldier. The Duke of Guise, who was killed at Blois, had employed him to deliver Queen Margaret out of the hands of Camillac, who detained her prisoner by order of Henry III. Barriere, in acquitting himself of this commission, became enamored of one of the women of the princess. The indignant repulse he experienced threw him into a frenzy of despair, and he endeavored to take his own life. As he feared eternal punishment, he had heard that to assassinate the king would be an action worthy eternal reward, and he resolved to attempt it. It was Branealon who departed from Lyons to caution Henry IV. against Barriere. The advice came very opportunely, and Barriere was arrested. He long persisted in refusing to discover his scheme and the name of his accomplices. He was condemned, first to lose his right hand, to undergo the torture, afterwards to be broken, and exposed upon the wheel at Milan; at last burned, and his ashes scattered in the air. We are indebted to love for one of the *bon mots* of Henry IV. The anecdote is thus related: "The King of Navarre, being in the chamber of his aunt, the Princess of Condé, was pleased with hearing a gentleman whom she loved, touch the lute. As he accompanied the instrument, with his melodious voice, in

this song, "*Je ne vois rien qui me contente, absent de ma divinité,*"* the king replied, "*N'appellez pas ainsi ma tante, elle aime trop l'humanité.*"† Henry III., being told of it the same day, "There," said he, "is an encounter worthy my brother. If it be thus he and his companions amuse themselves, we shall soon have peace." This Princess of Condé, was Frances d'Orleans, Marchioness de Rotelin. She married Louis I., of Bourbon, Prince of Condé, brother of d'Antoine de Bourbon, king of Navarre, and father of Henry IV

THE FAIR FANARIOTE.

IN consequence of the numerous revolutions that have accompanied the fall of the Greek empire in Byzantium, most of the inhabitants of Fanari, near Constantinople, boast of being descendants of the dethroned imperial family—a circumstance which is probable enough, and which nobody takes the trouble to dispute, any more than the alleged nobility of the Castilian peasantry, or the absurd genealogies of certain great families.

In a retired street in Pera, one of the suburbs of Constantinople, a descendant of the Cantacuzenes followed the humble calling of butcher; but, in spite of industry and activity, he had great difficulty in earning a sufficiency to pay his way, and maintain his wife and his only daughter, Sophia. The latter had just entered her fourteenth year, and her growing beauty was the admi-

* I see nothing that can make me happy, absent from my divinity

† Do not thus call my aunt, she is too fond of human nature.

ration of the whole neighborhood. Fate, or, if you please so to call it, Providence, ordained that the poor butcher should suffer repeated losses, which reduced him to a condition bordering on beggary. His wife unfolded his distressed circumstances to a Greek, one of her relations, who was a dragoman to the French embassy, and who, in his turn, related the story to the Marquis de Vauban, the ambassador. This nobleman became interested for the unfortunate family, and especially for Sophia, whom the officious dragoman described as being likely to fall into the snares that were laid for her, and to become an inmate of the harem of some pasha, or even of a Turk of inferior rank. Prompted by pity, curiosity, or perhaps by some other motive, the ambassador paid a visit to the distressed family. He saw Sophia, was charmed by her beauty and intelligence, and he proposed that her parents should place her under his care, and allow him to convey her to France. The misery to which the poor people were reduced may perhaps palliate the shame of acceding to this extraordinary proposition; but, be this as it may, they consented to surrender up their daughter for the sum of 1,500 piastres, and Sophia was that same day conducted to the ambassador's palace.

She found in the Marquis de Vauban a kind and liberal benefactor. He engaged masters to instruct her in every branch of education; and elegant accomplishments, added to her natural charms, rendered her an object of irresistible attraction.

In the course of a few months, the ambassador was called home, and he set out, accompanied by this Oriental treasure, to travel to France by land. To diminish, as far as possible, the fatigue of a long journey, they

proceeded by short stages, and having passed through European Turkey they arrived at Kaminietz, in Podolia, which is the first fortress belonging to Russia. Here the marquis determined to rest for a short time, before undertaking the remainder of his tedious journey.

Count de Witt, a descendant of the grand pensionary of Holland, who was governor of the place, received his noble visitor with every mark of attention. The count, however, no sooner beheld Maria, than he became deeply enamored of her; and on learning the equivocal situation in which she stood—being neither a slave nor a companion, but, as it were, a piece of merchandise purchased for 1,500 piastres—he wound up his declaration of love by an offer of marriage. The count was a handsome man, scarcely thirty years of age, a lieutenant-general in the Russian service, and enjoying the high favor of his sovereign, Catherine II. The fair Greek, as may well be imagined, did not reject this favor of fortune, but accepted the offer of her suitor without hesitation.

It was easy to foresee that the Marquis de Vauban would not be very willing to part with a prize which he regarded as lawfully acquired, and to which he attached no small value. The count, therefore, found it advisable to resort to stratagem. Accordingly, his excellency having one day taken a ride beyond the ramparts, the draw-bridges were raised, and the lovers repaired to church, where their hands were joined by a papa. When the marquis appeared at the gates of the fortress, and demanded admittance, a messenger was sent out to inform him of what had happened; and to complete the *dénouement* of the comedy, the marriage contract was exhibited to him in due form.

To save Sophia from the reproaches which her precipi-

tancy—it may perhaps be said her ingratitude—would have fully justified, the count directed the ambassador's suite to pack up their baggage, and join his excellency *extra muros*. The poor marquis soon discovered that it was quite useless to stay where he was for the purpose of venting threats and complaints; and he had no hope that the court of France would think it worth while to go to war for the sake of avenging his affront. He therefore took a hint from one of the French poets, who says—

“Le bruit est pour le fat, la plainte pour le sot,
L'honnête homme trompe, s'éloigne, et ne dit mot,”

and he set off, doubtless with the secret determination never again to traffic in merchandise which possesses no value when it can be either bought or sold. About two years after this marriage the Count de Witt obtained leave of absence, and, accompanied by his wife, he visited the different courts of Europe. Sophia's beauty, which derived piquancy from a certain oriental languishment of manner, was everywhere the theme of admiration. The Prince de Ligne, who saw her at the court of France, mentions her in his memoir, in terms of eulogy, which I cannot think exaggerated; for when I knew her at Tulczin, though she was then upwards of forty, her charms retained all their lustre, and she outshone the young beauties of the court, amidst whom she appeared like Calypso surrounded by her nymphs.

I now arrive at the second period of Sophia's life, which forms a sequel perfectly in unison with the commencement. Count Felix Patoeka, at the commencement of the troubles in Poland, raised a considerable party by the influence of his rank and vast fortune. During a

temporary absence from the court of Poland, he made a tour through Italy, and on his return, he met the Count and Countess de Witt at Hamburg, where he fell deeply in love with Sophia. Not to weary with the details of the romance, I will come to the *dénouement* at once.

Nothing is so easy as to obtain a divorce in Poland. The law extends so far on this point, that I know a gentleman, Mr. Wortel, who had no less than four wives, all living, and bearing his name. Count Patocka, therefore, availing himself of this advantage, and having previously made every arrangement necessary, one morning called on Count de Witt, and without further ceremony, said—Count, I love your wife, and cannot live without her. I know that I am not indifferent to her; and I might immediately carry her off; but I wish to owe my happiness to you, and retain forever a grateful sense of your generosity. Here are two papers, one is an act of divorce, which only wants your signature, for you see the countess has already affixed hers to it; the other is a bond for two millions of florins, payable at my bankers in this city. We may, therefore, settle the business amicably or otherwise, just as you please. The husband doubtless thought of his adventure at the fortress of Kaminietz, and like the French ambassador, he resigned himself to his fate, and signed the paper. The fair Sophia became, the same day, the Countess Patocka; and to the charms of beauty and talents, were now added the attractions of a fortune, the extent of which was at that time unequalled in Europe.

NUPTIALS OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

At Susa, Alexander collected all the nobles of the empire, and celebrated the most magnificent nuptials recorded in history. He married Barsine or Stateira, the daughter of the late king, and thus, in the eyes of his Persian subjects, confirmed his title to the throne. His father, Philip, was a polygamist in practice, although it would be very difficult to prove that the Macedonians in general were allowed a plurality of wives; but Alexander was now the king of kings, and is more likely to have been guided by Persian than Greek opinions on the subject. Eighty of his principal officers followed his example, and were united to the daughters of the chief nobility of Persia.

The marriages, in compliment to the brides, were celebrated after the Persian fashion, and during the vernal equinox. For, at no other period, by the ancient laws of Persia, could nuptials be legally celebrated. Such an institution is redolent of the poetry and freshness of the new world, and of an attention to the voice of nature, and the analogies of physical life. The young couple would marry in time to sow their field, to reap their harvest, and gather their stores, before the season of cold and scarcity overtook them. It is difficult to say how far this custom prevailed among primitive nations, but it can scarcely be doubted that we still retain lingering traces of it in the harmless amusements of St. Valentine's day. On the wedding day Alexander feasted the eighty bridegrooms in a magnificent hall prepared for the purpose. Eighty separate couches were placed for the guests, and

on each a magnificent wedding robe for every individual. At the conclusion of the banquet, and while the wine and the desert were on the table, the eighty brides were introduced. Alexander first rose, received the princess, took her by the hand, kissed her, and placed her on the couch close to herself. This example was followed by all, till every lady was seated by her betrothed. This formed the whole of the Persian ceremony—the salute being regarded as the seal of appropriation. The Macedonian form was still more simple and symbolical. The bridegroom, dividing a small loaf with his sword, presented one half to the bride; wine was then poured as a libation on both portions, and the contracting parties tasted of the bread. Cake and wine, as nuptial refreshments, may thus claim a venerable antiquity. In due time the bridegrooms conducted their respective brides to chambers prepared for them within the precincts of the royal palace.

The festivities continued for five days, and all the amusements of the age were put into requisition for the entertainment of the company. Athenæus has quoted from Charas a list of the chief performers, which I transcribe more for the sake of the performances and of the states where these lighter arts were brought to the greatest perfection, than of the names, which are now unmeaning sounds. Scymus from Tarentum, Philistides from Syracuse, and Heracleitus from Mitylene, were the great jugglers, or as the Greek word intimates, the wonder-workers of the day. After them, Alexis, the Tarentine, displayed his excellence as a rhapsodist, or repeater, to appropriate music, of the soul-stirring poetry of Homer. Cratinus the Mythymnæan, Aristonymus the Athenian, Athenodorus the Theian, played on the

harp without being accompanied by the voice. On the contrary, Heracleitus, the Tarentine, and Aristocrates, the Theban, accompanied their harps with lyric songs. The performers on wind instruments were divided on a similar, although it could not be on the same principle. Dionysius from Heracleira, and Hyperbolus from Cyzicum, sang to the flute, or some such instrument; while Zimotheus, Prynichus, Scaphisius, Diuphantus and Evius, the Calcidian, first performed the Pythian overture, and then, accompanied by choruses, displayed the full power of wind instruments in masterly hands. There was also a peculiar class called eulogists of Bacchus; these acquitted themselves so well on this occasion, applying to Alexander those praises which in their extemporaneous effusions had hitherto been confined to the god, that they acquired the name of Eulogists of Alexander. Nor did their reward fail them. The stage, of course, was not without its representatives: Thessalus, Athenodorus, Aristocritus, in tragedy. Lycon, Phormion, and Ariston, in comedy—exerted their utmost skill, and contended for the prize of superior excellence. Phasimelus, the dancer, was also present.

It is yet undecided whether the Persians admitted their matrons to their public banquets and private parties; but if we can believe the positive testimony of Herodotus, such was the case; and the summons of Vashti to the annual festival, and the admission of Haman to the queen's table, are facts which support the affirmation of that historian. The doubts upon the subject appear to have arisen from confounding the manners of the Assyrians, Medes and Parthians, with those of the more Scythian tribes of Persis. We read in Xenophon that the Persian women were so well made and

beautiful, that their attractions might easily have seduced the affections of the Ten Thousand, and have caused them, like the lotus-eating companions of Ulysses, to forget their native land.

The Persian ladies wore the tiara or turban, richly adorned with jewels. They wore their hair long, and both plaited and curled it; nor, if the natural failed, did they scruple to use false locks. They pencilled the eyebrows, and tinged the eyelids, with a dye that was supposed to add a peculiar brilliancy to the eyes. They were fond of perfumes, and their delightful ottar was the principal favorite. Their tunic and drawers were of fine linen, the robe or gown of silk—the train of this was long, and on state occasions required a supporter. Round the waist, they wore a broad zone or cincture, flounced on both edges, and embroidered and jewelled in the centre. They also wore stockings and gloves, but history has not recorded their materials. They used no sandals; a light and ornamented shoe was worn in the house; and for walking, they had a coarse half boot. They used shawls and wrappers for the person, and veils for the head; the veil was large and square, and when thrown over the head, descended low on all sides. They were fond of glowing colors, especially of purple, scarlet, and light-blue dresses. Their favorite ornaments were pearls; they wreathed these in their hair, wore them as necklaces, ear-drops, armlets, bracelets, anklets, and worked them into conspicuous parts of their dresses. Of the precious stones they preferred emeralds, rubies and turquoises, which were set in gold, and worn like the pearls.

Alexander did not limit his liberality to the wedding festivities, but presented every bride with a handsome

marriage portion. He also ordered the names of all the soldiers who had married Asiatic wives to be registered; their number exceeds 10,000; and each received a present, under the name of marriage gift.

The author of "Travels in Egypt" gives the following interesting account of his visit to the beauties of the Aga:

VISIT TO THE HAREM.

"The Harem of the Aga was situated nearly opposite to the residence of Mr. Taker, on the other bank of the Nile, in a garden, in the turkish style, that is to say a piece of ground without trees. I was accompanied by the lady of the Portuguese physician, who understood a little Italian and Arabic, and who was to act as my interpreter. When we arrived at the entrance of the building, we were received by a black eunuch, richly dressed, who invited us to go into a very cool apartment, with latticed windows, and no furniture except a very broad and low divan. He left us to announce us to his mistress; we soon after saw the two wives of the Aga, accompanied by two of his daughters, one of whom was yet a child, and the other married to one of the superior officers in the army, and about twenty young slaves. The two ladies, as well as the daughters of the Aga, seated themselves next to me, while the slaves ranged themselves in a half circle before us, with their arms crossed on the breast, and preserving a respectful silence. As all these women spoke only Turkish; we needed a second interpreter, who, in her turn, understood only Turkish and Arabic, so what I said in Italian had to be translated into Arabic, and the Arabic into Turkish; thus, to understand each other, we had need of three languages, and two interpreters.

"It may readily be supposed that the conversation could not go on fluently, as we depended on the good will and talents of our interpreters; in fact, the *quid pro quo* resulting from the bad translations of our questions and answers was truly comic, and excited so much gaiety that loud and repeated bursts of laughter soon established a good understanding between us. The oldest of the consorts of the Aga, however, maintained a dignified gravity, while the other, who was much younger, and of an animated and interesting countenance, repeated, with extreme volubility, the most insignificant questions, and did not fail to examine the whole arrangement of my toilet. They asked me many questions respecting the women in my country; as for Europe, I believe they entertained very vague notions of it; and when I told them that our husbands had but one wife and no slaves, they looked at one another, undetermined whether to applaud or laugh at this custom.

"The eldest daughter of the Aga was a young woman of the most beautiful and pleasing countenance. She did not enjoy good health; her extreme paleness rendered her really interesting in my eyes; she resembled a lily, languishing and withered by the burning wind of the desert. She appeared to cherish life from the idea that I, perhaps, possessed the skill to cure her, and earnestly entreated me to prescribe some remedy. There is something singular in the conviction generally entertained by the Orientals, that all Europeans, without distinction, have a knowledge of medicine and necromancy, arts commonly confounded with one another. It several times happened to us in Upper Egypt, to be called to the assistance of persons actually dying, or in so desperate a state that nothing less than a conjuror would have been

required to preserve their lives. Without being a distinguished disciple of Hippocrates, it is easy to acquire the reputation of an able physician; and the really skilled medical man who accompanied us during our tour in Upper Egypt, was accustomed, on such occasions, that is when the case was not desperate, in imitation of the celebrated Sangrado, of happy memory, to administer only the most simple remedies, which never failed to produce a prompt and marvellous effect. So much influence has the imagination of these children of nature on their cure.

“But to return to my fair odalisques. They were nearly all natives of Syria, Circassia, and Georgia, and I had thus leisure to survey these beauties who enjoy so much celebrity. They undoubtedly merit their reputation; I can, however, tell my fair countrywomen, to comfort them, and to do justice to truth, that Europe can certainly boast of beauties equal to those of the East. Those whom I had now the pleasure of seeing, had the most agreeable countenances and delicate and regular features; but what most attracted my admiration was their hair, which fell in waving and natural curls down to their waist. They had each preserved their national costume, which agreeably varied this pretty parterre; nor had they adopted the tresses of the Egyptian, which rather disfigure than improve the coiffure. They had exquisitely beautiful teeth, but the clearness and bloom of youth were banished from their complexion; they all had a languid air, and I did not find among them the *embonpoint* which I had expected to meet. Perhaps their sedentary mode of life, and the destructive climate of Egypt, have contributed to tarnish the lustre of their charms. The climate of Egypt, otherwise so salubrious, exercises a malignant influence

upon female beauty, and on the children of European parents.

“Refreshments were brought in on a small table of cedar, very low, and ornamented with a pretty mosaic of ivory and mother-of-pearl; collation consisted of confectionery, cakes made of honey, and fruits, sherbet. Meantime some slaves burnt incense in silver censers, and frequently sprinkled us with rose water; two others placed themselves at my side; and every time that I either ate or drank anything, were ready to hold under my lips a napkin of a coarse quality, yet embroidered with gold. Others, provided with fans, drove away the swarms of insects which the pastry and fruit had attracted around us. In short, each seemed to have a particular function to perform. When the repast was ended they wished me to pass the night with them and to take the bath, but having already acquainted myself with this kind of amusement at Cairo, I declined their polite invitation. After going over the house, which did not contain anything remarkable, I took my leave; and on departing distributed among the slaves some small gold coins, to which they attached a great value.”

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